

Bowdoin Orient.

VOLUME V.

Arlo Bates
Editor
C. H. Clark
J. G. Libby
J. A. Morrill
W. H. G. Rowe
Entered
1875-6

EDITORS :

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J. G. LIBBY, J. A. MORRILL, W. H. G. ROWE.



BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

1875-6.

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Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, APRIL 28, 1875.

No. 1.

THE ABBOT BESSARION.

The holy Abbot, in the burning noon,
Walked by the sea, in pious thought immersed;
His worn disciple, faintly following, cried,
"My father, help me, for I die of thirst!"

The Abbot turned, some holy thought within,
As he made answer, shining through his face;
"My son, drink of this water here, and find
How faith works miracles in every place."

His worn disciple drank; and lo! the wave
Was sweet as mountain streamlet to his taste.
He gave God thanks; then, stooping, filled his flask.
"Why do you this?" Bessarion asked in haste.

The youth replied, "Lest I again should thirst."
His master gazed at him with tender care;
"God pardon thee, my son! Thou shouldest believe
He can provide sweet water anywhere!"

Z. V.

ART CULTURE.

Nothing is more common than the attempt to conceal or excuse ignorance and coarseness by a pretended contempt for wisdom and refinement. How frequently we hear the expression, "Oh, it's quite too fine for me!" "I don't pretend to appreciate it!" and the like, in a tone which says, "I am very glad not to know and appreciate." Uncultivated people are most apt to accuse art lovers of pride in their admiration and enjoyment of master-pieces, wholly unconscious that they themselves thus betray their own uncouth conceit. A little careful reflection would show these people that they are moved, not by a contempt for art, or art culture, but by an uncomfortable sense of their own deficiency.

This vulgar spirit is encouraged by the

feeling which is so often noted as prevalent in American society, that everything should be tried by its material value. It is difficult to convince a genuine Yankee of the value of a work of art, since it can neither be eaten, worn, nor reckoned in a cash account. This fact makes a necessity of what at first seems an absurdity—the setting forth of reasons for the popular study of art. And here I may be pardoned for quoting the words of Taine, as given in his admirable little book, "The Philosophy of Art."

"Man," he says, "in many respects, is an animal endeavoring to protect himself against nature and against other men. . . . To do this he tills the ground, navigates the sea, . . . forms families and states, and creates magistracies, functionaries, constitutions, laws, and armies. After so much labor and such invention . . . he is still an animal, better fed and better protected than the rest, but so far only thinking of himself, and of others of his own stamp. At this moment a superior life dawns on him—that of contemplation, leading him to study the creative and permanent causes on which his own well-being and that of his fellows depend, as well as the essential predominant character which distinguishes every group of objects and beings, and which imprints itself on their minutest details. Two ways are open to him for this purpose. The first is Science . . . by which he expresses these causes and laws in abstract terms and precise formulas; the second is Art, by which he manifests these causes and these fundamental laws, no longer through arid definitions . . . only intelligible to a favored few, but sensuously, appealing not alone to reason, but to the heart and senses of

the humblest individual. Art is conspicuous for this—it is at once a *noble* and *popular* ministrant, manifesting whatever is most exalted, and manifesting this to all." [Part I., Chap. 7.]

Most students in coming to college are disappointed in not finding that literary atmosphere from which they had fondly hoped to breathe in culture as one breathes in vigor from the air of the mountains. Instead of being unconsciously moulded by refining influences, as he expected, the student is compelled continually to struggle against indifference, rudeness, and even an apparent half-pitying contempt for culture. This is almost inevitable in college life. The effect of so much unvaried literary work as the curriculum involves, is to satiate; and students seek relaxation and amusement in pursuits as far as possible removed from their ordinary work. Here Art should have its place. Many hours are given to amusements utterly frivolous, and whose only merit is that they allow the mind to rest. But change is rest; and it is not necessary that the mind be idle in order to obtain relaxation. The cultivation of eye and ear to the sense of the beautiful, brings with it a means of enjoyment at once elevating and refining. It is a fault of the age that we make a *business* of everything. If students could once be brought to accept art as a legitimate *pleasure*, they would find that they had relieved themselves from many hours of *ennui*; enriched their lives; and taken a long stride toward settling the vexed question of popularizing art. How much beauty runs to waste in this world, as far as man is concerned; and how many of us defraud ourselves of our rightful heritage by neglecting to cultivate the faculties necessary to its appreciation.

This has, too, its practical value. It is not only that the cultured eye finds a keen enjoyment in beauties hitherto unnoticed; but it is often of great practical value to be able to judge and understand niceties of outline, col-

oring, and grouping. It is to this training that we must look for deliverance from the barbarisms which are rife in our architecture, and the details of our domestic life.

The influence of art as a moral agent, also, is becoming more and more deeply felt. A refinement of taste must beget a disgust for at least the lower vices; and he can never become irretrievably degraded who lives

. . . "for Beauty, as martyrs do
For truth,—the ends being scarcely two."

The practical gaining of this culture is, to a greater or less degree, within the reach of each of us. The fine pictures in our gallery will amply repay study; and only those who have enjoyed it know the pleasure of such study. Let any one select the pictures which please him best, and try to discover *why* they please him. Let him, if possible, make perfectly clear to his own mind what qualities they possess, the lack of which makes the other picture less attractive to him. Let him compare the drawing and coloring of one artist with those of another. Rubens's "Venus and Ceres," for instance, with Titian's "Venus and Adonis," or Raphael's "Holy Family"; the wonderful flesh tint of the Vandyke with that of the masters mentioned, or the more modern Copley and Stuart. These questions and comparisons, once started, will be found to be almost numberless; and, if carefully made, each will be a deep lesson in art. The excellent heliotypes, too, are offered so cheaply as to be within the reach of most students. These, although they can not give color and tone, yet faithfully preserve the composition and motives of the originals. With a little care and a trifling expense one may easily make a collection of copies from the best masters; and he will notice with surprise how soon he will be able to think and talk of them, not only with enjoyment, but with real intelligence.

It is not, however, being able to talk learnedly of pictures; it is not for a techni-

cal knowledge, a superficial varnish of art-phrases, that we should strive; but for the living, vital, ennobling power of art as the highest human interpretation of the beautiful.

The student has always a criterion by which to judge works of art, and that is nature. At first he will only be able to consider form; but a deeper insight will follow, which will demand that the feeling, the intention, the *motive*—to use the technical term,—shall be true to nature.

It is next important that one study the best models. "Taste should be educated," says Goethe, "by contemplation, not of the tolerably good, but of the truly excellent." Of course it is necessary at first to rely upon the judgment of others; but the careful observer soon finds that his own judgment coincides with that of those who have already studied art before him.

I have spoken principally of painting. The same remarks might easily be extended to all the so-called "fine arts." Music is the highest, and consequently the most difficult for which to establish a standard. But in all art it is necessary for him who would seek the highest development, if not to criticise at least to discriminate, in order that he may protect himself from all but the highest. The study of works of the highest merit gives a just judgment of the value of others; for Art, like a passionate woman, reveals the innermost depths of her being to her lover, even though what he sees in her soul may drive him from her.

Development, with its disastrous consequences, the question has had its advocates for and against, and in our day, notwithstanding the length of time it has been under discussion, is still open. Although there may be none who assert that physical culture is not a good thing in its place, there are many who claim that in our American colleges it is carried too far to-day. It is argued, men should not come to college merely to learn the most scientific stroke, or the most approved method of handling a base-ball bat. True; but neither should men come to college to make mere book worms, whose lives are bound up in the covers of musty old folios. In avoiding one extreme, care is necessary to steer clear of the other. Ask any graduate of five, ten, or twenty years' standing, whether the extreme in his day was the physical, or look for yourself to-day, and the answer can not be other than an emphatic no! The tendency may perhaps be in this direction, but we have a long distance to advance before reaching it.

The world has seen enough college graduates with weak lungs, narrow shoulders, and shrunken muscles. The call is for "sound minds in sound bodies," for men of action as well as men of thought, and the true aim of a college course should be to give these. That educational system is radically defective, which exalts one-half of being at the expense of dwarfing the other. Physical culture, again, is invaluable as a means of increasing ability for mental labor. When the brain is throbbing and the mind seems incapable of originating a thought or of collecting those already originated, what a freshness and vigor is gained by a game of ball, a pull on the river, or a long walk with some congenial companion. Even the advocates of the infinite superiority of mind to muscle, will do well to remember that although above it, it is not independent of it; that what tends to the health of the one will as certainly be for the interest of the other. Among the students

PHYSICAL CULTURE AT BOWDOIN.

The question of the relative merits of mental and physical development is not a new one. For many years the seemingly antagonistic claims of brain and muscle have been a subject of discussion. Since the time when the life of Henry Kirke White furnished an example of the purely mental theory of de-

of the English universities, muscular development has been carried much further than with us, while the results have not been so demoralizing that they can not claim a very fair comparison as regards intellectual culture. And what athletes were the old Greek philosophers and statesmen; notwithstanding which they managed to achieve very respectable results, that have hardly been exceeded since. To come nearer home, a casual glance at our own Bowdoin alumni will show that those men who have excelled in the physical arena have not been undistinguished in the mental. It would be easy to mention a number of members of classes recently graduated, who were known alike as men of muscle and men of brain.

But, admitting that the two theories of development are not really conflicting, and can be made to harmonize, let us see what is necessary to be done to advance the one without injuring the other. The situation of Bowdoin is particularly favorable to physical culture. The town of Brunswick is noted for the healthiness of its climate. We are on the banks of a noble river, furnishing opportunities for boating and kindred sports, not excelled by those of any college in the country. Our fields for base ball and other athletic sports are ample and easily accessible. Our gymnasium, with its large hall, improved apparatus, and skillful instructor, can not be too highly prized. The abolition of the drill removed the last obstacle to Bowdoin's assuming a leading position in athletic contests, and all that is needed now is determination on the part of the students to give her this position. What is wanted is not a series of spasmodic efforts, now for this object, and again for that. We have seen enough of spasms, and now look for steady, earnest, well-directed effort. Our sports must be placed on a secure foundation. There has been a marked improvement during the past six months, but the maximum has not yet been reached. The

responsibility has too long rested upon a few. It belongs to all and must be assumed by all. Supporting the base-ball nine or the university six, belongs not to the nine or the six, with a few others, but to the whole college. When the nine goes to the field, or the crew to the regatta, it must go "backed up" by every man in college, and behind all this must be the support of the alumni. Loyalty to college and college institutions should not cease at graduating, but rather grow stronger and more willing to assert itself, as time brings it new opportunities in the increasing needs of Alma Mater.

BOATING CONVENTION.

Since our last issue, the meeting of the Boating Convention has taken place. It was held at Springfield, April 17. Bowdoin was represented by Mr. O. C. Stevens of the Junior class, and Mr. J. M. Burleigh of the Freshman.

Delegates were present from Amherst, Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Trinity, Union, Wesleyan, Williams, and Yale. Hamilton was without representatives; Bowdoin was unanimously re-admitted. By some oversight, however, the petition for re-admission was not read until several votes had been taken, the result of which would be to prevent Bowdoin from carrying out her first intention of being represented by a single-scull alone.

The following are the most important changes in the racing rules:—

RULE V. Each boat shall keep its own water during the race, and any boat departing from its own water shall be disqualified.

RULE VI. A boat's own water is its buoyed course parallel with those of the other competing boats, from the station assigned to it at starting to the finish, and the Umpire shall be sole judge of a boat's deviation from its own water and proper course through the race.

RULE XVIII. If in conformity with rules XI., sec. B. or XIII., a second race is ordered by the Umpire, it shall not be called on the same day as

the first race. *Referee* was changed throughout to *Umpire*.

Section 2 of the amendments made in April, 1874, reads as revised:—

"Any College not represented in either the University or Freshman race of the regatta, immediately preceding the annual convention of this Association, shall not be considered a member of this Association, and shall not have a vote in any succeeding convention, until it shall have gained its full membership by such representation in the regatta directly preceding such convention."

As is well known, the name of the association was changed from *the* to a Rowing Association of American Colleges.

No clubs but those which are now members, or which have been so, will hereafter be admitted to membership. Any College which shall fail in sending delegates to three consecutive regattas of the Association is to be cut off from future membership.

The positions of the crews, numbering from the west shore are: 1, Williams; 2, Cornell; 3, Amherst; 4, Bowdoin; 5, Brown; 6, Columbia; 7, Wesleyan; 8, Princeton; 9, Dartmouth; 10, Yale; 11, Trinity; 12, Harvard; 13, Union; 14, Hamilton. This order will be kept for the Freshman and single-scull races also. The races are to take place "not after 11 o'clock in the morning."

Men are said to be in training for the single-scull race at Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Williams, and Yale. Freshman crews will probable come from Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale.

In spite of the efforts of the Harvard delegates, who favored the election of Mr. Alexander Agassiz, the Umpire chosen was Mr. Watson, formerly of *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*.

Only graduates or undergraduates will be allowed to train crews; any crew employing other training being thereby disqualified. The time of the annual meeting was changed to Dec. 1, 1875. An amendment to be voted on at that meeting is "that no College that is not represented in either the University or Fresh-

man race shall be represented in any other race of the regatta."

At a College meeting held at Bowdoin, April 17, Mr. Stevens presented his report, and it was voted to send a University crew to the regatta. Measures are now being taken to secure the necessary funds; and the class crews, from which the University crew will be selected, are at work in the gymnasium.

One of the most noticeable features of the Senior and Junior Exhibition, at the end of last term, was that all the Junior parts were translations into English. It may be largely owing to this fact that the exhibition was, as is generally acknowledged, one of the best given here in a long time. A mixed audience soon becomes weary of listening to parts their only understanding of which must come from the speaker's inflections, gestures, or expression; and we know too well how intelligible the average student can make himself if confined to these methods of expression alone. A restlessness and inattention on the part of the audience dishearten the speaker, and both are glad when their respective tasks of speaking and hearing are done.

Then, too, the old custom of delivering parts in foreign languages before an audience that could not understand them, even if correctly and fluently pronounced, seems to savor somewhat of pedantry.

We sincerely hope that the new order of things may be taken as a precedent which shall be followed at future exhibitions.

We were sorry to notice the absence of the choir from the Chapel gallery on the first Sabbath morning of the term. The singing last term was a source of much pleasure to the students, and added an attractive feature to the service. With the many fine voices that we have here, there seems to be no reason why this pleasant custom should be discontinued.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BY THE CLASS OF 1875.

EDITORS.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

By numerous notices in our exchanges we have become aware of the presence of Spring; and we feel it to be our painful but unavoidable duty to apprise our readers of the interesting fact that this delightful season has at last put in her appearance. The mercury ranges, in the sanctum, between forty and sixty, if we keep it near a good fire; the snow storms are now of only a few days' duration; the skating is spoiled; a bitter wind blows from the north-east; the chapel bell rings at half-past six A.M.; all these tokens we adduce as proof that "ethereal mildness" is here.

Odes on Spring are in order; but our poet was frozen to death yesterday, and an examination of his pocket-book showed that although he had made a brave beginning, he had got no further than to note down "zephyr—heifer," "smiling Spring—everything," and a few rhymes of that sort. Nothing in the poetical line is to be expected of us, therefore, in the praise of E. Mildness.

Let all good people keep to their winter clothing; but, take our word for it, *it is Spring!*

It may not be amiss, at the beginning at once of a new volume and a new system of electing editors, to remind the members of '77 of the relation of both facts to them. The next board of editors will come from the present Sophomore class, and will probably be elected by the present board of editors. In view of the first of these facts it would seem to be good policy on the part of the class which will furnish the next board, to be in a manner preparing for the work before them. This they may do by practicing their pens while the present volume is in hand. The editors can not, of course, go to the different men in '77 who can write well, and request communications, since they have no means of knowing who the ready writers are. The present board will be most happy to receive contributions from them; reserving, of course, the right to use them only as far as they see fit. In this way a preparation would be made for the next election, since the retiring board would have a means of deciding who were best qualified to be their successors.

To the Juniors, also, we beg leave to suggest that they are not to consider themselves freed from all responsibility because they are not all placed upon the editorial staff. While all in the College should feel an interest in the College paper, the Juniors are more especially regarded as responsible for its well-being, and should do all in their power to make it a success.

In the present need of money for our boating interests, various plans have been suggested for increasing the funds of the Association. One of the most feasible, it seems to us, is that for the formation of a dramatic corps. We have so large a number to select from, that there would be no difficulty in properly filling the male *rôles*; and the young ladies in town have already proved their willingness to help in a good cause. There are many, both in the College and in the town, who have not only a deep interest in dramatic enterprises, but who have already shown positive histrionic talent. There seems to us no reason why this talent should not be utilized. Entertainments might be given in Brunswick and Bath, and possibly in some other of our neighboring towns. Besides the real advantage as a drill in elocution, which this might be to those who took part in it, we can speak from experience in saying that it also would be thoroughly enjoyable. A dramatic entertainment is one of the few undertakings in which the pleasure overbalances the trouble, and from which at the same time a handsome sum may be gained. Moreover, all money obtained in this way is clear gain, since it in no way diminishes the total of the subscription list. It is near the beginning of the term, and there is ample time for all needful preparations, if the matter is at once attended to. Where is the friend of boating who will start the good work? He may be assured that he will not lack for earnest support, but will find many ready to aid when once a move has been made.

In connection with the subject of planting the Ivy, which ought soon to engage the attention of the Junior Class, we think that perhaps a short history of the custom may interest the readers of the ORIENT. The idea of planting an ivy seems to have been derived from Yale, and the custom was instituted at Bowdoin by the class of '66. According to

the programme before us, the day chosen was the twenty-sixth of October, 1865, and the exercises consisted of an Address, by G. W. Kelly; a Poem, by G. T. Sumner; and the singing of the Ode, written for the occasion by H. L. Chapman. In the evening there was a concert by Hall's Band in the Mason St. Church, and a dance in Tontine Hall. Unfortunately, and we know not why, the custom was not continued by the succeeding classes. About two years ago '74 revived it; but, notwithstanding their efforts, the Ivy of '66 is the only one alive. We hope soon to see another, planted by the class of '76, flourishing near it. Not one of the customs of Bowdoin seems more worthy of perpetuation. The various class exercises will be in a measure forgotten, but not so any living memorial which a class may claim as peculiarly its own. Other colleges have similar customs, and surely ours ought not to be destitute. College pride, which urges us to make any endeavor to maintain athletic sports, should also exert an influence in this direction. Let not '76, in its interest in base ball and boating, neglect this matter, but, beginning in season, be the class to successfully re-inaugurate this custom.

Since the above was written, we learn that the Junior Class has appointed a committee to take charge of this matter.

To the Editors of the Orient.

At a meeting of the Base Ball Association, held April 5, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Association tender its sincere thanks to the young ladies of Brunswick who participated in the spelling match of April 3d, for their kindness in so willingly coming forward and giving their aid on that occasion; and that the Association further wishes us to express its gratitude to Prof. Chapman, and to Tutors Chandler and Cole for their obliging acceptance of the positions of enunciator and judges, and for the very satisfactory manner in which they performed their duties.

F. C. PAYSON,

Sec. B. B. A.

LOCAL.

Chapel bell rings at 6.30.
Beware of the subscription paper.
Remember Camilla Urso on the 30th.
One hundred and forty-two students have already returned to College.

"Well, come Spring!" said an impatient Freshman the other day in a snow storm.

Whitcomb of '76 won the prize in a spelling match at Dartmouth, a few weeks since.

A new letter-box for the midnight mail has been placed in the depot near the baggage room.

"Lo! the poor Modoc,
Whose *untutored* mind," etc.,
is still here.

Think of the eighty-four dollars in the base-ball treasury, and show your lady friends the vote of thanks.

S—— thinks the "ice was broken" in boating this year, when the barge was launched for the first time in the slightly frozen river.

The Sigma Phi Society house at Williams College, was robbed during vacation, of clothes and other valuables, to the amount of about \$100.

The first nine called together by the Captain for practice on the grounds was as follows: Payson, Captain; Sanford, Wright, Whitmore, Waitt, Atwood, Fuller, C. E. Cobb, and Jacobs.

The Engineering Juniors thought to escape Astronomy this term by reviewing Calculus! They have not been allowed to do it, however, and are now pursuing the study of the stars with great diligence.

As there will not be a meeting of the Trustees and Overseers of the College until Commencement, those trees that are so troublesome in the base-ball field can not be taken out of the way until next term.

Glad to see you back again.

Pay your debts while you have money.

Prof. Young continues his lectures on Philology to the Juniors this term.

Stowell of '77, passed through here the other day on his way to Dakota.

Horace Sturgis of '76, writes from Naples, sending his regards to all his College friends.

Pres. Forsyth has suspended the whole Senior class of the Troy Polytechnic Institute, for insubordination.

The Seniors have been making up for lost time since the President returned. They have to attend two recitations a day now.

Examination in Chemistry. Professor—"What is litmus paper used for?" Senior (sagely)—"It is used for filtering and to keep things from burning."

Some of the boys who were on the fence last term have since jumped on to the Gymnasium side. Those who have not committed this offensive act should not be railed at, however.

We were much gratified a few mornings since to hear a boy warned not to clean spittoons near the pump. Everybody ought to see that it is not done, for certainly it is a matter of interest to all.

The Seniors have secured the services of the following artists for their Commencement concert: Miss Cary, Miss Henrietta Beebe of the New York Madrigal Glee Club, W. H. Fessenden, and W. H. Beckett of the Philharmonic Club.

This term the class officers are changed as follows: Instructor Robinson has the Juniors in place of Instructor Moore. Prof. Chapman, the Sophomores, in place of Prof. Smith; Prof. J. B. Sewall, the Freshmen, in place of Tutor Chandler; Prof. Carmichael still has the Seniors.

Scene. Student presenting an excuse. Prof.—“But *why* did you miss the train?” Student (slowly and after much thought)—“Because I didn’t get there in time.”

A spelling match will take place in the City Hall, Portland, on May 7th, between twenty-five Bowdoin students and the same number of young ladies from the Portland High School.

The Gymnasium time-table this term is as follows: Seniors and Sophomores from 5 to 5.30; Juniors and Freshmen from 5.30 to 6; Proficients from 5 to 6. The leaders and interior arrangements are the same as in the fall term.

E. H. Hall, of the Senior class, has been elected Captain of the University Crew, with full power to choose his men. Those now in training under his direction are Pratt, '76; Sargent, '76; Crocker, '77; Burleigh, '78, and Hall, '78.

The Juniors have all their recitations in the forenoon, but notwithstanding this they protest that undue favor is shown to the scientific Sophomores who are permitted to recite with them in botany. Who wouldn’t be a scientist and recite with upper-classmen?

The rooms of the Bowdoin Base-Ball Association presented a very pleasant appearance on the evening of the 17th inst., when they were opened for the first time in the term. A present to the association, from Mr. Upton of the Senior class, attracted our attention. It consists of a picture, around the margin of which are gathered the different College colors. The furniture shows, as yet, no signs of weakness, and everything is as neat as could be expected. There were twenty or more present, and the meeting was conducted in a perfectly quiet and gentlemanly manner. There can be no doubt but that the rooms add much to the hearty interest felt in base ball throughout the College.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'50.—Hon. Wm. P. Frye has been engaged to deliver the oration before Knox Post, G. A. R., at Lewiston, on Decoration Day.

'56.—The *Mirror* says that Rev. Edwin B. Palmer, of the Third Congregational Church in Chicopee, and formerly of Lewiston, was dismissed from his pastorate by advice of a council, March 23d.

'64.—Rev. Webster Woodbury, pastor of the Congregational Church at Skowhegan, has resigned.

'66.—Prof. F. H. Gerrish, says the *Advertiser*, has resigned his Professorship of Therapeutics, Materia Medica, and Physiology, in the University of Michigan, for the purpose of resuming the practice of his profession in Portland.

'69.—The *Biddeford Journal* says Rev. Mr. Woodwell of the First Congregational Church in Wells, is soon to close his labors in that church. He will leave a large circle of friends and admirers.

'70.—A correspondent of the *Lewiston Journal* writes: “The school at Wilton Academy is in a most flourishing condition. The number of pupils this term is unusually large. The manner of instruction under the old board of teachers is very satisfactory to all concerned. Prof. D. T. Timberlake, the able Principal, is a native of Livermore, and a graduate of Bowdoin College.”

'70.—E. C. Woodward is taking a course in Chemistry at Bowdoin.

'73.—J. F. Elliot is Principal of the High School, Winchendon, Mass.

'73.—Andrew P. Wiswell, Esq., of Ellsworth, has been appointed to the position of U. S. Assistant Counsel, to supervise the taking of testimony in cases pending before the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims at Washington.

'73.—A. G. Ladd is Principal of Brunswick Grammar School.

EDITORS' TABLE.

It is with a feeling of bewilderment that we grasp the quill for the first greeting to our exchanges. Naturally diffident, to be suddenly brought face to face with two or three dozen strangers, is almost more than we can endure with equanimity. To all we make our best bow, which, though it be but an awkward one, is yet meant to express kindly feeling. If our remarks are neither profound nor brilliant, they shall at least be honest; if we are ever detected in partiality it will be because we are human; and if any luckless one thinks that we have abused him, we assure him in advance that, like Lady Teazle, we do it out of poor good humor.

We are much moved by the trials of the *Alabama University Monthly*, which seems to us truly unfortunate. It pathetically says:—

"We have a dread of printer's errors. They make one say at times such strange and ludicrous things. Correcting the proof, the other day, of the article entitled, 'A Much Discussed Subject,' in the present issue of our Magazine, we were shocked on reading in the opening sentence the following: 'The youth who has a *rising* in his bosom,' etc., which is as much as to say: 'The youth who has a tumor on his breast.' On turning to the MS., we found that the author had written: 'The youth who feels arising in his breast that noble pride,' etc. We were in mortal fear of that printer, and so we change the word *arising* to *swelling*. We were pleased to find that he has not set up the latter word as *smelling*."

The matter can hardly be said to be mended much, for the "a" unfortunately remains, so that the passage as printed reads: "The youth who has a *swelling* in his bosom!" The proof-reader must be a trifle careless, for in the same issue the word "die" is omitted in a couplet which we suppose should read:—

"I need, if I would not *die yet*,
A change of diet, love;"—

and on the same page—do they have spelling schools at Tuscaloosa?—"prescribe" for *prescribe*, and "mew" for *muse*. The *Monthly*, is, however, one of the most readable of the periodicals thus far received.

To the *Owl* we are tempted to exclaim with Fronde's cat: "Bless the mother that laid you, you were dropped by mistake in a goose-nest!" The April number opens with an article, or rather the first of a series of articles, upon "Spiritism and the Spirits," which would rank high as an ingenious bit of logic, showing how much may be done in the way of argument without proving anything in par-

ticular. From the assurance with which the writer speaks of "the souls of the dead," one might suppose that he "knew all about it, for he had been there"; a conclusion which is enforced by a certain mustiness of style. "Jumping the Fence" is "nothing better but rather worse." The *Owl*, after all, has a very pleasant appearance, and to be pleased with it, it is only necessary *not to read it!*

One of the most pleasant things that we have found in the exchanges thus far received, are the very graceful "Paraphrases on Heine," in the *Harvard Advocate*. We can not better please our readers than by quoting one of them:—

"When I but gaze into thine eyes,
Then flies my grief, my sorrow flies;
And when I kiss thy lips, my heart
In health new-found forgets its smart.
When I upon thy bosom rest,
The bliss of heaven steals through my breast;
And when thou say'st, 'I love but thee,'
I weep, unwilling, bitterly."

The *College Herald* has among others, a noticeable article on "The Females of Burmah"; written, by the way, if the signature is not a *nom de plume*, by "Mouny Pho San Win."

It is a little strange that a paper so enthusiastically devoted to art as the *Scholastic* seems to be, should make its appearance in a dress of such an abominable tint. In general appearance, however, it far excels the *Wittenberger*, which is so poorly printed as to be almost illegible.

The *Western* for April is an excellent number, with the single exception of "The Quest"—in which we are informed of the startling fact that some unknown young man—"though the night came moonless and starless," "never reverses his face!"—the articles are exceptionally good, especially "The Necessity of the Specialist," and "Thoughts on the Music of Beethoven."

We have received a copy of the *Rowing and Athletic Annual* for 1875. The book contains, in concise and portable form, records of the races, field-days, and matches of 1874, both in the United States and Canada. As far as we are able to judge from a cursory examination, the statistics are both valuable and accurate, and the book a most convenient hand-book for reference. Published by the editor, James Watson, New York.

The *Mercurey* notices the fact that a member of '74 has removed "that splendid *gotee* which was the pride and glory of the *Missionary Society*." Yes? But what is a "*gotee*"?

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 12, 1875.

No. 2.

COLLEGE EDUCATION.

The subject of college education is one which well deserves attention, nor does it lose any of its interest from being so frequently discussed. And especially interesting is it to those who are spending so much valuable time in gaining this education, to consider whether it is one which will best fit them for the life upon which they are about to enter.

Do colleges afford such instruction and discipline as are best adapted to my wants? and am I gaining the greatest amount possible from the advantages offered? are questions which the student often asks himself, and answers satisfactorily, or otherwise, as the case may be.

We all know that it is the aim of a college education to combine the greatest possible amount of discipline and culture with a fair amount of useful practical knowledge. To carry out this design a regular course of study is adopted, and this course is one which long experience has proved to be specially adapted to the wants of the student.

One of the faculties of the mind is not developed to the exclusion of all others, but all receive their share of culture and training. Do the reasoning powers need to be developed? Logic, and other similar studies, are specially designed for that purpose.

Do exactness, imagination, and patience need to be cultivated? Mathematics, astronomy, and the Greek verb come in to supply the need. And so we might go on through the whole curriculum, and find that each study best accomplishes the object for which it was designed.

But some raise the objection to a college education that it is not practical enough, and

that for many of the most important avocations of life the student leaves college as unprepared as he enters it. That such a charge is true to the full extent can not be maintained. The elements of many practical sciences are well taught in our colleges. But the aim of a college education must be kept carefully in view and distinguished from that of a professional one.

Colleges do not aim to teach one a trade or profession, but to lay the broad and sure foundations upon which the latter is to be built. The general education gained in these institutions can not fail to be of value in preparing the student for whatever avocation he may afterward select. The mind is invigorated and expanded, and thus prepared to enter upon almost any occupation with assurance of success.

The knowledge which we actually gain from the pages of Demosthenes and Tacitus may be small and unenduring; but the vigor and expansion of mind which we gain by a thorough study of the productions of some of the mightiest intellects which have ever existed will endure throughout a whole lifetime, and their value cannot be over-estimated.

A bare knowledge of facts may be of some value, but when compared with this discipline of which we have just spoken it sinks into insignificance.

Another important advantage which one gains from a study of the classics is the faculty of communicating his ideas and conceptions most acceptably to others.

The man who has a good command of language, even if his stock of ideas be somewhat limited, often exerts a greater influence over the community than one who has a

greater depth and range of thought, but less command of language. Always to comprehend the full meaning which is contained in the writings of classical authors, and to best express that meaning in our own language, may be a difficult task; but it can not fail to be of service in making us masters of our own language.

Another objection which is often raised against our colleges is that they do not fulfill the promises held forth to the students and their friends; or, in other words, that the instruction which they give is not thorough of its kind. Those who make this objection compare our colleges with the universities of England and Germany as regards the thoroughness of instruction given.

Now, although we are far from denying that the classical education given in this country is less complete than that given in the countries just mentioned, yet we do think that this difference is sometimes exaggerated, and that, such as it is, it is not entirely chargeable to our colleges. The difference in the preparatory training should also be considered and taken into account in the estimation.

But if our classical education is less perfect and exact than that given in England or Germany, it is certainly going too far to say that it is useless or worse than useless. It is true that we do not acquire the art of speaking Latin or Greek fluently; yet we gain knowledge enough of those languages to be able to read correctly such extracts from them as may be thrown in our way in after life.

And the same remark may be extended to many other branches of study which form a part of our college curriculum. The student gains such a knowledge of them as will enable him to render himself a thorough proficient in the one or the few to which he may devote himself in after life.

Such education does not deserve to be called superficial.

The elective system which some of our col-

leges are adopting may be to a certain extent advantageous; but we believe that in the main it is no improvement upon the old one. In the first place, it is assumed by the advocates of that system that the student, upon his entrance into our colleges at the age of eighteen or nineteen years on an average, is a better judge of what studies he shall pursue than those who have had a long experience in such matters, and who will consult the student's best good in selecting those studies which he shall pursue.

We can easily see the absurdity of this assumption. The consequence in many cases will be that those branches of study which seem difficult at the outset will be neglected, while those which require but little thought or labor, or which please the student's fancy, will be chosen.

Nothing is easier than for one to persuade himself that he is unable to comprehend this or that abstruse branch of study. But if all those studies which seem difficult at the outset are neglected, how many proficients should we find in any art or occupation whatever? On the contrary, history is filled with the names of men whose greatest distinction has been gained in those pursuits which they found distasteful or discouraging at first.

Another consequence which is liable to follow from allowing the student, at his entrance upon college life, to select his favorite course of study, is that his education will be of a limited kind, and that a man of general information, as we understand the term, will be rarely found.

It is said that the classical scholar in England is a mere scholar with little knowledge on any topics of interest which date since the Christian Era, and with no sympathy in the pursuits of the great mass of his countrymen.

Such results as these would be anything but desirable in a country like ours, where the usefulness as well as the reputation of an individual often depends upon the degree of

general knowledge which he may possess in relation to the pursuits and condition of those who are engaged in other avocations than his own. Hence it appears that the reasons given in favor of the elective system are more than counterbalanced by the positive disadvantages which would result.

After a careful consideration of this subject on all sides, it can not but be concluded that a good general education and discipline ought to be gained by every one preparatory to the selection and pursuit of his profession; and that our colleges, as conducted at present, afford the best opportunities for securing that education.

GENIUS *vs.* INDUSTRY.

What is usually called genius or talent is sometimes the natural gift with which some persons are endowed, enabling them with very little labor to surmount all difficulties in their way and rise to the highest eminence in whatever they undertake. But more frequently the so-called men of genius are men unsurpassed in the diligence and perseverance of their labors, and who by their indomitable application have prepared themselves for the greatest undertakings.

The fact is, that genius is to a certain extent this gift of application; this power of devoting one's whole energies to his work; this willingness to work early and late, and to turn to account every spare moment, even if the fruit of our labor is not seen in a present reward. Of course industry alone can not accomplish the highest results. These can only be attained by industry united with genius. But fair ability and great perseverance will often be more effective than the highest genius without this perseverance.

Oftentimes it occurs that men of genius are unknown until late in life, when they burst forth in great splendor. Why is this? Simply because their genius does not consist

so much in any great intellectual gifts with which they may be endowed as in this gift of perseverance in conquering every obstacle in their way. Because through all these years of obscurity they have been toiling and struggling on, preparing themselves for the great efforts by which they render themselves distinguished. And then we point to them as prodigies of genius, as men gifted with extraordinary intellectual endowments, when in reality they may possess no greater natural ability, perhaps, indeed, not so great, as many others who, simply on account of their neglect to employ their talents to the best advantage, occupy much lower stations than they.

But, on the other hand, how much do men of great natural ability, but with little industry, accomplish? Do our greatest men belong to this class? We think not. As a general rule the men who have attained to the highest success in life have been the greatest workers. It must necessarily be so. For of what avail is it for a man to have talents if he does not use them? Certainly of no more use than a bag of gold buried in the ground.

We observe even here in college the superiority of industry to this so-called genius. Here we see men whom we know to possess great natural ability idling away their time, and only now and then showing their power by a brilliant recitation, perhaps, in some study which happens to specially interest them. Then comes the man of industry, his lessons prepared by long hours of study, just the same one day as another, his work always faithfully performed, and how much more he accomplishes than the idle man of genius.

It is wonderful when we consider the class of young men gathered together in college, that so much time is wasted. In so large a body of students it is of course to be expected that there will be some who will do as little work as possible. But it is strange that there are so many, among them some even who are working their way and undergoing hardships

for the sake of a college education, who are so ready to shirk their duties. How few there are who are getting all the benefit from the college course which might be obtained. We are amply provided here with the things necessary for improvement. We have good libraries and good cabinets; all that is needful is industry on the part of the student. A stranger would be surprised to learn how little work, outside of what is absolutely necessary, is done by the average student. It is a too common idea that if we learn our regular lessons so as to meet the requirements of the recitation room and pass the ordeal of examination, we are doing our whole duty. But is this so? The time usually devoted to the lessons is only a portion, and in some cases a small portion, of the day. Are we doing right to allow the remainder to pass unimproved? Can we afford to spend four of the best years of our lives in so expensive a place as college without obtaining the full benefit of all its advantages? We would not by any means have it understood by this that we consider the time spent in exercise and the popular games of college as wasted. Far from it. These are of great importance, and should have their proper places. But we are speaking more particularly of the time which is idled away or given to useless amusements.

Our professed object in coming to college is to improve and fit ourselves for the duties of life. Ought we not then to take advantage of every opportunity offered? Although we may not be so successful as some, is it not praiseworthy in us to do our best? And we may rest assured that every well-directed effort will, in the end, be rewarded.

HOW TO CULTIVATE THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

To be able to converse intelligently on all general occasions, and upon whatever subject may be proposed, is one of the greatest ac-

quirements we can attain; and yet how few of us there are who are proficient in this art. The majority of us seem to consider that all that is necessary for our success and happiness in life is to store our heads with the lore of books, giving no heed as to whether we can communicate this knowledge to our fellow men. But of what advantage to us will all this learning be, if we have not the power of conveying it to others? How often we see those of inferior ability surpassing the best scholars, simply because of their greater facility in expressing themselves.

This is noticeable even in the recitation room, where it frequently happens that a student with a very imperfect understanding of his lesson, by his greater readiness in telling what he does know, will obtain a higher rank than another, who knows, perhaps, much more about it, but has not the same ease in expression. Still more is it noticeable in society. Here the man who has cultivated the art of conversation, even though he be an inferior scholar, if he is possessed of shrewdness, will present his ideas in such a manner as to conceal his ignorance, and show himself in his best light; while, on the other hand, superior scholars, who have given little attention to this art, present only their poorer side, and hence are so frequently seen as wall-flowers.

To be able to converse well, it is necessary, in the first place, to be possessed of good, sound, common sense, and to have the ability to express it. And this latter point is of especial importance to success. For, although one may have many and sound ideas, yet if he has not the power of expressing them in an elegant manner, he will not succeed as a conversationist.

Another requisite is extensive reading. This is necessary in order that the mind may be kept supplied with ideas. It is necessary, not only to read much, but also to digest what we read; to thoroughly think it over, and make it, as it were, a part of ourselves;

to incorporate it into our minds so thoroughly that it may form a part of them, so that in talking of it we shall feel perfectly at our ease. However much one has read, if he has only an imperfect knowledge of it, he is no better off than if he had not read so much. On the contrary, he may be even worse off, for his imperfect knowledge may lead him into egregious errors.

To please in conversation, it is not only necessary to talk well, but also to be a good listener. If one takes all the conversation to himself, his companions soon weary of him. He seems to say in action that he considers himself superior to them, and so talks for their instruction. This does not please. Men are naturally vain, and wish it to be considered that they know something, even if they do not; and in no way can a man be pleased better than by being made to think that his opinion is of importance. The better way would be to allow others to talk all they wish, and seem interested in it. This gives them the idea that they have pleased you, and they feel pleased themselves that they have the power to do this.

Finally, we should be neither too talkative nor too silent. If we are too talkative, people will be apt to think that we have too high an opinion of ourselves, and their opinion of us will be correspondingly lowered. If, on the other hand, we preserve silence too much, we may be thought to do so through fear of exposing our ignorance. In this as in almost everything else, the golden mean will generally be found the safest.

PSI UPSILON CONVENTION.

The 42d annual convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity was held in the rooms of the Kappa Chapter, Bowdoin College, on May 5th and 6th. Twenty-two delegates were present, representing twelve of the fourteen chapters. Mr. F. A. Brown of the Lambda

Chapter, chairman of the Executive Council, presided. The following is the list of delegates: F. T. Hastings, Theta, Union College; E. P. Howe, Beta, Yale College; Rathbone Gardner, Sigma, Brown University; Moses Gay, John B. Stanchfield, Gamma, Amherst College; Wm. S. Forrest, E. C. Carrigan, C. W. Whitecomb, Zeta, Dartmouth College; Geo. Sherman, Dubois Smith, Lambda, Columbia College; W. J. Curtis, G. R. Swasey, Alpheus Sanford, Kappa, Bowdoin College; E. B. Cobb, Psi, Hamilton College; A. S. Underhill, G. S. Coleman, Xi, Wesleyan University; F. W. Young, Upsilon, University of Rochester; E. H. Ranney, A. G. Higginson, Phi, University of Michigan; R. B. Twiss, Omega, University of Chicago.

A petition for a chapter at Syracuse was granted; all others were refused. The Executive Council will be the same as last year, except that F. P. Dow, Bowdoin, '72, was elected in place of J. S. Signor.

The convention and members of the Kappa Chapter were photographed in front of Medical Hall, directly after adjournment; they then took the 5.30 p.m. train for Portland, where they partook of their annual supper at the Falmouth. Hon. W. D. Northend of Salem, presided, and Geo. E. B. Jackson, Esq., of Portland, acted as toast-master. The following toasts were given and responded to: "Our Brotherhood," "The Executive Council"; then followed a toast for each chapter, "The Legal Profession," "The Medical Men of our Fraternity," "Our Clergy," "The Press," and "The Ladies."

The 43d annual convention will be held with the Psi Chapter, Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.

The Juniors have decided to plant their ivy on the 28th of May. The exercises of Ivy Day will probably consist of an address, poem, and ode. All the arrangements have not as yet been completed.

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BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

In view of the proposed change of Commencement Day exercises here, we were struck with the account given by the *Chronicle* of the action of the faculty of the University of Michigan. The Seniors, as we understand it, handed in a petition for the abolition of Commencement parts by the students. The Faculty are willing to grant the petition, but feared that public sentiment would not uphold the change. They therefore compromised the matter "in the following novel manner: Each member of the Faculty made out a list of thirty members of

the class whom he considered suitable for the appointments,—the general scholarship and ability of the student to present a creditable appearance on the stage being the standards of judgment. From all the names handed in by the different professors and assistants, the twenty having the highest number of votes were then selected, and from this twenty there were chosen by lot ten to represent the class on Commencement day."

Strange to say, the students are not suited yet; they grumble about "the decrees of the Faculty's helmet," as if shaking up names in a hat were not the fairest way of selecting those best fitted for college honors.

We are glad that the new order of things here, if report may be trusted, is one which can hardly fail of being much more satisfactory to both Faculty and students. The parts, it is said, are to be assigned as usual, that they may serve as now to indicate the rank; but only the first ten men will be called upon to deliver their productions.

While many will doubtless at first be disappointed in not speaking themselves, or in not hearing some friend, the general result will undoubtedly be a desirable improvement in the Commencement exercises.

May Day was ushered in with the pomp befitting so festive an occasion. From the mysterious shades of McKeen woods issued a fantastic crew, which might have been a not unworthy retinue to the "Lord of Misrule." Strange figures in scarlet, white, or motley, came trooping along, preceded by the proud strains of the Brunswick Band, re-enforced by a few of the students. Closely following came "Gentle May" as a negro damsel, "black but comely," from beneath whose gaily colored robes peeped a very masculine looking pair of boots.

Want of space forbids us to mention more than a very few of the groups in this unique procession.

We were particularly touched by the sight of a bony horse, which continually stretched after a bunch of hay fastened just beyond reach before him, the bundle bearing the legend, "Thou art so near, and yet so far!"

From one carriage window leered an immense pair of eye-glasses, which the owner could not possibly have needed as much as a fat lady who rode in solitary state in a tub; for the shafts of the latter novel equipage were so long that the horse could hardly have been visible to her naked eye.

In another carriage two colored gentlemen lolled at their ease while a white coachman held the reins. "Civil Rights" was on the placard.

We would speak of the Indians, the negro minstrels, the enormous scissors labeled "Brunswick Telegraph," the clowns, the nondescript figures of unheard-of shapes; but we forbear.

We must add that after parading the principal streets, the procession halted at the foot of the Mall to listen to the reading of a poem and an address. We stood, the dust settling over us like a benediction, and pensively gazed at a party who, in open defiance of the inscription, "We have signed the pledge," which was conspicuously displayed upon their ox-cart, were making merry with jug and bottle. As we were thinking how national character will make itself felt even in this most un-American of celebrations, a voice behind us said mildly but firmly:—"Wall, I callate I wouldn't giv' them steers fur the whole durned lot." We returned home feeling sure that there was a moral somewhere, though we were wholly unable to discover what it might be.

ladies from the Portland High School. Rumor whispered strange reports of the studying done by the young ladies. One had committed to memory we don't know how many hundred words, and another had come off victorios from three or four matches; however, the boys were determined to carry off three-fifths of the proceeds. At eight o'clock the contestants took their places, and Geo. E. B. Jackson, Esq., in the usual form, requested the audience to become quiet for a spell. Instructor Robinson and Tutor Chandler acted as judges for Bowdoin, and Messrs. Patten and Chase of the High School for the young ladies. Mr. S. T. Pullen began by giving out the easy words; after the first round came the harder ones, which for some time were tossed off with no effort; but soon a young lady establishes her right to the bouquet, and a minute or two afterward Sabin gains the primer. The words flew fast from one side to the other, doing damage here and there; and at the end of twenty-five minutes six young ladies and five collegians left the stage. Now the survivors settled themselves to work; words of four, five, and six syllables, flew from their lips; words with an *e* and words without; words with one *l* and words with two. "Demijon" and "teetotaller" enjoyed each other's company, the millenium came to one, and another showed his ignorance of a "stancheon." A young lady's "remeniscence" of her spelling book was not clear, and propinquity was too much for another; a third put one *s* in embarrassment, and abscess, which had already sent a collegian to the floor, now proved too much for one of the other side. The contest was close; one side was never more than three ahead of the other. The partisans of the High School applauded strongly the successful efforts of the young ladies and the errors of the students. Once, when Felch, through mistake, started to leave the stage, they applauded loudly; but, when he again took his seat, an answering applause

THE SPELLING MATCH.

City Hall was well filled last Friday night to witness the match between twenty-five collegians and the same number of young

warned them not to be in so much haste. Finally only one remained on each side, and the struggle was spirited; but Felch won the set of Dickens's works, and Miss Devoll the Dictionary. After singing, "It's a way we have at Old Bowdoin" and "Good night, ladies," in the hall, the boys assembled on the sidewalk and marched with song through the streets, making several stops. One hospitable citizen invited them into his house and offered refreshments, to which kindness they responded with more singing. The general verdict is that we had a jolly good time.

LOCAL.

"My first."

"I'll give you thirty-one."

"Smalts onley 1 cent a pond," is the way a sign reads down town.

Payson, '76, has taken the place of Pratt, '76, on the University crew.

The Seniors think of having one of the empty panels in the chapel filled at their expense.

The singing in the Chapel Sunday evenings adds an agreeable feature to the regular exercises.

Repartee by R. "Has Prof. — got through with you yet?" "He has got through most of us."

A principle lately discovered in physics or chemistry is that—nothing is spontaneous but—stupidity. Next!

Where is the band this term? No symbols of their existence anywhere appear. Cornet be that they have disbanded?

Appleton and Winthrop Halls each boast a first-class photographer. Likenesses can be obtained at any times, and under the most unfavorable conditions. Call and see them.

Copies of the ORIENT exchanges will be found in the College Reading Room.

The Camilla Urso concert here was well attended, and was highly enjoyed by those present. Fessenden was, as usual, warmly received; Miss Doria was endurable; Rudolphen not more than commonly clownish; while Madame Urso made up for all deficiencies by the rare skill and sweetness of her playing.

Could not the boat-crew be awakened in the morning without the disturbance of the whole college? Every one knows how demoralizing to a man's general good nature it is to be troubled in his morning nap; and it hardly seems necessary that we should all be awakened for the sake of saving somebody the trouble of climbing a flight of stairs.

In order to vary the monotony of their many adjourns, the Seniors, some time since, introduced the light athletic sport, called "pitching coppers." Many a one, before virtuous, has been allured from the path of duty by the fascinations of this simple, yet instructive amusement. Knowledge hitherto useless is now of practical benefit. The Senior, as he gravely weighs the nickel, tries to conjure up the principles of political economy which have so long laid dormant in his mind, and figures on the doctrine of chances, what he will lose or win. The easy Junior, applying the equations of force and velocity, plants a cent within an inch of the stake, and quietly resumes his pipe. The reckless Sophomore whirls his penny in a parabolic curve and proves to the Freshman with unanswerable logic that he has won, though to an outsider the contrary would seem to be the case.

The Freshman in his excitement is calmed down to a sense of his position and duties as by his knowledge of geometrical formulae he ascertains the true positions of the coins. Combining instruction, amusement, and muscular exercise, it supplies a want long felt in the college curriculum.

The games of chess which Black and Whitmore, '75, are playing in behalf of the Bowdoin Chess Club with Dartmouth and Kingston, are reported to be in a very favorable condition.

At a meeting of the Bowdoin Base-Ball Association, F. C. Payson tendered his resignation as Captain of the College Nine. His resignation was accepted and A. Sanford elected to the vacant position.

After great trouble, we have obtained one of the criterions of the "uproarious, glorious, Daniel Pratt," which he permits us to publish:—

NEXT CENTURY OF AMERICA.

The Centennial, July 4th, 1876, will be one hundred years since the American Independence, July 4th, 1776. What have we but a dark and stormy future if we go on at the same ratio for the next century as we have the last century? I am in possession of hundreds of remedies that will, when published, be worth hundreds of billions of dollars, for the grievances and temporal judgments of America the next hundred years. There is a great work for all professional men in America. 3000 diseases, 3000 violations of the physical laws, and 3000 discords of organization. Harmony of faith and works is the value of all subjects and objects in the world.

(Signed), DANIEL PRATT,
The Great American Traveler.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'42.—E. A. Chadwick, Judge of the Municipal Court of Gardiner, died April 20th, after a long sickness. His remains were entombed with Masonic honors. Judge Chadwick was born in Frankfort, in 1817, and began the practice of law in Pittston, in 1844.

CLASS OF 1848.

John Dinsmore, Clergyman, is pastor of the Congregational church at Winslow, Me.

Henry E. Eastman, Merchant, resides in Derry, N. H.

Geo. A. Fairfield has been on the U. S. Coast Survey ever since his graduation. Post office address, Waltham, Mass.

David Fales, Commercial business, No. 14 South street, New York.

Charles S. D. Fessenden, Physician, has charge of the U. S. Marine Hospital, Portland, Maine.

Frederick Fox, Lawyer, Portland, Me.

Dexter A. Hawkins, Lawyer, No. 10 Wall street, New York.

Simon J. Humphrey, Clergyman, is District Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., No. 84 Washington street, Chicago.

Samuel F. Humphrey, Lawyer, Bangor, Me., has been U. S. National Bank Examiner for State of Maine.

Chas. F. Merrick, Cotton Factor, Natchez, Miss.

Edw. W. Morton, Homœopathic Physician, Kennebunk, Me.

G. S. Newcomb, Farmer, Westboro', Mass.

Chas. A. Packard, Physician, Bath, Me.

Wm. C. Pond, Clergyman, San Francisco, Cal.

Thos. H. Rich, Professor of Hebrew, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

J. B. Sewall, Professor of Greek, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.

E. C. Smyth, Professor of History, Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass.

Oliver Stevens, Lawyer, Boston, Mass., County Attorney, Suffolk Co.

R. H. Tibbitts, Physician, Rosario, State of Sinaloa, Mexico.

Chas. A. Washburn, Lawyer, Oakland, Cal. Several years U. S. Minister to Paraguay.

'54.—J. Emerson Smith has published a novel entitled, "Oakridge." For a review of the book, see *The Literary World* for April 1st.

'72.—G. M. Seiders, Sub-Master in the Waltham (Mass.) High School, has been invited to a position in the Episcopal Academy of Conn., at a salary of \$1800.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EXCHANGES.

We find the following in the *Cornell Era*: "Prof. Wilder returned from Brunswick, Me., a short time ago, where he has been fulfilling his duties as non-resident professor of physiology at Bowdoin College. He lectured before the Senior class, the course being the same in substance as the one he delivers here every year to the Freshmen." We are duly impressed with the erudition of Cornell Freshmen, as compared with the Seniors of Bowdoin; and the item is so prettily worded that it is with the utmost reluctance we find ourselves compelled to state that it is entirely *false* is an unpleasant word, let us say *erroneous*. Prof. Wilder's lectures here were confined entirely to the Medical School; and the Seniors were not included in his class. Let the *Era* be a trifle more careful, lest it lay itself open to the charge either of inexpensable ignorance or of willful misrepresentation.

The *Yale Record* has found a poet, or at least a poem. This latest offering to the muse who may be supposed to preside over exercises in prosody at Yale is entitled "*The Triad*." It begins by propounding the startling inquiry—"A vision of the year's rich prime?" which, as a conundrum, we are compelled to confess, we must give up; especially as the conclusion of the stanza affords no clue.

"Three, most unlike, but with some trace
And impress of the same sweet race—
Which was the fairest of the Three?"

We humbly beg leave to suggest that it is taking an unfair advantage to give another conundrum before we have found an answer to the first. Besides, we should like to know to what "sweet race" this mysterious triad belongs. The poet continues:—

"More shadowy than a dream of wight—"

Is "*dream of wight*" a euphemism for nightmare?

"The firstborn stole upon my sight
With dew-damp tresses low."

We are not prepared to hazard even a guess at what is meant by "tresses low."

Following this unsubstantial creature:—

"The second born, alone and fair,
Then came in breathless state;
Upon her cheek and in her air
All sunny beauty sat:
The masses of her golden hair
Hung with their own warm weight."

"State—sat." Was it having her hair hung with its "own warm weight" which reduced her to the "breathless state"? Then—

"Behold! with dark, uplifted eye
And slow unconscious pace—

The youngest and the last draws nigh
And breathes upon my face.
The hours whirl round—"

and the poet's brain evidently, for he touchingly ends in a manner worthy of the beginning:—

"Day shuts us up to sense—thy touch
Unlocks our prison bars!"

In case the latter event should ever happen, will the *Record* kindly publish a key to the poem?

The *Targum* explains that it is the imperative need of a new boat-house which forces Rutgers to be without representatives at Saratoga this year.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ENGLISH STATESMEN. By T. W. Higginson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This is the first of a uniform series called "Brief Biographies," of which other volumes are to appear shortly. The name of T. W. Higginson as editor is a strong recommendation, and the present volume also bears his name upon the title page. The book is designed, to quote from the preface, to be one "through which an American can make the needful preliminary acquaintance with English statesmen, by way of preparation for attending or reading the Parliamentary debates." "It is easy enough," Mr. Higginson justly says, "to find books which portray these men, . . . but they are all written by Englishmen for Englishmen, . . . and they all admit or take for granted a great deal that an American wishes to know. In this volume the attempt has been made to condense several of these books into one, . . . in the hope of producing something which . . . may at least be more useful to Americans through its arrangement." The result is a neat little book, which is compact, comprehensive for its size, and in every way admirably adapted to supply the want which it was designed to meet.

HOW TO MAKE A LIVING. By Geo. Cary Eggleston. Putnam's Handy-Book Series.

Not the least merit of this book is, the author says what he means without finical circumlocution. The work is practical, and full of sound common sense.

SCHOOL FESTIVAL SONGS. Dayton, Ohio: J. Fischer & Bro.

Nearly all these songs are by German authors, conspicuous among whom is Abt. The collection is not a large one, but the selections are good.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MAY 26, 1875.

No. 3.

ODE TO BACCHUS.

ANTIGONE, 1115-1155.

O Bacchus, many-named,
The son of Zeus far-famed,
Who rulest in thy might
O'er Italy most bright,
And holdest with thy band
The Eleusinian land,
And through its vales dost roam;
Who makest Thebes thy home,
The mother seat supreme,
Near to the rippling stream
Where, on the open heath,
Were sowed the dragon's teeth!
The fiery smoke arising—
The cloven hill disguising,
But not the lofty mountain—
And the Castalian fountain
Beheld thee at thy birth;
When dancin in their mirth
The Corybantes sung
And loud thy praises rung.
The banks with ivy clad
And vines that make men glad
Escort thee with thy throng;
And an immortal song
Doth loud thy praise prolong,
The guardian of Thebes' streets;
And she thy praise repeats;
From her sad notes ascend,
Mourning thy mother's end,
And now disease impure
The city doth endure.
Come, o'er Parnassian hills,
Or by the murmuring rills,
And cure us of our ills!
Thon guid'st the stars' careers,
And music of the spheres
First had its life from thee.
O Bacchus, let us see
Thy beaming countenance.

With ivy crown advance
To cure us of our woes,
And with thee rows on rows
Of Naxian women fair,
With vine leaves in their hair,
Who dance the whole night through
And still their praise renew
For thee their leader true!

Q. C.

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SHALL WE TEACH OR BORROW?

At present, when students are beginning to seek schools for next year, a few words on this subject may not be out of place. In almost every Eastern college the number of students is large who have to decide the question of teaching during a part of their course or hiring money; of mortgaging their labor after graduation, or of losing a part of that instruction for which they are striving to pay. It is of no use to discuss the value of a college education, as well to those looking forward to a mercantile life as to others proposing to study for a profession; that is sufficiently proved by the great number of institutions claiming the name of college. But if the reader will consider the design of the course, such as we conceive it to be, and we can imagine no other, we think that he will agree at least in theory.

The College curriculum is arranged so that the student may obtain the most discipline and the best foundation for future study, and obtain it to the best advantage. Every study has its appropriate place in the whole course, and every one, or every part of one lost, detracts so much from the value of the whole. The student consoles himself with the idea that he can make up those studies and under-

stand them about as well as if he were present, but in the majority of cases he will be mistaken. The method of instruction, especially in the studies of the last two years, is such as to render this for the most part impossible. The experience of the instructor teaches him that there are many things which increase the interest and profit in a study, although not mentioned in the text-book. These, if he is earnest in his work, he presents in lectures and explanations. A student, in making up a subject, would lose all this, beside the drill afforded by the recitation.

Perhaps some one will say, "At least I can get the benefit of some of the earlier studies of the course, Latin, Greek, and perhaps Mathematics." Very likely you can, but *do* you. You come back from your school in the middle of the term; here are the regular studies which will be the more difficult, since you can not begin with the first page; those omitted lessons act as a dead weight to hold you back, and you immediately go to work to get rid of it; by diligent studying and cramming you manage to pass an examination and are made up. No interest has been taken in the subject; it is finished with a feeling of relief, and forgotten in a very short time. This may seem to one who has never taught, a mere fancy, but let him ask some classmate, even if he be an excellent scholar in Latin and Greek, how well he appreciated the authors so studied.

A few words now as to the alternative. Those men who come to college with insufficient means are not in the habit of relying on others; they are self-reliant, energetic, and the very fact that they have their own way to make in life, enhances the value of their four years in College. These are the men who are likely to obtain good positions after graduation; and is it not better for them to repay a portion of the money, spent in obtaining an education, with the proceeds of their labor, than to experience to their disadvantage the

results of teaching during a part of the course? We think that the former alternative is certainly the better. But some, while perhaps agreeing in theory, would fail to follow up that theory in practice.

Autumn is a pleasant season of the year in which to teach; the student generally has a good time and the year passes more quickly. Moreover, a young man exceedingly dislikes to be under an obligation to anybody, and by teaching he relies on himself; hence we shall not be surprised if full as large a number teach during the coming Autumn as heretofore, and we are not sure but that we should do the same.

CHARLES DICKENS.

It is often the case that literary reputations suddenly gained are as suddenly lost. The favorite of one age, whose words are on the lips of all men, is either wholly ignored or treated with scornful indifference by the next. Literary history records an ever-moving procession of authors, one reputation following another as star follows star across the sky. Especially is this true in novelistic literature. The public expects fresh batches of stories daily, as naturally as hot rolls for breakfast. Thousands of novels are cast, each year, into the whirlpools of literature, swim famously for a time, but soon disappear, only single ones being left from hundreds. The only exception to this law of ephemeral popularity is in favor of those writings that become classic, the work of men who write because they must, who throw themselves into the broad current of human sympathies, uttering their thoughts in the language of the people, language not formed by any study of models, but coming warm from the lips of men influenced by the passions of common life. These are the men who send their influence far beyond the boundaries of nation or age; while they who write in the cant of sects or

castes, who reflect only the mannerisms of an age, and pander to the tastes and prejudices of cliques, do not outlive the time and class for which they write. No better example of the first class of writers can be found than Charles Dickens. From the time when the well-known sketches of London life, published over the *nom de plume* of "Boz," were received by the reading public with favor, heightened by curiosity as to whom their authorship might be credited, he was cheered with popularity while he lived, and now that he is dead, is honored by an enduring fame.

There is reason for this. In general a man is honored in so far as his work is for the interest of humanity; and who can estimate the good effected by the writings of Dickens? One marked characteristic of his works is that they are all written with a definite purpose. He did not make men of straw to tear down. Realizing that the world had done with imaginary evils and false sentiment, he aimed his shafts at existing abuses. *Nicholas Nickleby* was a startling exposition of the brutalities practiced in certain schools. *Oliver Twist* is a weighty argument against the parish system of pauper maintenance, and contains not a few pertinent suggestions to officials under that system; while the opponent of capital punishment finds in *Barnaby Rudge* an argument after his own heart. And even the *Pickwick Papers* contain, between the almost inexhaustible treasures of fun that is their characteristic, a subtle sarcasm directed against certain objectionable features of society.

The characters of Dickens are alone sufficient to render him famous. They are real persons and not merely the mouth-pieces of warring opinions. Although we may never have seen any people just like them, there is an instinctive feeling that they must exist somewhere and are not fantastic creations of the author's brain; and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that they are in many cases only outlines of characters that we fill up to

suit our own ideas. He was ever on the lookout for the absurd and unusual. The mental processes and quaint modes of speech, sometimes full of clear-cut, sentient phrases and sometimes ludicrously blundering, of the people whom he met, were stored up in his memory, unconsciously it may be, to be brought forth whenever the exigencies of the story demanded. Although he delights in sketching the exceptionally good and the exceptionally bad, he never reaches an impossible extreme. His worst characters have some redeeming traits, and his best are not too good to be human.

Although the humor of Dickens is so abundant that many people never regard him as a writer of more serious aspect, his genius can as readily move to tears as laughter. There is in his works an undereurrent of tragedy; and no less than his mirthful writings is this spirit of pathos acceptable to us, for all men are born to sorrow and with a sense of pity for the sorrows of others. It matters not that the misfortunes are of people entirely removed from our sphere of action; they are not beyond our sympathy; space and time can not annihilate compassion. The wail of David over the untimely death of his son, and the almost unspeakable agony of Cæsar when he saw his friend in the murderous throng about him, come to us with as mournful a tone as they came to those who heard them first. And in the same way and for the same reasons the pathetic passages of our author are even more powerful and draw us nearer to him than his lighter words.

The popularity of Dickens is almost unparalleled. In general the minds of men are strung to different keys, and require different touches to make them give back an answering chord. One writer finds appreciation among the rude and unlearned; another among the cultured and refined. But the sympathies of Dickens are well nigh universal. They range

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Secretaries or others who wish to secure rooms in the college buildings as head-quarters for their respective classes at Commencement, can do so by applying to the editors of the ORIENT. It is desirable that this be done as early as possible, in order that the list of rooms may be published before Commencement week. Friends connected with the press will confer a favor by extending this notice.

After snow-balling came pitching coppers, and after pitching coppers has come foot-ball.

Not only do the students and the town boys devote their energies to the manly game, but even the staid Medics have been detected in the secret purchase of an inexpensive ball. The students have done some pretty tall kicking, but it all seems trifling when one reads the following from the *Wittenberger*:

"Here is a featy reminiscence. It is related for a fact that a certain Professor of Wittenberg, while playing with the boys, kicked a foot-ball over the college building, which is five stories high. If any college in the land can beat that kick let it lift up its voice and cry aloud."

Either the five stories were pretty low, or this story is pretty tall.

The *Telegraph* has spoken, as promptly and as accurately as usual. It says:—

"The class of 1844, of Bowdoin College, will have a reunion and class dinner during Commencement week, early in July, at the Falmouth Hotel, Portland. This class is the only one that annually has a reunion and dinner."

Of course nobody expects the *Telegraph* to be correct in anything. We have become perfectly accustomed to its mistakes, and take no particular thought when Smith is changed into Montmorency, Jones into Washington; a date varied a few months; or some such trifling error committed. This time, however, the mistake needs correction. We can not say how many of the classes hold annual reunions, but the members of the class of '66, at least, have done so ever since their Freshman year, '62, and it is very probable that there are others.

It is proposed to issue, sometime in the present term, in pamphlet form, a collection of songs of, and for, Bowdoin. The need of such a book has long been felt. The collection of Bowdoin songs in the old *Carmina* is miserably meagre, and the new *Carmina* is still a thing of the indefinite future.

Considerable difficulty has been experi-

enced in obtaining copies of the older songs of the College. Alumni or others who are in possession of such songs, or of new ones suitable for this book, can greatly aid the work and oblige the compilers by forwarding copies to P. O. box 1009, Brunswick.

In connection with the above, a prize of \$10 has been offered for a new College song. The song must be entirely original; the music either original, or if not, at least not yet appropriated by another college. The songs are to be signed by a fictitious name, verified by the genuine signature in a sealed envelope. The committee reserve the right to publish songs not taking the prize, and of rejecting all handed in, if none are satisfactory.

Songs must be forwarded on or before June 1, 1875, to "Song Committee," care ORIENT, Box 1088, Brunswick.

The charge has been repeatedly made of late, though with how much justice each must determine for himself, that those interested in athletic sports are selfishly negligent, or even opposed to everything else in the way of recreation.

"The fact is," said a Junior, speaking of Ivy Day, "the fact is that the athletic men expect us to give in aid of base ball and boating, but we can never look to them for help in anything else. There are many men in College who are not at all interested in athletics, but who like to get up dances, class times, or literary exercises. They are called upon to contribute for sports, but can not get help in return when they try to do anything."

"But," put in Navicus, who happened to be standing by, "athletic sports help the reputation of the College."

"I've heard that until I'm tired of it," returned the Junior somewhat testily. "That is supposed to answer all objections. It is true enough as far as it goes; but every man who is fitting for college is no more an athletic

man than is every student now here. That is only one side of the question."

"But, the men in training," replied Navicus, "whether for base ball or boating, can hardly be expected to give very much time to other things. They are hardly to be blamed for thinking they are doing their share."

"Only a few men are in training," answered the other, "and those but a small part of the year. I was not speaking of such men, though they can at least show an interest in what we try to do."

Now, this is, slightly condensed, the report of an actual conversation. It is most unfortunate that such a feeling should arise. There is no necessity for the clashing of the different interests among the students, but there is need of a kindlier tolerance for the preference of others. It may be true that the athletic men have been somewhat selfish in their claims. They have also been active, wide-awake, and have represented the feeling of a majority of the students.

On the other hand, the social men, if we may use that term for want of a better, are at least a very respectable minority; and, as they are so, their wishes are entitled to consideration.

Warm days have come now in good earnest. There is no longer any need of morning fires except to consume the remnant of the coal heap. For our part we can hardly understand why students will persist in having a fire solely for this reason. They seem to be mortally afraid of leaving a little to their successor, perhaps for fear of malice. But one year we had a little wood bequeathed to us, and we do not think we bore the donor any ill-will, and we certainly used the wood well.

Those unsightly heaps of ashes behind the halls are fast disappearing, and the diligent laborer has been patiently renovating the College paths. A new one has been laid out from

the north end of Winthrop, under the superintendence of our Professor of Ornamental Carpentry. We have not examined it critically, but we fully believe the curve is laid out on mathematical principles. Did our readers, we wonder, ever think how insufficient is the aforesaid Prof.'s title to express his many duties. We all know how his labors press upon him, especially when, in cold weather, we want a pane of glass set in the bedroom. At one time he is ringing the bell for the "Medics," and at the next down by the woodsheds. But human endeavors are always imperfect, and we willingly avoid the task of finding a proper title for him.

Then, there are those little piles of ashes scattered along the walk, which, no doubt, the traditional "bumming Freshmen" have stumbled over. But who can tell how many staid upper-classmen, with boots polished to reflect like a mirror, and broadcloth nicely brushed, have, while treading the walks some dark night, unfortunately measured their lengths on the ashes, and have been sorely tempted.

But while improvement is going on, we should like to see some attention paid to the trees on the campus. Many of them need trimming very much, and some could be well dispensed with. There is that tree near Maine Hall, with the trunk half rotted away; that bare stub in front of the chapel; and opposite the South End of Appleton there is an elm with the top broken over, which, to our own knowledge, has been in that condition for almost two years. We are all fond of the beauty of our campus and hope that these imperfections will be remedied before the favorable season has gone.

The Alpha Delta Phi Convention is to be held at Providence, R. I., under the direction of the Brunonian Chapter, on June 2d and 3d. H. R. Patten, D. A. Sargent, and E. H. Kimball have been elected to represent the Bowdoin Chapter.

LOCAL.

"Base ball."

"8.30 p.m. to-night."

"Have you got the stroke yet?"

We have "set her back, stranger" about four columns this deal.

We were glad to see one of the old editors, Wiswell, '73, in town a short time since.

The Boating Association realized just seventy dollars net from the Portland spelling match.

Recitation Room. Prof.—"The farmer is dependent upon the state of the crop." Jun. (aside) — "So is a hen!"

A Freshman wants to know if there is not some "Eyetalian cockatrice" who can be engaged to sing at Commencement.

'76 have adopted dark red and white as their class color in the coming race. The flag is at present being made in Bangor.

This is the sentiment now dedicated to the Juniors. "Dost thou think because *thou* art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—*Shakespeare*.

He beckoned to him with his blistered hand, led him out of sight, and hoarsely whispered in his ear, "We held the 'versity' a pretty good start this morning, and don't you fail to remember it."

It does not look at present as though the Class Race would come off before the last of June. The Senior and Junior crews have been working regularly. The Sophomores are just getting used to their new boat; while the Freshmen are doing little or nothing. It has not been decided yet how much time ought to be given to the two gigs. Eleven seconds a mile per man has been claimed, but we doubt whether so much time will be allowed.

“How do your sliding seats go?”

The betting seems to be all on the Junior crew.

Prof.—“Is this caused by the sun or moon?” Student—“I think it is, sir.”

Dana, formerly of '75, was admitted, on the 10th of this month, to the Androscogggin bar.

The Scientific Juniors will probably, some time in June, take their annual zöological excursion to Harpswell Neck. Wouldn’t it be a pretty good place to study botany there?

“Why will you persist in drinking?” said an irate Sophomore to his room-mate, on being awakened in the middle of the night to find the bootjack. “Beer-beer-cause I want to, chummy,” was the incorrigible reply.

A sign at the entrance of a certain store on East Genesee street, reads thus: “Cain seated chairs made here.” We would not like to sit in any of those chairs, for fear of being branded with the mark.—*University Herald*.

Why shouldn’t Cain seat the chairs made there, when he had a brother able to make them?

At a meeting of the Peucinian Society, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. A. Morrill; Vice President, A. T. Parker; Orator, F. C. Payson; Poet, A. Sanford; Secretary, D. B. Fuller; Treasurer, O. Brinkerhoff; 1st Librarian, F. V. Wright; 2d Librarian, C. W. Morrill; 3d Librarian, J. W. Thing.

It is good exercise and healthy besides, to kick foot-ball in the damp evening air, right after eating a hearty supper; but it is not conducive to the good looks of the college campus to kick foot-ball on the turf out beyond Memorial Hall. The Delta, or the ground behind the colleges, would be much better places, as there the ground is harder and more free from trees.

'77 bears the palm for musical ability. We are glad to learn that the Glee Club have fixed upon a regular night each week for meeting.

R. R. Baston, G. C. Cressey, E. H. Hall, W. H. Holmes, D. A. Sargent, G. R. Swasey, have been appointed from the Senior class to compete for the '68 prize on Monday evening, May 31st.

The stories of midnight affrays on the banks of the Androscogggin, and wild threats of the “bold brakemen,” which are floating around College, are enough to make one think of home and the quiet farm.

We have heard that the members of Master Humphrey’s Clock think of loaning their society to the College bell-ringer. It may be a good-time keeper, but it would raise the dickens if it were used for such a purpose.

It is now beginning to seem like the spring term, and something seems to be going on in College. Five boat crews are in training and row on the river every day. The base-ball nine practice every afternoon on the Delta. There has been a May Day celebration, a society convention, and numerous minstrel concerts in the town. More than all that, there is a fair prospect of having an Ivy Day, a Burial of Analytics, a Class Day, and, perhaps, Freshman Supper. If we only send our crew to Saratoga all will be serene.

Field Day will come upon the 5th of June. The following is the programme: 1. Two Mile Walk; 2. Throwing Base Ball; 3. Two Mile Run; 4. Standing Long Jump; 5. Running Long Jump; 6. One Hundred Yard Run, best two in three; 7. Three Standing Jumps; 8. Hop, Step, and Jump; 9. Hurdle Race over eight hurdles, 3½ feet high, and 36 feet apart; 10. Half-mile Walk; 11. Three Legged Race; 12. Half-mile Run. All entries for Field Day must be made before the 2d of June, to A. T. Parker, No. 9, M. H.

A vein of green mica has been discovered on the banks of New Meadows River. It is quite a rare mineral, and a number of fine specimens have been procured.

The University crew by all accounts are getting along splendidly. They have got the knack of the stroke and will soon be ready to go from the barge into their shell. The sliding seats are being made by Blaikie for their practice boat, and will be similar to those in the new boats.

We copy from one of the college doors what, doubtless, expresses the feelings of many under the same circumstances, namely, the following:—

NOTICE!

Occasional visitors warmly welcomed. Habitual loungers are requested to keep away. We mean business!!

21 NH. 30 A.B.

The Portland papers gave a very good account of the spelling match between Bowdoin College and the Portland High School; but in our opinion, they showed very poor taste in appending society initials to the boy's names. They would have avoided some very ludicrous mistakes had they omitted that feature in their reports.

We have heard that the Modoes think of challenging some class in College to play them a game of foot-ball. We dislike to dig up the hatchet after so many moons have passed peacefully, but the sachems are ready to assemble in council should occasion demand it. It would be a good thing for the clinics and patent pain-killers.

The "Wandering Jew" has visited us once again on his eternal round. He has come with a smile on his face and a vase in his hand, with the same wonderful images of Parian marble and the same vases of pure lava. But alas! he went away sorrowfully, and left many a worn garment to gather dust for another year. He did not pay cash!

The following programme has been adopted for Ivy Day, May 28:—

ORDER OF EXERCISES IN THE CHAPEL.

Prayer.....	Singing.....	J. M. Hill.
Address.....	Singing.....	W. G. Waitt.
Poem.....	Singing.....	Arlo Bates.

AT THE IVY.
Planting of the Ivy.

Ode.....	A. T. Parker.
----------	---------------

Various presentations of wooden spoon, spade, &c. &c., with appropriate remarks, will then follow before the final adjourn.

The prospects of the College nine have undergone a decided change within the last month or two. The change of pitchers will alter, it seems to us, the whole character of their game. They will be obliged to pay more attention to batting and to their out-field play, for they can not expect to keep down the score of their opponent as low as if they had swifter pitching, and their fielders will have plenty to do if they play with slow pitching against a club of their own strength. If the *whole* nine will only practice as honestly and regularly as four or five of them have, we shall have every hope that they will come up to the expectations that they have raised, and give a little satisfaction to their friends and supporters. The positions of the men at present, though subject at any time to change, are as follows: Melcher, c.; Fuller, p.; Wright, ss.; Sanford, 1 b. and capt.; Payson, 2 b.; Potter, 3 b.; Knight, 1. f.; Waitt, c. f.; Jacobs, r. f.

ON A PAIR OF PANTS

BOUGHT AT THE SUGGESTION OF A FRIEND.

When these pants are gone,—'od rot 'em!—
I 'll procure a copper bottom
With a pair of leather legs:—
They shall painted be like triicot,
And no dandy whim or freak, oh!
Ever more shall make me take them from my pegs.

Then no more I'll hear the story,
That,—despising fame, and glory,
And respect of woman fair,—
I am wandering—such a pity,
In this God-forsaken city—
With the seat torn from my pants, my only pair;
That the cold wind from the wild wood
Whistles freely where in childhood
I was chastened by the rod,
That I, knowing not, nor caring,
Go my way, and take my airing,
Disregarding Mrs. Grundy, man, and God.

W. S. D.
71.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

MEETING OF THE CHICAGO ALUMNI.

The second annual dinner of the Bowdoin College Alumni Association was held at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, last week, and the occasion proved a most enjoyable one. Among those present were ex-Gov. J. L. Chamberlain, President of the College, '52; E. P. Weston, '39; Erastus Foote, '43; J. W. Porter, '43; the Rev. Arthur Swasey, '44; the Rev. S. J. Swasey, '48; Superintendent J. L. Pickard, '44; the Hon. M. W. Fuller, '53; Edwin Lee Brown, '46; J. E. Smith, '54; A. S. Bradley, '58; Gen. C. H. Howard, '59; George N. Jackson, '59; R. G. Farnham, '60; the Rev. E. N. Packard, '62; A. N. Linscott, '62; R. W. Robinson, '63; J. J. Herrick, '60; and a number of invited guests. About thirty guests sat at the table. In the absence of Judge Drummond, the Hon. E. P. Weston presided, as the eldest graduate present.

The first toast of the evening was "Alma Mater—She summoned us to eat of the tree of knowledge before we 'wandered into a lower world.'"

It was responded to by Gen. Chamberlain in a quiet vein of humor. He said there was no need of a formal response for Bowdoin; each of them had responded for her along

their pathway. The world had honored, and fame proclaimed them, and in so doing had reflected honor on her. Bowdoin needed no man to stand up and speak for her—her graduates had done it in every part of this country, and even of the world. Like the power of England, of which Webster had said, "Her morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." So the fame and honor of Bowdoin had gone around the globe, and with scarcely less intrinsic character. It had been said that the production of large numbers of eminent men at any college was only an accident, but how strange appeared the coincidence when Bowdoin's roll was inspected. The speaker, however, said that he believed in a *genius loci* of each college, and considered that of Bowdoin to be a type of peculiar manliness, characterized by the absence of anything "sloppy," and for his part he would not allow that standard to be lowered one inch if he could help it. Passing over many other topics with few words, the speaker said of the College, that the authorities had determined to hold fast to that which was good, and had therefore restored the old course of studies, in which most of those present had graduated. The establishment of a scientific department had enabled them to do this. In closing, the speaker promised his brother alumni a warm welcome when they came to revisit their Alma Mater. The only thing she needed was the loyal love of her sons, and that he was sure they would gratefully give, keeping warm and strong in their hearts the name and fame of Old Bowdoin.—*Argus.*

The Great American Traveler has requested us to state that he is engaged on another great work, "The Prattville Criterion,"—"five hundred feet of manuscript."—*Magenta.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

Union College has chosen garnet as its color.

Harvard has re-adopted its original color, crimson.

The Yale crew is composed of Cook (stroke); Brownell; Cooke; Fowler, Kellogg; Kennedy.

The Harvard crew is as follows: W. J. Otis (stroke); C. W. Wetmore (2); W. C. Bacon (3); W. R. Taylor (4); M. James (5); E. D. Thayer (bow).

The Seniors at Williams have voted to omit the smoking of the "calumet of peace" on their class day. The *Athenaeum* thinks that a further improvement would be to have the class history read in private.

EDITORS' TABLE.

A poem in the *Magenta* has this very striking verse: —

"But the sun, the *great archbishop*."

Speaking of poetry, we are delighted with an effusion in the *Record*, entitled "Heaven Bless a Girl like Nellie Lee." It tells how

"—all save she and Robert Brown
Had left the long-contested field;"
when—
"I'll miss, and yield to that poor boy,"
Thought Nellie in her tender mind.

"Apothecary" came to her—
Robert's wild eyes her heart impressed;
Should she misspell it?—and there were
Conflicting thoughts within her breast.

"But duty in the end prevailed,
Quelling compassion in the fight;
And Nellie, who had never failed,
Now spelled the given word aright.

"Had Nellie slighted duty's voice,
And wrongly spelled 'apothecary,'
Though causing Robert to rejoice,
She would have lost the dictionary."

This conclusion is at least a logical one. Did we understand the *Record* to say that "the great American poet was to come from the great West"? Away with such mock modesty! "Heaven bless a" poet like the author of the lines we have quoted, for he will hardly receive the benedictions of his fellow men.

The *Beloit Monthly* is fully up to its usual standard of dullness.

The *Era* says: —

"Our personal in last week's issue in regard to Prof. Wilder's lectures at Bowdoin, did some injustice to that college, perhaps. The course of lectures was delivered before the graduating class of the Medical School, but was somewhat more advanced than that given here to the Freshman class."

We shall learn in time which of our exchanges must be allowed a chance to modify their statements.

We thought the correspondent of the *Record* not particularly courteous in his would-be-witty description of the visit of the Glee Club to Vassar; but we partly excused him when we read the account given in the *Vassar Miscellany*. In speaking of the "charming concert in the chapel," the writer says: "Had the boxes only been placed at the doors, after the manner of the Society of Religious Inquiry, to collect money for the heathen, we would have shown our appreciation in another way than in applause." The *Mis.* is pleasantly gotten up and well edited; but it is pervaded by an indefinable air of feminism, and a general vagueness in matters of punctuation.

The editors of the *Bates Student* are so "wrapt in contemplation still and deep" of the "Relativity of Knowledge" and kindred subjects, that in the April number they have allowed the advertisements to stray into the body of the magazine? Are they well paid for this?

The *Niagara Index*, in an article headed "Hist! . . . Cats!" shows how completely the writer has been able to misunderstand Dickens's portrayal of Carker in "Dombey and Son."

A student writing in the *Nassau Lit.*, upon "College Poetry," concludes that "as a general thing the 'lines' which answer to that name are mere sentimental, wishy-washy nothings." Amen! say we, and could quote from the *Lit.* itself by way of illustration.

The *Asbury Review* modestly prints an article beginning: —

"No journal of the same size is read with greater interest than this unpretentious college paper. Its editors are exhibiting great discrimination and taste in selecting themes of practical benefit to their patrons. . . . Hence all their publications are chaste, elegant and refined."

It is kind to call attention to the excellence of this paper, for otherwise it would hardly be suspected.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JUNE 9, 1875.

No. 4.

IVY DAY POEM.

Some modern eyne—a class I despise,—
In attempting to prove himself wonderful wise,
Declarres that when a man beginis
To spread excuses o'er his sins,
He rather plans to trespass more
Than sorrows for his faults before.
Yet I desire to have it known
That not the class' choice or my own
Has poet made me. But then who—
And I appeal, my friends, to you!—
Could steel his heart against the ery,
“We can find no one else, *you'll* have to try!”
It's truly flattering to one's pride
To know that the committee tried
In vain to find a worthy poet,
Before they said to him, “*You go it!*”
However, I think I'm the meekest man
That has ever been seen since Moses began—
What now is the universal plan—
That of making a bank, when a lady you'd win,
The base of your hope. So I put my head in
The noose they'd prepared. I first to the muse
Sent a postal card straight; for I feared she'd refuse,
If I went without warning, to help me at all.
As I got no reply, I determined to eall.
It isn't my purpose to bore you to-day
With all the minor details of the way.
But I got to Parnassus, and there, on a stone
By “*Castalius fons*,” sat the goddess alone.
She was washing Jove's linen; and all her baek hair
She had laid on a stone with the nicest of care.
Her cheeks were unpainted, her buskins unlaced,
Her boddice and kerchief were both much displaced.

It may be, indeed, that the best-natured muse
All comfort and aid would full surely refuse
To the poet who caught her thus in dishabille;
And I own for myself that I could not but feel
That I'd followed my postal card rather too soon,
And the moment at least was not quite opportune.

“I truly hope, madam, I do not intrude,”
I said very humbly, “on your solitude.

I'd have waited your eall, had I not stood in fear
That you never would summon me thus to appear.”
“Therein you were certainly,” said she, “quite right;
And now, having come, please begone from my sight,”
“Ah, goddess!” I answered, “the glance of your eye
Would nerve me in combat before you to die;
But how can I leave you?”

“The road is the same,”
She answered quite coldly, “as that which you came.”
In spite of this coldness I did not despair
Of gaining my end if I managed with care:
So I flattered the muse, and made her confess
That she only was cross to be seen in such dress.
Then I quoted, not thinking of anything new,
A proverb that's rather more trite than true,
About unadorned beauty. And then she grew gay,
And thought, as I'd come, on the whole, I might stay.
I told her my erraud. She sadly complained
That none of her aneient glory remained.

“Once bards,” she said, “in all their song
Proclaimed my praises loud and long:
But now each rhymster takes his pay,
And writes his rhymes in his own way.”
“Ah!” said I, “in my feeble lays
I longed to celebrate your praise;
And hoped my honor to seeure
Invoking Thee.”

“Indeed, I'm sure,”
She answered, “I of your designs
Must needs approve. Read me some lines.”
Then I without the more ado
Rehearsed to her a verse or two.

TO THE MUSE.

O Muse! sweeter than any from the mouth
Of cat or kitten, on the dreary drouth
Of my ideas descend in fertile showers.
Think, gentle goddess, on the weary hours
I've longing sighed thy side to seek
And press my kisses on thy boundless cheek!

“Quite nice,” she said, “I own you touch
My heart a little. I've not much
To give you.”

Here's indeed a song,
But it's neither very sweet nor long.”

Then she took from her pocket a number of things—
Some hair-pins, a pipe, a parcel of rings,
And, “last but not least,” the following ode,
Which, were it my own, I would never have showed.
I beg of the ladies to censure the muse,
If they to take umbrage should happen to choose.

THE CLASS COLOR.

“What shall our color be?”
The Junior gravely said;
While a host of dies confusedly flies
In rainbows through his head.

“I know not which of three—
The green, the red, the blue—
May worthily the emblem be
Of seventy-six so true.”

But then he chanced to see
A damsel’s blushing cheek:
“O let it be red!” the Junior said,
With joy he could not speak.

Red is the lovely rose,
Its beauty freshly blown;
And in the dies of sunset skies
Our glorious red is shown.

Red is the maiden’s mouth;
And thus to all ’t is known,
That when we sip the maiden’s lip
We only take our own!

Earnest, and long, and dull was the chat
I held with the coy, perverse muse after that.
“This ode to our color!” I cried in dismay,
“However delightful it be in its way,
Is not very appropriate just at this time.”
“Very well,” returned she, “you may make your own
rhyme;
It is nothing to me.”

“You mistake,” I replied;
“I am honored indeed that you even decide
Not to frown on my suit. And I know that beside
You’ll write me a poem, O lovely-haired one!”
By that single adjective was the thing done.
The muse pulled a beau-catcher down by her ear,
Put her hand in her pocket, and answered, “Well, here;
Take the thing, if you want it!”
I hastened to say
My thanks and farewells, as I hurried away;
And this is the muse’s latest gift for to-day:—

A LEGEND OF THE IVY.

I.

Somewhere, in musty books, is read
The legend of a peerless knight,
Who, after years of toil, and peril dread,
Of hard won victory in bitter fight,
Knelt to receive a tourney’s crown;
And thought to feel upon his brow
The laurel or the bay; and how
A wreath of ivy on his forehead brown
Was placed instead! and when surprise
At garland as reward of knightly daring new
Was written plainly in his eager eyes;
The tourney’s queen leaned forward from her place,
And bending down towards him her perfect face,
Said earnestly, with words that thrilled him through:
“Not till the whole of strife is done,
Not till the whole of life is passed,
Is the fair garland of the laurel won,
Man’s noblest guerdon ever is his last.”

II.

Years passed; and in the midst of strife
The knight fought bravely to the end.
Then, when he knew that he was done with life,
He sent to her his truest knightly friend.
And called the old-time tourney queen.
“Life—breath,” he said, “are ebbing fast away.
Have I not earned at last the conqueror’s bay?”
She bent and kissed his brow, her tears between.
“Not yet,” she answered; “still remaineth death
Unconquered.” “Ah! the crown!” he said; his smile
Stilling in endless calm, as fled the fluttering breath.
“Now hast thou rest at last, ah! truest heart,”
The lady said, “that ever felt the smart
Of earth’s slow torture.” Then she mused awhile—
And yet it can not be,” at length she said,
“That thou wilt idly lurk in nerveless gloom.”
And when they laid away the honored dead,
She placed not bay—but ivy, on his tomb.

III.

“Because I may not know,” she said,
“That he is done with striving yet.
It can not be that with the noble dead
He will the hour of victory forget.
It well may be that in some isle
Full far beyond the reach of mortal ken,
He still remembers all he did for men;
And I half fancy I can see his smile
If he should chance to look upon a wreath
Of ivy: for it still must be the sign
Of all the foes he trod his feet beneath.”

To us the tale to-day may mean
 That not the brows that laurel-crowned are seen
 Need be the noblest. Those where twine
 The ivy, symbol of aspirations high,
 May give a promise richer for the needs
 Of life's hard battles, which before us lie,—
 The promise of a life of noble deeds.

W. B. Bates

CHARLES DICKENS.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST NUMBER.]

from palace to hovel, from noble to peasant. His writings are in the hands of the poor as the rich, and both are alike moved by those wonderful books that swept away a wall of partition, and showed, beneath the England of the great, another England of people like them in thought and passion and feeling.

His works were well received because he spoke what was necessary to be spoken. His message was wanted. Unlike some of the great writers of England who poured doses of flattery down the throats of the delighted people, teaching them that, as Englishmen, they were born with instincts of humanity, and that in spite of increasing crime and social subserviency, they were the best and freest people of the world, he was not restrained from deserved censure through fear of misapprehension; he saw elements of decay beneath the apparent soundness of the social fabric, and the power of his genius was devoted to their destruction. We sometimes hear it said that he was an enemy to religion, that wherever he introduced a clergyman or other professedly religious character he made him either an object of ridicule or a hypocrite. He realized that corruption is everywhere to be found, that even clerical robes are not always free from its stains, and it was his object to expose it wherever seen.

No religion in Dickens! Who can read of Little Nell and say this? Her whole short and stainless life was a living, breathing religion. Her courage and brave endurance of her mighty sorrows teach higher lessons

than many sermons. And the beautiful Christmas Carol, with its wonderful alternations of pathos and humor, how forcibly does it plead for benevolence and Christian charity! In the book we see the man. There was nothing of the prig about him. He was a man whose whole nature brightened joyously at the contemplation of forms of beauty, who entertained a genuine relish for social pleasures and sprightly conversation, who lived a true life and kept the atmosphere about him pure and clear by his example; in a word, an honest, true-hearted, noble-minded Englishman. And what shall we say of that genius that has given us so varied a *répertoire* of masterpieces, ranging from such wide extremes as the trial-scene in Pickwick and the death of Little Nell? We may call it versatile, but the word is poor and unequal to the duty put upon it. Some one has expressed the idea that "Genius in its absolute sense is always in the superlative. There may be differences in kind, but never in degree." Whether or not this is true as a general statement, I do not attempt to say; but it is true of the subject of this sketch, and the world will wait long for another Dickens.

"Who will play catcher now?" is the question which every two weeks requires a different answer. Perhaps when they find one "with muscles of iron and a heart of steel" it will be finally settled. At present they are taking themselves more hard knocks than they give others. The short stop has, perhaps, the next hardest position on our newly laid out grounds. The old paths ought to be filled up, or else a large amount of errors will be unjustly charged on his account. Although there has been more practicing done by the nine than by any other since we have been in college, yet unless a marked improvement takes place they will not get the championship.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The most impressive of our College ceremonies, the Seniors' last prayers, took place Tuesday evening, June 1. Quite a number of friends, both ladies and gentlemen, were present; and among them several of our younger Alumni who happened to be in town.

The Junior quartette sang the farewell ode; and the reading of Scripture and the prayer of Prof. Packard were peculiarly solemn. The Senior class, as usual, passed out singing "Auld Lang Syne." After leaving the chapel, the customary amount of mutual

cheering was done. In the evening the '77 Glee Club serenaded '75, singing an original ode by W. G. Beale, '77, with a burden:—

"May God in future ever bless
The Class of Seventy five!"

We are requested to state that the Bowdoin Song-Book, alluded to in our last, will not be issued until the fall term, on account of a delay on the part of the Boston firm which was to do the printing. This is much regretted by those who have the matter in charge, but they will strive to compensate for the delay by the increased value of the collection, which the extension of time will, they hope, insure.

IVY DAY.

There are several customs at Bowdoin which directly tend to closely unite the members of the classes with each other and with the College. Among these we think that Ivy Day has permanently assumed a place. The Junior class have every reason to congratulate themselves for the beautiful day and the excellent arrangements of the committee. At a quarter before four o'clock, Friday afternoon, the class assembled in the South Wing and marched to the chapel, occupying the Senior seats. The following is a programme of the chapel exercises:—

Prayer	Music.
Oration	J. M. Hill.
.....	W. G. Waitt.
Poem	Arlo Bates.
.....	Music.

The class quartette, consisting of Bates, Burnham, Hall, and Hill, furnished excellent music; the concluding piece, "*Nos Beata*," was one which Bowdoin claims as its own; it is proposed to publish it in the new *Carmina*.

Waitt gave an interesting sketch of the wants of the past year, a brief history of the custom of planting the ivy, and in conclusion alluded to the fitness of every class placing

beside our chapel a plant which shall remain as a memorial of it after it has left "Old Bowdoin's halls.

The poem is by request published in the opening pages of the present number of the ORIENT.

After the poem the class proceeded to the north side of the chapel, and there each member deposited a trowelful of earth around the plant, and a bottle containing an invitation, programme, and the last number of the ORIENT was placed at its root. The Ivy Ode, written by A. T. Parker, was then sung to the tune of "Dearest Mae":—

The tie which binds us, friend to friend,
To class and college dear,
'Tis to renew the golden chain
We plant our ivy here.
The emblem of our love and hope,
Our trust and honor, too—
The emblem of our loyal hearts,
To Alma Mater true.

None knoweth how, from seeming death,
The springing bulletts swell,
Nor how the hand of friendship grows
Can sage or poet tell;
And yet in every heart to-day
The power of love is known,
We feel the hope of every heart
By that which swells our own.

The years may scatter us afar,
Yet toward the upper air
Our lives shall struggle, like the vine,
To seek perfection there.
We leave behind us, when we go
To scenes so far and new,
A friend to speak in tones of love
To keep our memory true.

After the ivy had been committed to the care of A. T. Parker, the class sung "The Class Color." The closing exercises of the day were the presentations. The first was a spade for the "Dig" of the class; the President, Bates, called upon Clark and presented to him in the name of the class the token of their "recognition and appreciation of his rooted faith that the beginnings of language are below the surface," expressing the wish that when he should honor us by using it, it might be instrumental in obtaining for him a "ten-strike." The recipient pleasantly responded, speaking of the dignity of labor, and of his pride in being chosen as the

"Dig" of '76. He was not ashamed to arrive by study at the same point which some attained by other means.

In a speech which would excessively try the powers of reporters, the President presented a pony to Gordon as the class "Hossist." We have an idea that the latter gentleman was somewhat disturbed by the thought of the "primordial evolution of harmony out of chaotic disorder," as doubtless he had been before by striving after the "means of acquiring increased rapidity of transition."

To encourage him in his struggle, the class presented to Stevens the mustache cup, claiming the right, however, of seeing his mustache before graduation. To Alden, as the handsomest man, was presented a mirror; and the jack-knife, for the homeliest man, was voted to Evans. The last presentation was the wooden spoon to the most popular man, and the choice of the class gave this honor to Sanford. In his acknowledgment he said that it had always been his aim to advance the interests of '76, placing them second only to those of the College.

This concluded the exercises of the day. We feel sure that every member was conscious of an increased pride in his class and will long remember the 28th of May.

BOWDOINS *vs.* RESOLUTES.

Our nine went to Portland on Saturday, May 29, and played a practice game with the Resolutes. This was the first game our club had played this term, and several of the men had their fingers very badly used up, which rendered good playing on our part quite impossible. The Resolutes seem to claim about the same for their men, and it is not at all strange that they should do so, because their game also was the poorest we ever saw them play. There was hardly an earned run during the game, and almost every score was due to an error. Knight let our first score in by

wild throwing; Payson let two men in by misjudgment, throwing home to get the third man out, when there was plenty of time to put a man out on the first, and Wright let two men in by a wild throw. And thus we might go on enumerating error after error, but it is needless. Let us look at a few of the good plays. Waitt caught a pretty fly to centre; Wright made a good throw to the home, getting the third man out, and there was a good triple play. There was a man on first and one on second, when Sanford caught a foul bound; and they, thinking the ball fair, started from the bases, and Sanford put the ball to Payson, who returned it before the man had time to get back to his base; then Sanford threw it to second in time to get that man out. This was very fortunate, as the Resolutes had scored four runs that inning.

The greatest difficulty our nine seemed to have was on the striking. Crocker, the Resolute's catcher, stood so near the home-plate that the striker could not swing his bat without fear of hitting him; and of course this caused much confusion. However much right the striker may have to use all his power to hit the ball, if the catcher occupies the position Crocker did, the striker will not do as well as if he had a clear swing.

We are in hopes that another game with the Resolutes may soon be arranged.

Below is the score of the game.

BOWDOINS.						RESOLUTES.					
In.	R.	E.	A.	O.		In.	R.	E.	A.	O.	
Payson, p.....	0	3	5	2		Knight, q. a.	2	3	0	0	
Wright, s. s.	0	2	2	0		Leighton, p.	2	1	2	1	
Fuller, l. f.	0	1	0	2	4	Barres, j. l. f.	3	0	0	0	
Sanford, 1b.	0	0	2	1	13	Crocker, c. f.	3	4	0	13	
Potter, 3b.	0	1	0	1		Ayers, 1b.	2	0	1	0	4
Waitt, c.f.	0	2	0	0	1	Barres, f.	1	0	0	1	
Melcher, 2b.	0	1	1	0	3	Wilson, 2b.	1	0	1	3	
Jacobs, r. f.	1	1	0	1		Cushman, r. f.	1	0	0	1	
Perry, c.	0	0	2	2		St. John, c.	0	1	0	4	
Totals.....	2	6	11	12	27	Totals.....	9	13	11	5	27

INNINGS.

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	
Bowdoins.....	1	2	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	6
Resolutes.....	0	1	4	0	4	0	1	0	3	13

Umpire—Mr. Dow of the *Umas*, of Charlestown, Mass. Time of game, 2 hours and 20 minutes. 1st B. errors—Bowdoins 8, Resolutes 10.

The new base-ball uniform made, they say, a very nice appearance in Portland.

THE REGATTA.

“A conclusion in which nothing is decided” is always unfortunate, and the regatta last Saturday has unhappily been an instance of this. As the first regatta held for some time, many allowances must be made; and, notwithstanding their mistakes, much praise is due to those who have been instrumental in putting it through. The course of the race, three miles in length, was from the railroad bridge, passing down round Cow Island on the Topsham and up on the Brunswick side. The Sophomores and Freshmen crews pulled in gigs, while the upperclassmen had shells. The gigs were new, but the shells had been much used before, and that of '75, especially, was much out of repair. By some unfortunate misjudgment the Sophomores and Freshmen were allowed a minute and a-half as the difference in boats. There was an almost universal feeling of surprise at this decision, and among the upper classes, at least, much dissatisfaction. '75 withdrew from the race altogether. '76, although perhaps equally convinced of the injustice of this allowance, did not withdraw, but pulled under protest.

The Juniors were next the Topsham shore, but took the next place which was left vacant by the withdrawal of the Seniors. The Freshmen were next, while the Sophomores' place was next the Brunswick side. The Juniors were the last to come into line, and, with their white shirts and red head-handkerchiefs, and their even, smooth pulling, were the finest looking crew on the river. The crews started at about quarter before eleven, the Juniors quickly taking the lead, the Freshmen being slightly behind the Sophomores. About the tenth stroke the foot-board of the rudder broke while the rudder was to port, where it remained fixed throughout the race. The Juniors were thus completely crippled for the rest of the course. The Sophomores attempted to run between the

outlying shoal and the island, running aground and abandoning the race. The Juniors led until the turn at the foot of the island was reached, when the Freshmen gained nearly ten boat lengths, '76's rudder being unmanageable.

The Freshmen crew made the three miles in 21m. 46s.; the Juniors in 22m. 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

A large number of spectators had assembled to witness the race, and all were much disappointed at the unsatisfactory manner in which it ended. Of course each of the classes still claims the championship for its own crew, and only another race can settle the matter.

After the conclusion of the regatta, the '75 crew pulled against time, in 22m. 15s., but with a boat leaking badly.

The officers of the regatta were as follows: Referee and starter, Hunter, '74; Time-keepers, W. P. Walker and W. R. Field; Judges at stake-boat, Profs. Carmichael and Moore; Judges at lower end of island, Hall, '75, Hall, '76, Mitchell, '77, Paine, '78.

The prize consisted of four gold watch-guard slides, bearing a pair of crossed oars, and engraved with name, date, and time made.

FIELD DAY.

The second semi-annual Field Day of the Bowdoin Athletic Association was Saturday, the 5th inst. The sports, which were held upon the Topsham Fair Ground, were witnessed by the students *en masse* and a large number of their friends. The weather was pleasant, and, without the slight breeze which influenced the throwing of the base ball, would have been most favorable. The Board of Directors of the Association, consisting of Waitt, '76, Hargraves, '77, and Fessenden, '78, with Parker, '76, as Master of Sports, had charge of the exercises. Prof. Carmichael acted as referee, and Ladd, '73, and Sargent, '75, as judges. The measuring tape was man-

aged by Sewall, '77, and Peary, '77; Stevens, '76, and Rowe, '76, kept the time.

At a quarter past three o'clock, the one-half mile walk was called. Evans, '76, and Hall, '78, appeared. During the race the contestants repeatedly broke into a run, but Evans came in ahead in 3m. 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. The 100-yard dash came next, for the best two out of three heats. Payson, '76, and Alden, '76, entered. By mistake the men were started for the first heat forty feet beyond the designated point. Alden ran this heat in 13 sec., and Payson withdrawing, made the second in 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. Next the one-half mile run was called; there were four entries: Cobb, C. E., '77, Stimson, '76, Alden, '76, and Sanford, '76. At the start Alden took the lead, thus increasing the spirit of the race; but, laboring under the disadvantage of being out of breath from his previous race, dropped out during the first quarter of a mile. Cobb gained the race in 2m. 19 $\frac{1}{2}$ s., Sanford second in 2m. 35s., Stimson third. Throwing the base ball was next. Knight, '77, Payson, '76, Crocker, '77, and Peary, '77, participated. Hall, '78, thinking the sports were made too serious, furnished fun for the crowd. Peary threw the ball the farthest, 316 ft.; Payson came next, 306.7 ft., Knight third, and Crocker fourth. The best throw made last fall was 304 ft.

Peary, '77, and Mitchell '77, entered for the running jump; three trials were allowed. Mitchell's best leap was 16.5 ft., Peary's, 15.3 ft. The most exciting race of the day was the 2-mile walk. Evans, '76, Jacobs, '77, Burleigh, '78, Mitchell, '77, and Cousins, '77, entered. At the end of the first half mile, Cousins and Burleigh were abreast, making the course in 4m. 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. At the end of the first mile, Mitchell came in first, in 9m. 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. Jacobs made the mile and a-half in 15m. 4s. Evans, who was walking very easily, was ruled out a short distance past the pole, and Burleigh and Mitchell stopped during the last

half mile. The race was now very closely contested; Cousins, however, received his last warning when within a short distance of the line, and Jacobs won in 19m. 40s. The prize was a nice gold-headed cane, presented by a lady friend of the students.

Next came the standing jump. Cobb, '77, and Potter, '78, were the contestants. Cobb won, jumping 9.5 feet; Potter's best jump was 9.4 feet. The best jump last fall was 9.4 feet. For the two-mile run, Hall, '75, and Crocker, '77, entered. They ran the first mile side by side, in 6m. 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ s. During the first half of the next mile, Crocker stopped, and Hall came past the stand in 9m. 37s. He ran the last half-mile for record, coming in splendidly in 12m. 45 $\frac{3}{4}$ s. The last exercise was the three-legged race for 100 yards; Hall, '78, and Jacobs, '78, won in 17 $\frac{1}{4}$ s., against Thing, '78, and Baker, '78.

The sports were voted a success by every body who witnessed them, and the Association can well congratulate itself on the good management.

LOCAL.

“Rainy Sundays.”

“A little one for a cent.”

“Did you have a reserved seat at the circus?”

The last verse of the Junior “color song” seems to be the favorite.

Why must Wilkie Collins have made his mark? Because he wrote “No Name.”

Senior examination. Z.—“When iron pyrites is heated the sulphur is given off and forms carbonic acid.”

The Seniors have chosen brown for their class ribbons, the Sophomores light green, and the Freshmen blue. White will be worn with all the class colors.

The medics leave us soon.

Straw hats will soon be the style.

By a sort of tacit consent all idea of Class Day seems to have been given up by '75.

The second-hand furniture market is crowded. Now is the time to buy your chairs and chipped crockery.

The first prizes for essays were awarded to E. H. Hall and H. R. Patten; the second prizes to G. R. Swasey and S. C. Whitmore, on the following respective subjects: “Causes of Religious Persecution,” “Republicanism in France,” “Writings of Henry Kirke White,” and “Macbeth.”

The Seniors ought to get their autographs well fixed. Nearly half of them have chosen Law as their future vocation. Medicine finds devotees in about a third of the class, while Theology and Civil Engineering will each claim the labor of two. The others are too young to make their choice yet awhile.

A match game was played upon the Delta on the forenoon of Memorial Day, between the Bath and Brunswick High School nines. The game resulted in favor of the Brunswick nine on a score of 31 to 15. In the afternoon the Live Oaks played the Androscoggins. The former were the victors, but we have not been informed of the score.

Notwithstanding the various attractions in other directions, and the absence of music, a large audience assembled to listen to the competitors for the '68 prize, on the evening of May 31. The programme was as follows: Political Corruption, R. R. Baston; Richelieu, G. C. Cressey; Religious Persecution in Europe, E. H. Hall; Modern Degeneracy, W. H. Holmes; Does Civilization Endanger Character? D. A. Sargent; Miguel Cervantes, G. R. Swasey. The speaking was fully up to the average, and the parts rather above. The prize was awarded to D. A. Sargent.

A prize of three dollars has been offered by a member of '75, for the best college cheer.

We are glad to see that some of the college trees have at last been pruned into decent shape. Where they add so much to the beauty of a place as they do to our campus they deserve and will reward a great deal of care.

While the great game was taking place in Portland, a large and enthusiastic crowd gathered on the Delta to witness the first game of the champion schooner series between the Irresolutes and Dogos. Irresolutes to the bat. The first strike was a liner to the umpire, who dodged it, and in recovering cried "foul!" "So is a hen!" replied the striker, and on the strength of his wit was allowed to score his run. 'T would be useless to try to describe the fine plays in this game. Owing to an error or two (twenty-three, we counted, by the s. s.), in the third inning, the Dogos scored 19 runs, making the total score at the end of the third inning 54 to 54. High excitement prevailed. Knott stood at the bat, his fine athletic form showing through a large hole in the knee of his pants. Needless to say he knocked a fly to first base-man, who caught it on the first bound. "Knott, out," yelled the undaunted, though now crippled, umpire. The crowd, consisting of a small yagger in red stockings, being unable, on account of a lack of a liberal education, to understand the play upon words, and being dissatisfied with the decision (but not promptness) of the umpire, rushed in upon him and broke up the game. Upon coming to, the umpire declared a tie vote. After a few unpleasant remarks of a personal nature, both clubs retired, feeling wholly dissatisfied with the result of the game, and in a mutual state of ill humor. The c. f. says he was the only one satisfied, having been seated during the entire game. List of dead and wounded in next issue.

Scene in the office of the Tontine Hotel. Prof. (searching)—"Boy, where is the boot-brush?" Boy—"I think it is in No. 6, sir." Prof. (smiling)—"Well, I guess I will not go in there after it."

A young man in the Junior botany class has ruined himself for life by accidentally guessing a conundrum: Why would trees never do for almanac makers? Because they would leave out every spring.

The hand organ man attempted to soothe (?) the savage Modoes by playing a tune at the door of their recitation room. They stopped the recitation for fear of disturbing him, and listened to the sweet melody, until a loud voice threatened to throw him, not out of tune, but down the stairs. He now wears a complimentary ticket to their next clinic.

The Senior appointments for Commencement are as follows: E. H. Hall, Salutatorian; First Parts, G. C. Cressey, C. L. Clarke, W. H. Holmes, S. M. Carter, S. L. Larrabee; Second Parts, C. A. Black, G. R. Swasey; Third Parts, D. M. McPherson, M. A. Floyd, C. A. Dorr; Fourth Parts, R. G. Stanwood, H. R. Patten, F. R. Upton, W. Pulsifer; Fifth Parts, R. R. Baston, W. Nevins, C. H. Wells; Sixth Parts, F. O. Baston, E. H. Noyes, H. R. True, S. C. Whitmore. One or two more appointments will probably be made from those members of the class who have not yet made up.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'48.—At the last meeting of the American Oriental Society, Rev. Thomas H. Rich, Prof. of Hebrew in Bates College, was elected a member. At the same meeting Dr. Ezra Abbot ('30) delivered an address on the late Dr. Tischendorf.

'60.—We clip the following from the *Christian Mirror* :—

"Rev. J. L. Phillips, his wife and sister, missionaries for ten years in India, of the Free Baptist Board, have just returned to this country. Many of our readers in Brunswick, and other sections of the State, will be interested in this news. Mr. P. graduated at Bowdoin College in 1860, and during his residence in our State exerted a valuable influence for good."

'67.—Geo. P. Davenport has gone into the book and stationery business at the stand of J. G. Knight, Bath, Me.

'72.—William C. Shannon recently passed a brilliant examination for the position of Assistant Surgeon U. S. N., as we learn from the Portland *Press*.

'73.—Geo. S. Mower has been admitted to the bar at his home in Newberry, S. C., and is also made a member of the law firm with which he studied. The firm name is Jones, Jones & Mower.

'73.—N. D. A. Clark was recently admitted to the bar at Portland, on motion of Nathan Cleaves, Esq.

'73.—We learn from the Portland *Press* that Loren F. Berry of Biddeford is to supply a Congregational pulpit in Sanford.

'74.—The *Mirror* speaks highly of the Greely Institute at Cumberland, which has been under the charge of W. R. Hemmenway for the past year. It says: "The recent examination showed thorough work and good progress.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The Yale *Courant* would "like to know what benefit there is in college fraternities holding their conventions with closed doors, if their secret transactions are to be proclaimed to the wide heavens the next day;" adding, "the late Brunswick convention is a good instance of this." The allusion, we suppose, is to the action of the convention in regard to the establishment at Cornell of a pseudo chapter of the fraternity. Looking at the matter from an

entirely outside point of view, we can not but feel the injustice of the *Courant's* censure. The open disobedience of the fraternity convention by the Cornell faculty would and should have subjected them to the discipline of the fraternity; and it was due to the chapters represented in the convention that such discipline be made public. Without being at all informed of the secret workings of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, we can not but feel that their course, as far as we can judge of it, however unpleasant it may have been, was the only one they could honorably pursue.

The *Index* has exalted ideas of the number of volumes in modern libraries. "A few centuries ago," says a late issue, "five or six hundred manuscripts constituted a large library; but at the present day libraries are found to contain (*sic*) five or six thousand volumes."

The *Machias Republican* says that the citizens of that town are taking measures to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the first battle of the Revolution, which was fought in Machias river June 12, 1775. It is proposed to have a fitting celebration. Hon. G. F. Talbot, of Portland, Bowdoin '37, is spoken of as the orator for the occasion.

The *Trinity Tablet* is enthusiastic over the new Freshman cane, which it characterizes as the "prettiest, neatest, and nobbiest that any Freshmen have ever swung."

The *Crimson*, under the new name, is as bright and elegant as ever. We congratulate the editors upon the change of name, for we always have disliked the false tint from which the old title was taken.

The *Ala. Monthly* quotes "the eight lines which have made Boardillion, the Oxford graduate, famous"; changes the word "love" in the last line to "day"; and rises to explain that it "can not see where the *fame comes in*." "The first stanza," it continues, "is rather pretty and not incomprehensible; but the second stanza seems to us to be *musical nonsense*." There is a passage in Matthew vii. 6, which comes forcibly to mind in connection with the way in which the *Monthly* receives these lovely lines; but the *Monthly* might at least quote correctly.

We are glad that the Wesleyan delegates to the Psi Upsilon Convention received so pleasant an impression of Bowdoin. We thank them most heartily for their kindly praise in the *Argus*.

We have received a very handsome gold pen and stock from Aiken, Lambert & Co. Any one desiring first-class goods of this description can find an excellent assortment at B. G. Dennison's book-store.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JUNE 23, 1875.

No. 5.

THE WANDERER'S SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Whom God would bless with favor fairest
He out into the world doth lead;
To him doth show his wonders rarest,
In mount and wood and stream and mead.

The slothful, e'er at home remaining,
Know not the charm of morning-red;
They of child-care are still complaining,
Of sorrow, pain, and strife for bread.

The brooklets from the hills are springing,
And the larks trill on bigh for joy;
Why should I not with them be singing
From a full breast no cares annoy?

To God's rule bow I uncomplaining,
Who brooklets, larks, and wood and lea,
And earth and heaven, is still sustaining,
Hath ordered all things best for me.

3.

HARPSWELL AND ZOOLOGY.

The experiment, tried a year ago, of the scientific department of the Junior class spending a few days at the sea-shore, to acquaint themselves by actual experience with the various minor forms of animal life, known to them previously only through the medium of the text-book, proved so successful in the case of '75, that it was decided by the ruling powers to give '76 the benefit of a similar excursion. It being thought best to avoid the discomforts and inconveniences of camp life, and to devote that time to study which would otherwise be necessarily employed in culinary labors, board was engaged for the party at the Mansion House. As the event proved, however, it is questionable whether

we avoided more than we encountered by this decision. Four o'clock Wednesday afternoon was fixed as the time for our departure. Of course there were the usual delays. By great exertion half a dozen would be assembled, then some one would go for the missing members, and after some impatient waiting another messenger must needs start in pursuit of the first. But all delays have an end; at last heads were counted and the ranks declared full, and we set off with pleasant anticipations of a good time.

I will pass over the ride to the shore, simply saying that it it was marked by the usual decorum of Bowdoin students at such times, and that the party discoursed music (?) much to the edification of the people along the road, who kept, meanwhile, a close watch on all straying fowls. In accordance with the natural order of events, we reached our destination in time for supper, which our ride rendered by no means unacceptable. The evening was occupied in strolling along the shore and making arrangements for sailing and deep-sea fishing the next day. A hotly contested but bloodless pillow fight in the corridor, was a pleasant episode, and prepared us for the discovery that the proprietor was either an advocate of water cure or thought that, because at the sea-shore, we wanted water everywhere, as the beds seemed to be well supplied with that useful but at the same time not particularly pleasant article. Thursday morning brought with it a pouring rain. No yachting for that day. Crustacean and bivalve might rest in assurance of safety from the preying fingers of amateur zoologists. Prof. White and a few other enthusiastic disciples of Izaak Walton, donned overcoats

and rubber boots, and started out in defiance of the prevailing moisture, flattering themselves that beneath the friendly shelter of some wharf they might find protection from the rain and enjoy the luxury of pulling in the gamey sculpin. Whether the first anticipation was realized their rather sorry figures as they came back rendered doubtful, but they reported sculpins abundant and easily propitiated. As the morning wore slowly away, some one proposed a visit to the neighboring district school. This proposition was eagerly accepted by three others, and the four adventurers started, about as hard-looking a crowd as ever invaded a country school-house. On their return they brought glowing reports of their reception by the school-mistress,—who, strange to say, appeared by no means disconcerted by such an array of savants,—and of the remarks made by themselves to the school, in which they discoursed learnedly and eloquently of the theory and practice of teaching, with so much effect that four little girls were crying before they finished. Whether these reports were not somewhat overdrawn is, perhaps, not certain, and it seemed to be the opinion of those to whom they were made that they should be received "*cum grano salis*."

About noon the clouds lifted and the sun made his welcome appearance. The afternoon was passed in sailing about the bay, very pleasantly to all but one unfortunate, who was "not sea-sick but had eaten something that did not set well on his stomach."

Friday was taken up by an excursion to a neighboring island where those members of the party to whom yachting had no charms when accompanied by a fear of sickness, were landed, with instructions to collect wood, and make other preparations for dinner, while the better seamen went in search of cod and other deep-sea fish. This search was not entirely satisfactory, the only fish obtained being from the boat of a neighboring fisherman in exchange for a pecuniary recompense. Din-

ner proved a glorious success, the rather scanty supplies brought from the hotel, which proved to consist principally of spoons, being supported by a foraging expedition to a farm house on the island, and by the contribution of the sea. In the afternoon the true business of the excursion was attacked with a will. Gasteropod and lamellibranchiata were torn ruthlessly from their accustomed dwelling places and offered on the altar of science; learned discussions were held in bilateral symmetry, the water-vascular system, and similar high-toned subjects. This discussion had some amusing passages, as when one of the boys, after expressing much wonder that another did not know that a certain part of the viscera of a fish was the lung, was somewhat taken back by a quiet remark of the professor, that true fishes were not generally supposed to be provided with means for aerial respiration. This exhaustive search into the mysteries of nature was followed by recreation, the boys amusing themselves, each after his own inclination, some sailing, others either rowing, fishing, or indulging in the exciting and manly game of pitching quoits.

A *tart* in one of the rooms in the evening, for which nothing stronger than lemonade was required, finished the day in a manner highly conducive to our pleasure, but much to the dismay of an insurance agent who was so unfortunate as to occupy a room on the floor below, and who, as he told the landlord next morning, while petitioning for breakfast before we came down stairs, had "always conceived that college students knew something, but that he found out last night that they didn't;" which astonishing piece of information he followed up by the statement that he "wouldn't have cared a darn if he hadn't thought they were coming right through the floor every minute." He succeeded in getting breakfast when he wanted it, and had left for happier climes when we breakfasted.

After a forenoon employed in collecting

specimens and souvenirs of the excursion, Bowker's appearance at noon was not unwelcome, as, although having had a pleasant time, we were not unwilling to see Bowdoin and a more civilized life once more. We came back with darker complexions than before, and with pleasant memories of the pleasures and profit of the zoological excursion of Junior year.

BOATING AT BOWDOIN.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* has recently visited us, and from his letter about the state of boating here we clip the following extracts. We would gladly give the letter entire did our space permit:—

"I hope the men of Maine will not consider it a slander when I say that Bowdoin College is a little out of the way, . . . the remoteness of the situation has consecrated this university to the people of this State alone. Looking on the records of the students, . . . I found but few that were not from Maine. Yet, notwithstanding this isolation, it is but just to say that Bowdoin is fully abreast with other colleges in its ideas. Its gymnasium . . . is, perhaps, in essentials, second to none in any university at home or abroad. By the regulations of the institution, every student must either drill or attend the gymnasium for a certain portion of every day. During the boating season the crews who are engaged either for class races or for Saratoga are exempted, as also are the base-ball nines.

. . . Boating has taken root here and is an accomplished fact. This accounts for the good crews that this college has sent to the collegiate regattas. In 1872 . . . they took the lead and held it for two miles, when the bow oar had a nervous spasm and fell to the bottom of the boat. . . . The next year, at Springfield, Bowdoin and Cornell were stationed on the extreme right—Bowdoin on top of a sand-bar, and Cornell in the rushes and just behind a willow stump. It was, of course, a foregone conclusion that the crews who were in the shallows could not possibly win; but these two did so well that nobody ever knew which was fourth—Columbia, Cornell, or Bowdoin. . . . The next year the men were in active rebellion against the authorities concerning drill, and so were not able to send a crew. This year they enter the

field, and their boat will be one of the most formidable there. . . .

"There is one little drawback in a poor college that has a taste for boating, and that is that it is very hard to get money, for when a student has to subscribe for a class boat, he does not feel excessively liberal toward the college boat. So the Saratoga men of Bowdoin have had to practice in a boat called a lapstreak, which weighs at least 500 pounds. The difference between this boat and a shell is excessive, for the latter only weighs 140 pounds. . . .

"The question whether they will pull or not, is a monetary one, and has not yet been answered in the affirmative. I do most sincerely trust that this very gallant crew will not be forsaken by the old Alumni of Bowdoin. . . . It seems to me the Alumni ought to feel intense pride in the honorable place which their college maintains in spite of its isolation from the centres of wealth and literature. And this crew which goes to represent old Alma Mater is composed of such sturdy, honest, and sweet-tempered enthusiasts, that they can not fail to win an honorable place for the white banner. They do not dare to hope for victory, because they go very late to Saratoga, and have some difficulties in their way. But the Alumni of their college may rely upon it that the white ribbons will not be far from the front when the first boat crosses the line.

"For myself, whatever an individual opinion may be worth, it is very much in their favor. Their coach, Mr. D. A. Sargent, is a man who evokes enthusiasm without lessening the restraints of discipline; and the crew are, to a man, . . . very muscular. . . . If their Alumni, however, do not help them, I do not see how they can go, for they have no boat."

The various Society Reunions, Commencement Week, will be held on the following evenings: Alpha Delta Phi, Wednesday evening; Psi Upsilon, Wednesday evening; Delta Kappa Epsilon, Thursday evening; Zeta Psi, Thursday evening; Theta Delta Chi, Wednesday evening. Those on Wednesday evening will be held immediately after the Commencement Concert.

The University crew take their morning pull at eleven o'clock instead of six as formerly.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We regret that the boating subscription list is not filling up more rapidly. It will be a reproach to the college if money enough is not raised to send the crew to Saratoga. It seems to us that personal feeling is not a thing which can now be taken honorably into account. It having once been voted to send a crew, and that crew having been selected and put in training, it becomes the duty of the minority to acquiesce in the decision of the majority and support their action. We are justly proud of the independent spirit of Bowdoin, but there is much danger that this

will degenerate into mere selfish obstinacy. For the honor of Bowdoin, for the promotion of her interests abroad and good feeling within, let every man give as he is able. A few self-denials will not be likely to injure us, and it is time we proved our love for *Alma Mater* in some other way than by touching rhymes in our class odes. Let us have an unselfish desire to promote her interests, even though each of us is foolishly sure that he could manage things much more wisely than they are now conducted.

We have often noticed at our Prize Declamations that the majority of the selections are of a dramatic character, and have sometimes wished to attend an exhibition in which the speakers, for the most part, had chosen examples of forensic eloquence for delivery. Perhaps such an exhibition would be termed dry; very likely it would be dry, for the circumstances which were intimately connected with the first delivery of the speech, and which helped to make it famous, could not be reproduced; but it would more nearly furnish an example of what we think a college declamation should be. The object of our elocutionary exercises is not to enable us to imitate stage tones and action; it is, rather, to teach us to express what we have to say in a graceful, dignified manner, in exact, elegant English, and in a proper tone of voice. For this end forensic rather than dramatic selections are more suitable; their appropriate delivery and any fine forms of expression found in them are far more useful. The matter would not be quite so bad if the selections were usually made from standard dramatists; but the greater part of such selections, and the most popular, were not written for delivery on the stage; some of these poetical selections may rank high in literature, or may be entertaining reading; but we do not think that they are the most suitable for Prize

Declarations. We would like to hear, then, at future exhibitions a greater number of selections from the best efforts of distinguished orators or pleaders. If a prize for excellence in this department alone could be offered, it would do much to encourage a study of such examples.

Our last issue went to press too soon after Field-day for any comments, and we may therefore be excused for mentioning at this late day a few thoughts which then occurred to us. We understand the difficulties which the directors had to encounter, and we congratulate them on the success with which they overcame them. We wish, however, to hint at an improvement or two which we think might be made. It would have been better if the prizes had been procured and placed upon exhibition some time before the day. Both students and outsiders would have thus become interested in the disposal of them, and more participants and more spectators would have been the result.

It seems to us, too, though this is a matter upon which different opinions are held, that it will soon be found best not to allow any man, who has once taken a prize, to contest for the same prize again. At present, the number of contestants is so limited that this is, perhaps, not practicable, and we do not wish this remark to be understood as applying to the Field-day just passed. While Field-day is meant to be a trial of skill and not a popular exhibition, it might be wise, also, to yield something to the popular taste by introducing sack or potato races, quoit throwing, and perhaps archery or rifle shooting. These would attract people, and give the other sports the benefit of a larger attendance and greater interest. Of course these must be worked in gradually; and those at least which require practice should be announced as long beforehand as possible. We are heartily glad to

see Field-day becoming a permanent institution among us, and we wish it the support and the success it deserves.

And now are come the days of second-hand furniture sales. There is something pathetic in this yearly selling out. From many a room endeared by hours of study or of jollity, are brought forth the piles of chairs, tables, lounges, and bedsteads. Chairs with four legs, and chairs with but three, two, or one; chairs loose in the joints, or fatally injured in the back by mixing too freely in student frolics. Then the tables where students have toiled over honest work, rushed madly forward upon classic horses, or eagerly watched the turning of trumps.

Do you not feel in a degree as if parting from old friends, when you send off your college belongings? You can hardly forget that Fred Trueheart overturned and broke that easy chair when you were dressing for that scrape for which he was sent off, while you, equally implicated, luckily escaped detection. Then those heel-prints on your centre-table carry you back to your Freshman year, when Bill Firehead made his remarkable oration urging resistance to the Sophs. You smile a little as you recall how meekly Bill danced upon this very table only the next night, and sang his little solo from the top of the bedroom door.

Then there are those black stains on your writing-table which future possessors will point to impressively as ink-spots, and murmur about "midnight oil" and "brain-lit parts"; sentiments which, if a thought trite, are still fondly cherished in the genuine Freshman soul. It is quite as well that he knows nothing of that night in Sophomore year, when you very carelessly set down a pot of black paint upon this very table, while you trimmed your dark lantern.

In the memories which cling about this old

furniture there is a strange and pungent mingling of sadness and pleasure; and it is no wonder that you feel it to be a sort of desecration when Booker offers you only fifty cents for that easy-chair and seventy-five for the table!

A second practice game of base ball between the Bowdoin and Resolute took place on the Delta, Saturday afternoon, June 12th. A large number of the Resolute's friends accompanied them from Portland, and these, together with the students and town friends, made an unusually large gathering.

The Bowdoin, as usual,—and this is a mistake which we soon hope to see remedied,—played loosely during the first of the game, and consequently had hard, up-hill work during the remainder.

The Resolute seemed very confident of an easy victory, and were not at all bashful about saying so. At the close of the third inning, the score stood eight to three against the Bowdoin; and backers of the Resolute expressed the opinion that "the Bowdoin were not toughened to it," "could not hold out," etc., and that the Resolute had accustomed themselves to all this, hence the ease with which they played.

This undoubtedly had a very quieting effect upon their minds for a time, but it soon wore off, for at the end of the ninth inning a wilder and more excited set was never seen than these very same base-ball backers. The score at this time was nine to nine, and the prospect not just what they had expected. Nevertheless, at the end of the tenth inning, they departed very much relieved and with feelings somewhat jubilant that they did not, after all, get beaten, but quite crestfallen at the closeness of the game; and well they might, after having made such remarks as we heard.

Below is a score of the game:—

BOWDOIN.						RESOLUTE.					
1B.	R.	E.	A.	P.O.		1B.	R.	E.	A.	P.O.	
Payson, P.	2	0	8	2		Koight, s. s.	3	2	2	1	2
Fuller, L. f.	0	1	0	1		Leighton, p.	4	2	4	5	3
Saunder, 1b.	0	1	1	13		Barnes, J. l. f.	0	1	0	2	2
Melcher, 2b.	0	1	1	5		Crocker, c.	0	1	0	3	13
Potter, 3b.	1	0	1	3		Ayers, 1b.	0	0	1	0	7
Waitt, c. f.	1	2	0	0		Bailes, F. 3b.	1	2	1	1	1
Koight, s. s.	3	1	2	6		Wilson, 2b.	1	0	0	0	2
Jacobs, r. f.	1	1	0	2		Cushman, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Perry, c.	1	0	2	3		St. John, c. f.	4	1	0	0	0
Totals.	9	9	9	19	30	Totals.	12	10	10	10	30

INNINGS.

	1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	
Bowdoin.	0	0	3	0	0	0	2	3	1	0	—9
Resolute.	3	0	2	3	0	0	1	0	1	0	—10

Umpire—Mr. Noble of the "White Sox," Portland. Time of game, 2 hours and 15 minutes. 1st base errors—Bowdoin 9, Resolute 10. Scorers—Will Alden for Bowdoin, F. L. Isley for the Resolute.

ALPHA DELTA PHI CONVENTION.

The forty-third annual Convention of the Alpha Delta Phi was held with Brunonian Chapter, at Providence, June 2d and 3d. There were thirty delegates present. Bowdoin was represented by H. R. Patten, S. M. Carter, and E. H. Kimball. The first day and evening were entirely occupied in transacting business. We condense from the *Boston Advertiser* the report of the second day:—

The following day the Convention met at nine o'clock, and after transacting some business of a private nature proceeded to the election of officers. Prof. Lewis Collins, of Albany, N. Y., was re-elected President; Dr. Herrick Johnson, of Auburn, N. Y., was elected Orator for the next Convention, and Prof. Edward North, of Hamilton College, was chosen Poet; Hon. Rufus King, of Cincinnati, and Prof. H. L. Chapman, of Bowdoin College, were elected Alternates.

The members of the Convention proceeded to the steps before Westminster Church, where they were photographed. The delegates and other Alpha Deltas then went to the American Steamboat wharf, where they took a boat chartered for Silver Spring. Here they enjoyed the novelty of a Rhode Island clam-bake. After finishing, as far as possible, what was set before them, the party gave some rousing Alpha Delta songs, and a Glee Club formed from the delegates, rendered some part songs with very fine effect. The party returned to the city, arriving there a little after six.

In the evening a very fine audience assembled in the church to hear Mr. Hale's oration and Prof. Strong's poem. The floral decorations were very fine. The music was furnished by the American

Band of Providence. The Oration and Poem were both very fine. The exercises concluded with the singing of the Greek fraternity hymn. After benediction by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, the audience was dismissed, the Society proceeding in a body to the banquet. The supper was a brilliant affair. The Rev. Dr. Woodbury, of Providence, presided. About one hundred and twenty-five members of the fraternity sat down to the table. After asking divine grace, the party went to work and in about an hour's time were prepared for the more intellectual part of the entertainment. The first toast was "Our Anniversary," which was responded to by President Collins. Mr. Collins was followed by the Hon. Charles Hale and Prof. A. Strong, who answered respectively for the orator and poet. The Hon. John Jay, formerly our minister to Austria, then replied to the toast "Diplomacy." "The Star and Crescent," found a response in the Rev. Edward Everett Hale; and "The Clergy," in the Rev. Phillips Brooks. Various other toasts were responded to, and letters were read from Geo. Wm. Curtis, Manton Marble, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bishop Huntington, and others. The Convention, with its festivities, finally broke up at a late hour.

The next Convention will be held with the Hamilton Chapter, at Utica, N. Y.

LOCAL.

"Come here!"

"Form a ring!"

"Pass the corn-eakes!"

"Snap your fingers and call it a foul!"

"Gentlemen, make your bids for this old carpet."

"The Doctor on the wharf and the sculpin in the pool!"

The Juniors have a "bad eye" on those empty Senior seats.

"Written examinations are frauds," say the Juniors and Sophomores.

A number of "gentlemanly agents" have been secured in College, to canvass this State and others, for a work entitled "Christ in Art."

Read the article about our crew, on the first page, and prepare to do your duty.

D. A. Sargent, since making up, has been assigned a fourth part at Commencement.

We notice an addition to our navy in the shape of a new boat owned by French, '78.

It gives one faith in compulsory attendance to see the thin sprinkling of Seniors in church now.

A new apothecary shop is to be opened down town, near the site of the old post office.

"For Heaven's sake give me my breakfast before that pack of h---l-hounds comes down!"

He was told by a young lady, after coming from the barber's, only to look in the glass, Darwin would do the rest.

Jameson and Sewall, '76, have been employed by the M. C. R. R. to level and make a profile of the road from Brunswick to Lewiston.

They are enforcing their marking system at Orono. One of the students has been suspended for a year on account of going beyond the bounds.

McNulty, formerly of '76, passed through Brunswick last week, on his way to the New England Sabbath-School Convention, to be held at Weers, N. H.

"Don't stand there loafing," said a Professor to three students. "We aint loafing," said one, "there's only three of us and it takes 'leaven to make a loaf."

The following are the names of those who have been appointed on the Junior Prize Declamation, July 5th: C. H. Clark, J. M. Hill, J. G. Libby, J. H. Payne, F. C. Payson, C. A. Perry, G. T. Prince, A. H. Sabin, A. Sanford, C. Sargent, O. C. Stevens, and J. H. White.

The following appointments have been made to the office of Assistant Librarian: C. H. Clark, Senior; J. E. Chapman, W. C. Greene, G. T. Little, E. C. Metcalf, R. E. Peary, Juniors.

The officers of the Praying Circle for the ensuing year have been chosen as follows: President, C. G. Burnham; Vice President, C. H. Clark; Secretary, W. W. Sleeper; Standing Committee, J. M. Hill, E. M. Cousins, W. E. Sargent.

The appointments for the Sophomore Prize Declamation, June 28th, are as follows: F. H. Crocker, F. H. Dillingham, E. E. Dunbar, D. D. Gilman, L. Moulton, C. W. Morrill, C. L. Nickerson, C. A. Perry, J. A. Roberts, and A. M. Sherman.

The crew will be obliged to procure a new boat if they go to Saratoga. The old one in which they intended to do their practicing was found to be entirely unfit for the purpose, and they have taken the new '74 boat in which they will row until the race.

The Gymnastic Exhibition will be given in Lemont Hall, Tuesday night, July 6th. The programme will be much the same as in the Exhibition last winter in Portland, in which the balancing trapeze and flying eschelle were the most interesting features.

Each member of the victorious Freshman crew sports a very pretty and expensive watch charm. On one side is marked "Class Regatta, June 5th, 1875"; name and position. On the other a pair of oars with "Bowdoin" across and "Class of '78" above and below.

The graduating exercises of the Maine Medical School took place on Tuesday morning, June 8th. Dissertations were read by Brug, Foster, Keene, and Price. Dr. Greene made the closing address. The following were elected class officers: President, Keene; Vice President, Stahl; Secretary, Price;

Treasurer, Card; Executive Committee, Bray, Gibson, and Witham.

No base-ball club was ever more taken aback than the Resolutes, who came to Brunswick expecting to beat the Bowdoin, at least two to one. "They didn't play their usual good game," say the Portland papers. Leigh-ton, their captain, remarked at the time, however, that it was the strongest team that they had ever had, and that they *did* play a good game.

The *New York Times* reporter made us a short visit a week or two since. He is making a tour among the Colleges that are to take part in the Regatta at Saratoga this summer. He had previously visited Columbia, Harvard, Yale, and Brown, and continued on his tour after leaving here. While here he expressed a very high opinion of the general physical appearance of the students.

Soon will the silent halls and quiet rooms resound and echo while the Senior rehearses his part in dress costume to his admiring classmates. We know how he learns it. This is the way. First in stentorian tones he repeats the first sentence, then the first and second, then the first, second, and third sentences, and so on *ad finem*. Shout if you will in daylight, and disturb our recitations, but "O! give us a rest!" at bed-time.

The Sophomores have been making preparation for their Burial of Analytics, to take place on the evening of June 29th. The exercises under the "old oak" will consist of an Eulogy by W. T. Cobb, and an Elegy by R. E. Peary. At the funeral pyre a Lamentation will be pronounced over the dead by O. M. Lord. After the appropriate exercises have been finished the class will adjourn to the Masonic Hall to enjoy a supper prepared by Lucy of Porthland. The Marshal of the evening is F. H. Crocker; Priest, C. W. Morrill; and Committee of Arrangements, A. M. Sherman, F. H. Hargraves, and C. E. Cobb.

At a meeting of the Athenaean Society the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, O. C. Gordon; Vice President, J. H. White; Secretary, W. G. Beale; Treasurer, J. W. Sewall; Poet, Arlo Bates; 1st Librarian, W. A. Robinson; 2d Librarian, J. E. Chapman; 3d Librarian, W. W. French; 1st Editor, W. H. Marrett; 2d Editor, F. H. Hargraves; 3d Editor, G. A. Holbrook; 1st Committee, C. G. Burnham; 2d Committee, G. T. Little; 3d Committee, W. W. French.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

JULY 4—9, 1875.

SUNDAY—Baccalaureate before the graduating class, by the President.

MONDAY—Evening, Juuior Prize Exhibition.

TUESDAY—Evening, Gymnastic Exhibition.

WEDNESDAY—A.M., Meeting of the Alumni Association in the Chemical Lecture Room, Adams Hall, at 8.30. Full attendance of the Alumni earnestly desired.

P.M., Poem by H. W. Longfellow, LL.D., and Oration by G. B. Cheever, D.D., before the Alumni, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of their class.

Evening, Concert by Miss Annie Louise Cary, Miss Henrietta Beebe, Mr. W. H. Fessenden, Mr. W. H. Beckett, and the Philharmonic Club of Boston.

THURSDAY—Commencement Exercises. Evening, President's Levee.

FRIDAY—8 A.M., Phi Beta Kappa, business meeting.

8 A.M., Examination of candidates for admission to College.

Not a bad story comes from the Savage Club, London, but it does not seem clear who first made the joke. A "Savage" was standing on the steps at Evans' Hotel, Covent Garden, where the club is now located, when a gentleman came up to him and asked him if there was "a gentleman with one eye, named Walker" in the club. "I don't know," responded the "Savage," "what was the name of his other eye?"—*Coll. Herald.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

CLASS OF 1868.

O. D. Baker, Attorney at Law, firm of Baker & Baker, Augusta, Me.

G. M. Bodge, Principal of Westbrook Seminary, Deering, Me.

C. E. Chamberlain, Merchant, Bristol, Me.

G. L. Chandler, Tutor in Mathematics at Bowdoin.

C. J. Chapman, Merchant, Portland.

J. S. Derby, Judge of the Municipal Court, Saco, Me.

T. J. Emery, Teacher in the English High School, Boston.

G. W. Foster, Physician, Bangor, Me.

L. S. Ham, Civil Engineer, Illinois.

J. A. Hinkley, Tanner, Gorham, Me.

F. E. Hitchcock, Physician, Rockland, Me.

C. G. Holyoke has just graduated at the Bangor Theological Seminary.

E. S. Mason, hardware dealer, Gorham, N. H.

R. L. Packard, Chemical Examiner in the Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

C. A. Ring, Physician, Portland.

L. W. Rundlett, Civil Engineer, St. Paul, Minn.

G. F. Shepard, Physician, Andover, Mass.

G. A. Smyth, in Berlin, Prussia.

C. E. Webber is in an Insurance Office, Brooklyn, N. Y.

G. T. Wells, Merchant, North Wakefield, N. H.

C. O. Whitman, Teacher in the English High School, Boston.

Two of the class have died since graduation, Cushman and Fogg.

Prof.—Mr. C.—, decline the pronoun ego. Mr. C.—Ego, egis, egit, egine. Prof.—That will do.—*Olio.*

EDITORS' TABLE.

In the midst of the written examinations which are now the trial of our lives, the following from the *Oberlin Review* is most timely and encouraging:—

“One of the Professors stated, not long ago, that he often gave pupils better marks than they probably deserved on written exercises, because he could not read their hand-writing.”

If the papers are ranked on that system here, we are willing to stand treat in advance on leading the Astronomy class!

We take from the *Amherst Student* the following statistics of the University crew:—

Stroke, M. A. Goodnow, '76; 2d, H. A. Hill, '78; 3d, G. H. Reed, '78; 4th, L. G. Beck, '76; 5th, S. R. Johnston, '76; bow, F. L. Green, '76. Average age, 22 years, 4 months; height, 5 feet, 10 inches; chest, 35.9 inches; biceps, 12.8 inches; weight, 160 pounds.

The Tablet contains a sketch of Henry G. Cameron, the member of the University crew who was recently drowned. Cameron was President of the Junior class, and his loss is deeply felt among the students. Owing to his death the Trinity crew will not pull at Saratoga this year.

The *University Herald* states that '78, at Syracuse, has established an anti-hazing society. The class is at present, however, engaged in a little unpleasantness with '77. A member of '78 lost a hat, last fall, at the hands of the Sophomores. This wrong has been avenged by some bold Freshman who waylaid a couple of Sophomores who were returning from the opera, and captured their hats. '77 instantly arose in its might, and the *Herald* draws a sad but instructive picture of a couple of unlucky Freshmen being sent in balloon style from the top to the bottom of the chapel stairs. We do not wonder that the *Herald* is somewhat doubtful whether '78 can bear the innuendoes and taunts of the class beneath them, if this affair is a sample of '78 spirit.

We think the following from the *Record* may be appreciated:—

“As a pompous Junior went strutting by the fence, a class-mate rapturously but blasphemously exclaimed, ‘What a blessed thing to see the Almighty on the earth once in a while.’”

The Owl, with a degree of penetration which is probably startling, has discovered that “the ORIENT intimates with true *Oriental* politeness that *The Owl* is a goose.” We hardly know which to admire more, the keenness of *The Owl's* discrimination, or the wit of its puns!

We are indebted to Jameson, '76, for a fine map of the boat course, which we received before the race, but not in season to acknowledge in the last number.

It is wrong in the *Argus* to increase the terrors which timid persons feel at the thought of death. In an editorial note we read: “One almost dreads death more for this reason than for any other, that there is danger of something occurring at his death-bed, or during the few hours that his lifeless body remains above ground, which shall change the scene of mourning to one of half-suppressed laughter.” For ourselves we must confess that this thought is new to us, and that it gives a fear of the “grisly king of terrors” never felt before. No wonder Hawthorne commented upon the degeneracy of an age in which one could not even die simply. We fear this may have a depressing effect upon weak-minded persons. We think, however, the evil may be alleviated, if not overcome. Let the milliners advertise “death-caps of the latest and most bewitching styles”; and the booksellers issue “Etiquette of the death-bed, illustrated with cuts.” Then if wills are only made with provisions lessening the heir's income for every awkward *contretemps* which may happen “the few hours that the lifeless body remains above ground,” we see no reason why a death and burial may not be made as interesting an affair as a wedding or a christening.

We welcome to our table the bright, cheery looking *Athenæum*. We were much pleased with the “Confessions of a Sarcastic Man,” and “The Boating Campaign for 1875.”

The *Uni. Herald* offers \$5 for the best poem handed in during the remainder of the present term. We shall watch its poet's corner with anxious curiosity.

We congratulate the *Wittenberger* upon its improved appearance.

TIME TABLE.

Trains to and from Brunswick:—

From Portland, ar. at 1.55 and 7.30 A.M.; 2.28 and 6.40 P.M.

From Bangor, ar. at 12.24 and 7.22 A.M.; 12.18 and 4.31 P.M.

For Portland, leave at 12.50 and 7.35 A.M.; 12.33 and 4.46 P.M.

For Bangor, leave at 2.15 and 7.40 A.M.; 2.38 and 6.50 P.M.

For Lewiston, leave at 7.40 A.M.; 12.40, 7.00, 2.45, and 4.40 P.M.

For Bath, leave at 7.32 A.M.; 12.40, 7.00, 2.45, and 5.05 P.M.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JULY 14, 1875.

No. 6.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.*

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis
Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.
Ovid, "Fastorum," lib. vi.

"O Caesar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiator's cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes, ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer mine—
Thou river, widening through the meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations rose
And vanished—we who are about to die
Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters down
His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your anster
And calm indifference ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or where.
What passing generations fill these halls,
What passing voices echo from these walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us—alas! what have I said?
What greetings come there from the voiceless dead?
What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
They are no longer here; they are all gone
Into the land of shadows—all save one,
Honor and reverence, and the good repute
That follows faithful service at its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of ruth,
"Oh, never from the memory of my heart
Your dear, paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised,
Taught me how mortals are immortalized;

How grateful am I for that patient care
All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own,
And utter them in plaintive undertone;
Nor to the living only he said,
But to the other living called the dead,
Whose dear paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here,
Whose simple lives complete and without flaw,
Were part and parcel of great Nature's law;
Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid,
"Here is thy talent in a napkin laid."
But labored in their sphere as those who live
In the delight that work alone can give.
Peace be to them; eternal peace and rest,
And the fulfillment of the great behest,
"Ye have been faithful over a few things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."

And ye who fill the places we once filled,
And follow in the furrows that we tilled,
Young men whose generous hearts are beating high,
We who are old and are about to die,
Salute you; hail you; take your hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp and Fortunatus' Purse,
That holds the treasures of the universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith
"Be thou removed," it to the mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Sccean gato
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight
To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaians in the field;
So from the snowy summits of our years
We see you in the plain as each appears,
And question of you, asking, "Who is he
That towers above the others? Which may be
Atrides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomenens?"

* For the advance sheets of this poem, which was delivered by Mr. Longfellow at the Semi-Centennial Reunion of the Bowdoin Class of 1825, at Brunswick, July 7th, we are indebted to Messrs. Harper & Bros.

Let him not boast, who puts his armor on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves; and most of all note well
Wherein kind nature meant you to excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside, when she her face surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old,
“Be bold! be bold! and everywhere be bold;
Be not too bold!” Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.

And now, my classmates, ye remaining few
That number not the half of those we knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute! The horologue of time
Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime,
And summons us together once again,
The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me: “They sleep!”
I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own loss.
I see the scattered grave-stones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night;
O'er all alike the impartial sunshine throws
Its golden lilies mingled with the rose;
We give to all a tender thought and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet
When we were young and life was fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.
So many memories crowd upon my brain,
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,
I fain would steal away with noiseless tread,
As from a house where some one lieth dead.
I can not go; — I pause; — I hesitate;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate:
As one who struggles in a troubled dream
To speak and cannot, to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the idle fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years!

Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision ends.
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates, friends!
Ah me! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies are there? .
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat!
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears!
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by damp or dust!
Whose hands shall dare to open and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped for evermore?
Not mine. With reverent feet I pass;
I hear a voice that cries, “Alas! alas!
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee,
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be.”

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud
Are reassured if some one reads aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchantments fraught,
Or wild adventure that diverts their thought,
Let me endeavor with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and place,
And banish what we all too deeply feel
Wholly to say or wholly to conceal.

In mediæval Rome, I known not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device “Strike here!”
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning that these words but half expressed,
Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger fell;
And, coming back at midnight, delved, and found
A secret stairway leading under ground.
Down this he passed into a spacious hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall;
And opposite a brazen statue stood
With bow and shaft in threatening attitude.
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of menace set:

“ That which I am, I am; my fatal aim
None can escape, not even yon luminous flame!”
Midway the hall was a fair table placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups cuchased

With rubies, and the plates and knives were gold,
And gold the bread and viands manifold,
Around it, silent, motionless, and sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armor clad,
And ladies beautiful, with plume and zone,
But they were stone; their hearts within were stone;
And the vast hall was filled in every part
With silent crowds, stony in face and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and amazed,
The trembling clerk in speechless wonder gazed;
Then from the table, by his greed made bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of gold,
And suddenly from their seats the guests upsprang,
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamors rang,
The archer sped his arrow, at their call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the wall,
And all was dark around and overhead;—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records
Its ghostly applications in these words:
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to realms of gold;
Our lusts; and passions are the downward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner air;
The archer, Death; the flaming jewel, Life;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the knife;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh and bone
By avarice have been hardened into stone;
The clerk, the scholar whom the love of pelf
Tempted from his books and from his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The endless strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life!
The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
And all the sweet serenity of books;
The market place, the love of gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told
To men grown old, or who are growing old?
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate,
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand *Oedipus*, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his peers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years;
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten,
Had but begun his *Characters of Men*.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales*;
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions; but they show
How far the Gulf Stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air,
The tell-tale blood in artery and in vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire;
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light;
Something remains for us to do or dare;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;
Not *Oedipus Coloneus*, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of Pilgrims that one morning rode
Out of the gateway of the Tabard Inn,
But other something, would we but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

We deeply regret losing one of our ablest and most faithful instructors, Prof. J. S. Sewall, who has accepted the professorship of Sacred Rhetoric and Oratory at the Bangor Theological Seminary.

Prof. Rockwood, formerly of Bowdoin, now at Rutgers, passed Commencement week in Brunswick. It gave the students great pleasure to meet him once more, though in a somewhat different relation.

The Sophomore Prize Declamation took place in Lemont Hall, June 28th. The '77 Glee Club furnished singing in place of the usual music. Some of their selections were very fine. The prizes were equally divided between C. A. Perry and Morrill. Beale was one of the speakers; we accidentally omitted his name in our last issue.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Wednesday morning opened dark and gloomy, and the fast falling rain seemed to indicate a day unfavorable alike to Commencement visitors and college denizens. As the morning advanced, the powers of light and darkness, of sunshine and shadow seemed to strive for the mastery. Finally, however, the light prevailed, the clouds made a final retreat, and the sun came out with his united light and heat, speedily drying street and campus, so that the seemingly unfortunate advent of the day had only a fortunate effect in that it completely allayed that dust that is one of the discomforts attendant on Brunswick life at this season. At ten in the morning the regular business meeting of the

Alumni took place in Adams Hall. At half past eleven, by the request of Prof. Packard, the Bowdoin Praying Circle held a meeting at the Seniors' recitation room, to which all former members of the Association were invited. The result was very gratifying. The room was filled principally by graduate members. The great event of the day was of course the public meeting of the Alumni at the Church. A very short time after the opening of the church it was filled by an expectant crowd, excepting those seats reserved for the Alumni. After a long time of waiting, more or less patient in individual cases, the procession entered the house. There was not a sufficient number of seats reserved to accommodate them all, and some of the more youthful members of the body were compelled to stand.

In a few remarkably graceful words the President of the Alumni Association, Prof. Egbert C. Smyth, introduced the class of 1825. The day was theirs. They needed no guests, and were each other's own best company. It was an act of condescension for them to consent to make their anniversary exercises public. These would all be by the class, and as before the class. Prayer was then offered by Rev. John S. C. Abbott. Next followed the poem by Henry W. Longfellow, whose appearance on the platform was greeted by vehement and continued applause. To those of us to whom the poet's verse has long been dear from its own inherent worth, it will be doubly dear now that we have heard it from his own lips. To hear Longfellow is a boon not vouchsafed to many, and those to whom it is granted will not soon forget, will never forget that they heard from the lips of America's greatest poet, the poem on the fiftieth anniversary of the graduation of his College Class. Cheever's oration, immediately following the poem, was one of great breadth and power and eminently fitted to follow the master-work which had preceded it.

—The literary exercises of Commencement Day seemed somewhat cast in the shade by the unusual interest of Wednesday. To the personal friends of the class of '75, however, we doubt not that they were very acceptable. The chosen few of that class delighted their friends with their astonishing amount of knowledge, and with their readiness in setting forth their views, and took their final departure from the College stage.

After the conferring of degrees, the procession moved to Memorial Hall to discuss the Commencement Dinner. The exercises had lasted until almost three o'clock, and the Alumni showed a due appreciation of the dinner. We noticed that two members of '76 rather prematurely took their places in the ranks. Prominent among the visitors we noticed Hon. Lot M. Morrill, Hon. J. G. Blaine, Chief-Judge Appleton, and Gov. Dingley. Among the graduates, the class of '25 occupied the post of honor, to whom much of the interest was owing. After dinner the President called upon Dr. J. S. C. Abbott to return thanks, and then the customary hymn was sung.

The first man introduced was Prof. Packard, who read a letter and a poem, addressed to the class of '25, by Mr. McClellan of '26. In behalf of his class, Hon. S. P. Benson responded pleasantly, and called upon Dr. J. S. C. Abbott to read an account of the deceased members of the class. Of the thirty-seven who graduated, thirteen are now living, and of these only two were prevented from attending the semi-centennial anniversary of their graduation.

After a poem by Prof. Dunn, Gov. Dingley was introduced. He did not think it fitting for him to speak on that occasion, but he congratulated the College on account of the presence of its most celebrated class, and warmly welcomed them in the name of the people of the State. Ex-Speaker Blaine was next introduced, and made one of those capi-

tal after-dinner speeches which every one delights to hear. He gave good advice to the graduating class. It was to think quickly and speak decidedly, and he illustrated his remarks with one of his excellent anecdotes. He called attention to the array of celebrated names enrolled upon the record of the Alumni, names known in the Senate and at the Bar, in Literature and Arms. Mr. Phillips, of Singapore, spoke of the wide celebrity of the revered Profs. Cleaveland, Smyth, and Upham. He wished to see their names commemorated by permanent professorships in their departments. In conclusion he wished success to the crew at Saratoga, and spoke a good word in favor of boating. Gen. Thomas Hubbard spoke enthusiastically in the same strain. Physical exercises of every kind interested him, and especially did he wish to see boating placed on a firm basis at Bowdoin. It seemed a reproach to any College not to be represented at Saratoga. He closed with an earnest appeal to the Alumni to aid the Boating Association.

Among the interesting events of the day was the reading, by Commodore Bridge, of a letter which he had received from Mr. Hawthorne about the time of graduation. It was the record of a wager between Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Cilley; the latter agreeing to furnish a barrel of Madeira wine if Hawthorne was married before Nov. 7th, 1836. When the seal was broken in that year, Mr. Cilley was notified of his obligation, and was making arrangements to deliver the wine when killed by Graves. Hon. J. W. Bradbury made a stirring appeal to the Alumni and friends to aid the College out of its pecuniary embarrassment, and announced a subscription of \$1500 from Hon. J. G. Blaine. It was now after five o'clock, and after Dr. Cheever had proposed a vote of thanks to the mothers and wives who had been so "patient in observing the works of their own hands," the meeting adjourned.

— Class Day has always been one of the pleasantest features of Commencement week. If it had been omitted, as seemed probable at one time, it would have been regretted not by the class alone, but by all interested in them.

The faculty had allotted them Tuesday on which to hold it. A part of the class opposed this very strongly, a part acquiesced to the desire of the faculty, and others wished to have no Class Day at all. Owing to this condition of affairs no parts were written, no arrangements made, and no decision reached until Commencement week had actually arrived. Then it was voted to hold it on Friday, July 9th, in Lemont Hall.

The day was beautiful, the hall well ventilated and not too crowded, and a better or more appreciative audience never assembled within its walls. Young ladies with their graduate brothers; wives with their College husbands; mothers, fathers, friends, all came to hear the special exercises of the class, which from their earnestness and fidelity gave a most interesting picture of inner College life.

At about two o'clock the class ascended the stage, marshalled by Larrabee, and took their places on seats arranged on each side of the speaker's desk. The music was furnished by Chandler's Orchestra, and was very good indeed. The exercises were opened by a prayer offered by Hill, in which he invoked the divine blessing upon the class and the occasion. After selections from the orchestra, President Carter introduced Swasey, who read the opening address. He referred to the situation in which they were placed, and made a few necessary explanations. His address was well written and received good attention. The Chronicler, Curtis, followed the next music, and led the audience through a few of their College experiences. He imparted to them information, which perhaps was not altogether new, concerning some College mischief and the partakers thereof. He dwelt

with fond remembrance upon their victories and good times, and hastened with careful tread over their defeats and quarrels.

The Prophecy, by Standish, was the most hastily written of any of the parts. It was, however, very interesting, and hit upon the peculiarities of the men in a manner only appreciated by those who knew them. The Parting Address was delivered by Holmes. It was short and to the point, expressing most admirably the step they were about to take, and the relations which should exist between them in after life. After the literary exercises were thus concluded, the class arose to sing their Ode, by McPherson; and then proceeded to Smoking the Pipe of Peace. The President lighted a huge pipe, the long stem of which was gaily decorated with the various society ribbons, and after a few whiffs passed it to his left. The trials and hardships of the uninitiated were hailed with shouts of laughter, while the veterans looked on with contempt and passed the bowl with a sigh of regret. Farewells and good wishes closed the afternoon, and the class adjourned until nine o'clock in the evening, when they assembled at a supper in Field's restaurant.

The supper in the evening was, from all accounts, about the best ever given to a class in town.

A class of twenty-three appeared for examination, in the morning, and were admitted to the next Freshman class.

— Never has a finer programme been presented to a Brunswick audience, and seldom has a better audience been gathered to hear, than on Wednesday evening. The engagement of Miss Beebe, since it was the occasion of the introduction of the English glees, was the means of giving a very enjoyable variety to the programme. Miss Beebe was well received, as indeed she deserved to be. Her voice is clear and flexible, her manner good, and her taste generally unexceptionable. She

did particularly well in the part-songs, for which her voice is finely adapted. Miss Cary is Miss Cary, and to this title little can be added. Her careful and unwearying study insures not only success, but a constantly increasing nicety of finish and fineness of execution. Her aria from *Mignon* was an example in point. Operatic arias are apt to be given by concert singers in a manner either florid or flat. Miss Cary avoids both faults, and "*Non Conosci*" was given with depth and fire, and yet was not overstrained. "The Day is Done," she rendered in a way to make the venerable poet who sat in the audience feel proud, both for himself and the singer.

Mr. Fessenden is not improving either in voice or method, and was hardly up to the standard in the glee. He has still, however, qualities which make him a most popular concert singer, and he was warmly received.

Mr. Beckett's place is in the part-songs, and in these he did finely.

The Philharmonics were as admirable as usual, and what is rare, the instrumental solos were genuine additions to the programme. Mr. Listemann played to satisfy himself rather than popular taste, and received a well merited *encore*.

Mr. Belz is remarkable for the richness and mellowness of his tones, and for the good taste of his selections and manner.

The whole concert was a most flattering success, even in a pecuniary point of view.

—On Tuesday night, June 29th, the class of '77 assembled for the performance of the last solemn rites and ceremonies in honor of their deceased friend, Anna Lyties.

The terrible anxiety which they had felt for her welfare during her last illness of two long weeks, was now at an end, and the reaction that followed was peculiar in its nature and effects.

At half past nine the procession was formed and took up its solemn march to the

Old Oak, followed by crowds of awe-struck Freshmen and "Yaggers."

The literary exercises consisted of an eulogy and elegy, which were well suited to the occasion and accompanied by frequent groans and sobs from the assembled mourners. The procession then marched to the funeral pyre, where the "Lamentation" was delivered and appropriate songs were sung. The pyre was then lighted, and amid the wild, unearthly yells of her followers, the last remains of Anna were hastily devoured by the flames.

After the burial the class partook of a supper at Lemont Hall. Among the toasts offered were, "Our lamented sister, Anna Lyties," "Alma Mater," "The Faculty," "Our Glorious Class," "College Boating," "Base Ball," "Our absent Classmates," and "The Ladies who Wear the Green," which were responded to by Sherman, Chapman, Little, Roberts, Hargraves, Fuller, Seabury, and C. A. Perry, respectively.

Thus was brought to a happy close the celebration of one of the most interesting of our College customs.

—The exhibition given by the first class of proficients of Bowdoin College, was held in Lemont Hall, Tuesday evening, July 6th. There were a good many adverse circumstances in connection with this exhibition, which would have made it a failure had not the most extraordinary pluck and perseverance been shown by Mr. Sargent and those assisting him. The crew had left a few days previous, depriving them of three men, while two of the most prominent of the performers were detained at home by sickness. As a consequence the "three-high" feature had to be omitted altogether, and men were placed in positions in which they had had little or no practice. For that reason we think that, while the exhibition was certainly the best ever given in Brunswick, the students deserve an extra amount of praise for their courage in

daring to attempt it. As a matter of course there were a few mistakes and slips in the minor performances, but still not a single trick was attempted that was not performed. The greatest features, such as summersault between bars, aerial balancing, and the triple eschelle, were simply done to perfection. Not an unpleasant thing occurred to mar the exhibition, and every thing was well received by an appreciative audience. It was an exhibition such as Bowdoin may well be proud of, and added a most interesting feature to the Commencement programme.

— While we were walking in the quiet solitude of the McKeen woods the other day, we were suddenly startled from our meditations by a strange and unusual noise. Looking into the thicket we perceived the author of this disturbance, a robin, vigorously and frantically endeavoring to drive away a squirrel who was hugely enjoying, to all appearances, the contents of the robin's nest. At first the squirrel refused to obey the rather unceremonious command to leave, but finally, evidently thinking discretion the greater part of valor, concluded to vacate the premises to the rightful owner. One would have thought the robin to have been satisfied with getting rid of her disagreeable visitor; but no, she was determined to punish him effectually for his impertinence, and consequently chased him along the boughs, down the trunk of the tree, and along the ground up into another tree, all the while pecking at the poor fellow's head with irresistible and, as it proved, fatal fury, for after a short chase she ceased her screeches and quietly flew back to her nest, while we pressed our way into the bushes to endeavor to learn the fate of the squirrel, when down came the victim from the tree, falling at our feet. A short examination showed to us the power of an angry bird, even slight and frail as a robin, for his eyes she had picked out "one by one," and his

nose and mouth were torn and bleeding by the furious pecking with which the robin mother had defended her nest. Never having heard ourselves of so remarkable a display of anger in any of our common birds, we thought it might be interesting to some of our readers.

LOCAL.

Good-bye, '75.

"Got your ticket?"

The '76 ivy is thriving.

Large class in prospectus.

Next term begins on the 23d of September.

"How are you going to spend your vacation?"

Those *writtens* didn't amount to so much after all.

They say "Jack" has filled up in a truly gorgeous style.

Forty Seniors were present at the Baccalaureate Sermon.

At the examination for Bates College ten men were admitted.

Waitt, '76, pulled in the single-scull race on the 3d at Gardiner.

The campus presents an appearance that Bowdoin may well be proud of.

We hear that nearly the full amount of money has been raised to pay our Saratoga expenses.

The next Field Day of the Bowdoin Athletic Association will be held on the 16th of October.

1st Soph.—"Had the clock struck one when you came in last night, chum?" 2d Soph.—"Yes, several."

We understand that there were six reporters for the *Bath Daily Times* present at the Commencement Dinner.

The Championship Pennant is about fifteen feet long, with red border, and on a white ground in blue letters, "Championship, '75."

Mr. F. K. Smyth, Principal of the Bath High School last year, has been elected Tutor in Mathematics and Instructor of the Gymnasium.

We hope the "terminus ladies" will take a good long rest, so that they will be able to carry a broom up higher than the first flight.

The printed programmes of '77's Burial of Analytics command high premiums for memorabilia. There were only a hundred printed.

O Brunswick! and thy dust we shall remember and think of thee when far away on sunny slopes or reclining under the shade of lofty trees.

The Sophomores are happy in thinking that they will have a good comfortable front seat in church, next term, where they can take their so-called "Junior ease."

Prof. White leaves us this Commencement. His relations with the students have always been of the kindest nature, and there is not one who will not regret his departure.

The crew left here July 2d, being the last one to arrive at Saratoga. Probably by the time this issue is out we shall know for a certainty how they compare with the rest of their prompter competitors.

Lo! At length Bowdoin has received the State Championship Pennant. Long may she hold it. As we are base ballists, let us show it to the neighboring towns and give them a chance to take it away, if they can.

The Junior Prize Declamation took place

in the Congregational church, July 5th. Ballard's Orchestra, of Lewiston, furnished music for the occasion. The first prize was awarded to Prince and the second to Perry. The speaking was very good indeed.

The pictures of the Senior Class, taken by Warren of Boston, do not give as much satisfaction as might have been hoped. He ought to have picked out the best looking man in the class and taken him dressed up in different clothes. They would much rather be considered good looking than smart.

The contest for the Brown prizes for extemporaneous writing took place in Cleaveland Hall, June 23d. About twenty applied their energies for an hour to the two following subjects: "What is the Aim of a College Education?" "The Inequalities of Society." The first prize was awarded to W. G. Waitt on the first subject, and the second to Arlo Bates on the second subject.

A Freshman reports that he handed an excuse to his class officer, stating that on the preceding day he had been absent from afternoon recitation to have a tooth extracted. "But," said the officer, "I saw you riding with a young lady; that's too thin." "O no, sir!" replied Fresh., "it's tooth out." He is now on the first stage, where he will stay just long enough to cure him. "No punishment at all," he and the Dutchman say.

"Now Bill," we heard a graduate remark on coming into his old room, "don't you remember when you were a Freshman and I chased you round this very room with a hot poker. That was the term before you were suspended for that Freshmen drunk. Those were warm old times! Why, don't you remember?" "Well, well, that's different now you know," was the grave answer, as he beckoned to his son to go out, who had been standing an interested and not unpleased listener.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

CLASS OF 1844.

The Class of '44 held their reunion at the Falmouth Hotel, Portland, Friday, July 9th. Like all their reunions, it was a pleasant occasion. We understand that after dinner an excursion was made in Judge Goddard's yacht, the Laurel. The following record of the class has been kindly furnished us by the Secretary, H. G. Herrick, Esq.:—

Geo. M. Adams, Clergyman, Holliston, Mass.

Samuel J. Anderson, President of Portland and Ogdensburg R. R., Portland, Me.

Albion K. P. Bradbury, Physician, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Henry K. Bradbury, Lawyer, Hollis, Me.

Chas. H. Colman, Merchant, Galena, Ill.

Henry K. Craig, Clergyman, Falmouth, Mass.

Samuel Farnham, Farmer, Auburn, Me.

Enoch P. Fessenden, Physician, Bucksport, Me.

Joseph Garland, Physician, Gloucester, Mass.

Samuel F. Gibson, Lawyer, Bethel, Me.

Chas. W. Goddard, late Judge of Superior Court, Portland, Me.

John W. Goodwin, Manager American Bridge Co., Houston, Texas.

James H. Hackleton, Teacher, Frederick, Md.

David R. Hastings, Lawyer, Fryeburg, Me.

Horatio G. Herrick, Sheriff of Essex Co., Lawrence, Mass.

Josiah Howes, Physician, Burlington, Iowa.

Chas. W. Larrabee, Lawyer, Bath, Me.

Joshua S. Palmer, Insurance Agent, Portland Me.

Josiah L. Pickard, Superintendent of Instruction, Chicago, Ill.

Nathaniel Pierce, Lawyer, Newburyport, Mass.

Thos. J. W. Pray, Physician, Dover, N. H.

Elias H. Sargent, Yarmouth, Me.

Chas. E. Swan, Physician, Calais, Me.

Arthur Swasey, D.D., Editor and Clergyman, Chicago, Ill.

Winthrop Tappan, in Europe.

Wm. W. Virgin, Justice Supreme Judicial Court of Me.

Samuel M. Weston, Teacher, Boston, Mass.

Horatio Q. Wheeler, Merchant, Portland, Me.

Geo. S. Woodward, Insurance Business, Leavenworth, Kansas.

CLASS OF 1872.

The Class of '72 held their reunion Thursday, July 8th, and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, Heath; Vice President, Wilder; Secretary, Bickford; Orator, Dow; Poet, Frost; Executive Committee, Harris. A poem was read by Abbott amid great applause. Voted to hold a reunion next Commencement.

THE BROWN LICHEN.

With dusky fingers clinging to the stone,
Through summer's languid days and lovely nights,
Through autumn's chillness and the spring's delights,
The lichen lives in grimmest state, alone.

The spiey summer breezes o'er it go,
But from its nun-like breast win no perfume;
Brown bees, gold-dusted, seek some flower's bloom,
Nor pause above it, flitting to and fro.

The snail glides over it with solemn pace;
The canning spider in it spins her snare;
But, be its tenants either foul or fair,
The lichen naught is troubled in her place.

The says full oft in splendid state go by,
And elfin laughter thrills through all the air,
"What cheer, Dame Lichen, grave and debonair?"
To them vouchsafes the lichen no reply.

We pluck among the crannies of the stone
The wild flowers, purple, golden, or sweet blue;
But both in nature and in friendship too,
We leave the grim brown lichen quite alone.

Z. V.

Bowdoin Orient.

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BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 6, 1875.

No. 7.

A RETURN TO THE OLD COLLEGE AT BRUNSWICK.*

BY ISAAC MCLELLAN, Esq., '26.

I.

Where'er o'er earth we tend,
Where'er, o'er seas remote, life's voyagings end,—
Far in the blue Pacific, or away
Where Iceland's cliffs o'erhang the boiling spray,—
Our hearts, dear home, will still return to thee;
Return from foreign isle and distant sea,
From Andes ranges, or Cordillera crests,
Like sea-birds to their nests.

II.

The vast round orb of earth
Hath no elysium like our place of birth;
Hath no enticements potent that can wean
Our hearts from home and all its haunts serene.
The gilded walls, the shining dome may rise,
And luxury spread enchantments to the eyes;
Still the low roof, o'ercanopied with leaves,
Where piped the songful birds at morn and eves,
Will fill our hearts and memories with a glow
Soft as the flush that gilds the Alpine snow.

III.

Here is *our* classic Home!
The sweet, fair spot that years ago we sought,
To gather lore, by age and wisdom taught.
Scenes of my youth! with joyful step once more
Your verdant paths and peaceful halls I tread;
Once more on lovely Androscoggin's shore
My willing feet to ancient scenes are led;
Again we come thy borders to explore,
And view thy wooded isles, with voices gay,
And the bright sands that skirt thy bay.

IV.

Dear scenes of youth! These loving eyes o'erflow
To see ye all around me rise again;
This path I tread I traversed long ago;
The same deep wood, the same wide-spreading plain;
Yonder the pines still bear their mournful sigh
O'er the green turf where sacred ashes rest;
Yonder old walls, I once again desry,

Still rise to greet the young scholastic guest,
And crown, with laurel-wreaths that may not die,
The student's toilful quest.

v.

In these beloved shades,
Where weave the towering pines their green areades,
I walked with friends that sleep now in the sod;
But chief, dear Longfellow, with thee I tred
These sylvan haunts, where first the flaming dart
Of poesy divine sank deep into thy heart;
Where first was swept thy sweet, immortal lyre,
And the young heart poured out across the wire.
Though years, dear friend, have laid a wreath of snow
O'er the brown locks that danced about thy brow,
Yet warm as then still beats thy heart, dear friend,
And will, till life shall end.

J. S., JR.

A light form, poised upon the brink
Of waters running black as ink,
Was gone ere he could speak or think;
The sullen tide
Was bearing off a maiden's hair,
That fringed a brow as frail and fair
As e'er was clouded o'er with care.

The waves divide,—
A strong hand beats the water cold,—
The swimmer's stroke is firm and bold.
He grasps her sinking, and behold!
Borne side by side,
They two will reach the distant pier;
And, resued from a watery bier,
She'll love the man, and many a year—
Ah, woe betide!

A man climbs up the pier alone,
With sullen step and heart of stone.
Another soul from earth has gone—

A suicide!

Why saved he not the woman's life,
That hour in evil fortune rife?
Because—he found it was his wife,

So turned aside.

W. S. D.

The hot suns of summer seem to have
somewhat wilted '76's Ivy. We hope to see
it climbing the chapel's side, but not before
many years.

* Read by Prof. A. S. Packard at Commencement Dinner, July 8, 1875,—on the occasion of the Semi-Centennial of the Class of '25.

CONCISENESS OF STYLE.

It is said that a certain French writer, remarkable for conciseness of style, in a letter to a friend which he had made rather longer than usual, apologized for its prolixity by saying that he had not time to write a shorter.

To say much in a few words is certainly a great excellence, and at the same time a great difficulty. The mind naturally dwells on a strong conception, views it on every side, and expresses it in a great variety of ways; but the amplification of a sentence, though it may add to its perspicuity, often diminishes its force; as scattered sunbeams diffuse only a gentle heat, but are able to burn when collected in a focus. There are many writers whose only aim appears to be to express their views in the greatest number of words and forms which they can invent. Amplification occupies their whole attention, while condensation is treated as a thing of minor importance.

Such productions will scarcely repay anything more than a hasty perusal. One is naturally led to think that the writers of them are conscious of the weakness of their ideas, and strive to conceal that weakness by a resort to diffuseness of expression. On the other hand, the writer who labors to express his thoughts in the most concise manner possible, without obscurity, gains our admiration and esteem. He can hardly fail to interest even the careless reader. In fact, one of the most pleasing and powerful effects of conciseness is the pleasure which a reader finds in having something left for his own sagacity to discover. A painting in which everything is brought into an undisguised, glaring representation, fails to arouse feelings of admiration. There is a concealment and shading, which sets off more beautifully and displays more clearly many of its most charming features. Precisely so it is in written productions. The mind eagerly grasps at a hint,

and delights to enlarge upon it and discover its bearing upon the point at issue; but scanty is the enjoyment of perusing or listening to those productions whose authors have labored to bring everything into such perspicuity that the mind has nothing left to do. Things may be too obvious to attract attention. The sun, moon, and stars roll over our heads every day without attracting our special notice; but we survey with eager curiosity a comet, an eclipse, or any other phenomenon in nature. Military harangues derive their chief beauty and power from an expressive brevity. In the histories of Livy instances abound where armies were incited to rush on to battle and death by a few short sentences uttered by their generals. But history scarcely records a more striking instance than that of a French king who thus addressed his soldiers immediately before an attack: "I am your general—you are Frenchmen—there are the enemy." Such a general, if he did not gain the victory, at least deserved it. Those who have traveled say that the Frenchman differs much from the Englishman as regards conciseness. The former, in the profusion of his politeness, makes many offers which he expects will be refused; and should you really stand in need of his assistance, it is a doubt whether he will give himself much trouble to help you out of your difficulty. The latter will aid you secretly, and appear annoyed at the expression of your gratitude. The former will overwhelm you with professions of friendship, without the least real regard; the latter will be surly, and at the same time exert himself to soothe your sorrows and relieve your wants. Bluntness is said to be one of the characteristics of the English, and as such is accepted as a natural consequence of their sincerity. In modern tragedy we find the heroes and heroines expressing their grief in pompous declamation; but notwithstanding the studied vehemence and unnatural grandeur of their lengthened

periods, the audience often sit unmoved, or are more disposed to smile than weep. But in the *OEdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, Jocasta, when she discovers her own and her husband's condition, as deplorable as could well be conceived, retires from the stage uttering only these words: "Alas! alas! wretched man that thou art,—this only can I say to thee—henceforth forever silent."

THE ASSYRIAN SLABS.

Perhaps many of our readers have been curious to learn the history of the Assyrian slabs in the vestibule of the library, and their date. They were procured for the College through the kindness of Dr. Henry B. Haskell, a graduate of the Medical School, 1835, who was in the service of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, as physician to their station at Mosul, directly opposite the site of Nineveh. This gentleman wrote to Prof. Cleaveland, offering to obtain the slabs and to see to their transportation, if the College would pay the expenses of freight. The College consented, and they were floated down the Tigris on rafts of skins to Bassora. After a delay of a year they were shipped to Bombay on vessels of the same pattern as those used in the time of Alexander the Great, and thence were conveyed to New York. The whole expense to the College was about \$375.

The slabs came from the palace of Assurnagir-Pal at Nimrad, and the date assigned to them is about 750 B.C. The classical student will immediately associate this date with that of the founding of Rome, in 753 B.C. It is a curious fact that all the slabs in this country are from the same palace, and the inscriptions on them are identical. A few months ago a translation was made by the Rev. Selah Merrill of Andover, Mass.; at his request a copy was suspended on one of the slabs, but it has recently disappeared. It is matter of

interest to every student that it should remain where all can have access to it, and we fail to see what desire of mischief can be gratified by removing it.

College life is full of strange actions, and not among the least of these is to see a feeble youth, bent down with hard study, tugging a heavy pail of water up three flights of stairs, just to throw it out of the window at a luckless Freshman.

The following officers were elected at the Bowdoin Boating Association meeting: Commodore, O. C. Stevens; Vice Commodore, F. H. Crocker; Treasurer, Prof. F. K. Smythe; Asst. Treas., P. L. Paine; Secretary, A. M. Sherman; Directors, Geo. Parsons, R. E. Peary, John M. Burleigh, with the Commodore and Captain of the crew, who is to be elected by the crew, ex-officio.

The officers elected at the annual Base-Ball meeting of the Bowdoin Association, are as follows: President, F. C. Payson; 1st Vice President, W. Alden; 2d Vice President, D. B. Fuller; 3d Vice President, B. Potter; Secretary, C. E. Cobb; Treasurer, P. G. Brown; Assistant Treasurer, W. W. French; Directors, A. T. Parker, W. T. Cobb, W. G. Beale; Scorer, P. H. Ingalls; Captain, Alpheus Sanford.

The readers of the *ORIENT* may recollect that during the spring the first game of a chess match with players in Kingston, Mass., was published in this paper. The second and last game, in which also Bowdoin was victorious, was concluded June 21st. Both games were conducted by Blaek and S. C. Whitmore of '75, for the Bowdoin Chess Club. The time occupied in playing this game was 188 days. The game of chess between Dartmouth and Bowdoin was finished during the summer vacation, by the resignation of Dartmouth on the 35th move.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

(All subscribers will please forward their subscriptions *immediately*, as we are in need of the money. *Do not fail to attend to this at once.*)

This number of the ORIENT will be sent to every member of '79, and the following numbers also, unless notice is given to discontinue. The price for the remainder of the volume will be one dollar and a-half. Back numbers furnished for fifty cents.

The College year is once more fairly begun,

and we rejoice that its promise is so good. The fact that \$100,000 has been added to the endowment fund is in itself most encouraging, and there is every reason to hope that the fund will be still further increased. Part of the sum named is for the founding of a Longfellow Professorship of Modern Languages, and part has been appropriated to the support of the chair of Greek. The changes in the Faculty are not numerous. We think with deep regret of the loss of Profs. Sewall and White and Mr. Sargent. Prof. Chapman has left the chair of Latin, which he has so ably filled, for that of Rhetoric; and the former is still vacant. Its duties are at present performed by Mr. A. H. Davis, who has been appointed Provisional Instructor in Latin. Mr. F. K. Smythe has charge of the Gymnasium, and will undoubtedly be a popular instructor. The Gymnastic department was already so perfectly organized that little was left to be wished for in that line.

And this brings us to the students. Timid Freshmen, bloodthirsty Sophomores, magnanimous Juniors, and dignified Seniors, have gathered about *Alma Mater* to begin a new year for pleasure or pain, folly or profit. The ORIENT gives to all greeting; and from the bottom of a not unkindly editorial heart, hopes that profit and pleasure will, at least, preponderate, and the incoming year be a fruitful and happy one. Nor does it intend to offer unasked the good advice which might be spoken, and perhaps pertinently; for the ORIENT is sure that every one must be already fully aware how entirely the nature and the fruits of the year are a matter of personal choice, and that all intend to make a wise election. May the good resolves and the vows of earnest work which are made at the beginning of the year be remembered at the end of it, not by vain regrets over empty garners, but by the harvesting of well-ripened sheaves.

"And the sound of the tack hammer is heard in the land."—*The Dartmouth*.

The fitting up of rooms has gone rapidly and satisfactorily forward, and already nearly everybody is comfortably settled in winter quarters. It is interesting for one of an observing turn of mind to notice the expression of character in the fitting up of rooms. The occupant can not help leaving the impress of his character upon his room, any more than a mollusk can avoid leaving a record of his nature and habits in his shell.

Every variety of ornament, and ingenious device for comfort and convenience, may be found here. One has taken the legs of a chair whose seat, alas! long since went for kindling wood, and by simply nailing one leg against the wall, has a towel rack at once novel and convenient. Another has stuffed two discarded suits of uniform, and ornamented his room with the effigies of two of the late far-famed "Bowdoin Cadets." Still a third has an owl and a skull "above his chamber door."

The class to which a student belongs may be quite accurately decided from his room. There is an uncertainty of arrangement, a mingling of old furniture with new, in a Freshman's domicile. Patent medicine almanacs and enormous posters are apt to be abundant. The room has, too, a cold look, as if a continual apprehension of duckings and hazings had become chronic, not only with the unhappy Fresh., but even with the room itself.

His Sophomore neighbor, next door, has a room which always has the appearance of having been "rudely blown upon by nocturnal gales." Horns and masks are conspicuously displayed with such trophies as the daring young braves may have captured from luckless Freshmen. There is an ostentatious odor of stale tobacco in the air, as if some one had been offering fine-cut upon a hot fire-shovel to Bacchus, who, we take it, must be the god

of "Bacca." This odor, and various bottles placed in prominent positions, give to the unprejudiced observer the impression that the Sophomore's chief end and aim in life is to be considered "tough" and "hard."

Only step over to the Junior's room and the odor of the weed becomes as intense as the mellow coloring of a fine old meerschaum. Things have, in general, a quieter look, although pictures of soubrettes in questionable and impossible *posés* and costumes, have replaced the almanacs. The dust has settled thickly upon the horns and masks classically grouped above the door. The easy chairs are mostly broken, and the room is evidently arranged more for use than for show.

The Senior has cast aside childish follies, and consigned the mementoes of Sophomoric raids to the murky depths of the coal closet. Books are scattered over the table and often the floor also. An enormous waste-basket contains the first plan of his immortal prize essay, and perhaps an attempt at his '68 part. There, too, may be found the first copies of his poetical effusions, which have modestly shown themselves in the poets' corners of sundry country newspapers. The Senior has a tender place in his heart for his room, for he can not forget that it is his last home in College. And so we, boys of '76, reminded of the brevity of time, leave this idle scribbling to enjoy, while we may, that place of so many deep memories — our own College room.

Having occasion to refer to Webster's Unabridged the other day, it became necessary, in order to find that important work, to explore the various mounds of dust gathered upon our table. The disagreeable nature of our task in opening these *tumuli*, caused us to fall into profound meditations upon the care of college rooms.

We have been greatly interested in watching the maneuvers of the terminus-lady who, for a pecuniary consideration, has a general

oversight of the dormitories. The gradual development of her system of procedure has been an epitome of all human progress. At the outset of her career she really had a sort of care for the rooms. She sometimes went so far as to sweep, and to dust afterward. There are vague traditions of a terminus-lady who used to wash the oil-cloth; but such a being, if indeed she ever existed, was pre-historic, and nothing definite can be ascertained of either her age or history; tradition says she broke her heart for love of a Freshman.

But, to return. The sweepings of our terminus-lady became fewer and fewer, and soon were confined to the occasional flirting of the broom about the centre-table. The next step was to sweep with the broom-handle like the enchanted princess in the German fairy tale. After this there was obviously nothing left but to omit the use of the broom altogether, and to confine attention exclusively to the duster. Generally her care expended itself upon some article of furniture. In one room we wot of, a lounge became the favored object of her care. Several times each week she swept her duster from one end of this lounge to the other, and then retired with the proud consciousness of having done her whole duty.

It was about this time that she began to sweep the stairways with great vigor. Whoever attempted to reach his room on leaving prayers, was assailed by a cloud of dust and ashes, which drove back all but the most stout-hearted. It was currently reported and believed that the Faculty had employed the terminus-lady to keep students from cutting by preventing them from returning to their rooms.

The manner of dusting now in vogue is as beautiful as it is ingenious and simple. Once each week the terminus-lady pulls a feather from her duster and deposits it upon the table or floor; the unhappy occupant of the

room being expected to believe that his domicile has been dusted.

Once each week we chase a lively magenta feather about over our carpet, sighing as we throw it into the fire: "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,—but never expect an end-woman to take care of a room!"

Whatever we may say, or whatever we sometimes may delude ourselves into thinking we believe, we are most of us at heart loyal to *Alma Mater*, and it is unfortunate that we are so often betrayed into saying disloyal things. We foolishly allow ourselves, half in pique and half in jest, to say hard and cutting words of the absurdities and injustice of the action of the Faculty; the discipline; the changes in the course; in short, about what, in student parlance, has been forcibly but somewhat profanely described as "the general cussedness of things." Most of us have our personal grievances, and all but a small and honorable class of straightforward men are apt to look upon ourselves as personally and grossly wronged by the Faculty. But in these rare moments when we are honest with ourselves, we are very sure to find that much of our bluster is but the attempt to drown the consciousness of our own shortcomings. Many things which we would fain believe independent and frank-hearted, do seem much like what in other mortals would be called obstinacy and folly.

Our Faculty may sometimes show an unpleasant amount of human flesh and blood, but few Faculties are immaculate. Our College, too, is certainly not wealthy, but few are so sturdily independent. The bitterness of students, and even Alumni, towards *Alma Mater* is at once fatal to her and disgraceful to them. Take it in any way you please, every man gets more from a College than he gives an equivalent for while a student. The mere paying of term-bills is but a trifle when one comes to think of the efforts which have

given Bowdoin a prestige that makes her diploma of value; that have erected buildings, collected cabinets and libraries, founded professorships, and in short made the College what it is. And when the patient toil of many years has prepared our *Alma Mater* for us, shall we be so ungrateful and unmanly as to revile her because she has not given us different gifts, or in a different way?

LOCAL.

“Present!”

Seniors now.

“Lights out.”

“Take your ease, Juniors.”

“Glad to see you back again.”

Sleeper, of '78, has gone to Amherst.

“No speech. No sing. Give me pump!”

Is it always spring in the “land of Thor?”

The Freshman Class numbers twenty-nine.

A. J. Shaw of Auburn, has been admitted to '78.

“Blow your horns and make a joyful noise.”

The Freshman class seems to contain some good base-ball players.

R. R. B. has united himself to one of M—th's lovely daughters.

He was young, he was fat, but the Sophomores filled his hat—full of water.

Instructor Chandler, formerly Tutor, is to hear the Seniors in Geology this term.

“Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away Ambition!” “Ambition is a vice,” he should have said.

We sincerely regretted to hear of the death of Frank Dyer, of '78, soon after leaving College.

The scientific Seniors are very much disappointed in being obliged to recite in the afternoon.

A Soph. was recently overheard explaining to a young lady that the scientific name for “eye-teeth” is “biceps.”

The long-forgotten but now remembered “Bones” has honored us with his presence for a few days. He wanted to see “some of the boys.”

We hear that Crooker, formerly catcher on the Resolutes of Portland, is to enter College as a special student in Chemistry and Engineering.

Scene at the Tontine: Waitress—“Roast beef or lamb?” Student—“Roast beef.” Waitress—“On a side dish or large plate?” Student—“No, mum.”

The great billiard palace is now, as ever, thrown open to the public down town. A new assortment of stick-candy has been added to its many attractions.

A Soph. who has received a quantity of ragged hose from his washerwoman wants to know “if a ‘hol(e)y understanding’ is conducive to a ‘spiritual walk’?”

A young mother down town says that if Solomon had seen her George Washington sit down on her fall bonnet, he would never have said there was “no new thing under the sun.”

When Longfellow wrote

“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,” he must have had in mind the classic streets of Brunswick as they appear to one returning after the summer vacation.

We understand that if all the money that has been subscribed to boating can be collected, there will be enough to pay all the expenses of the crew at Saratoga. Those who owe anything to the subscription paper ought to settle it at once.

Since our return the College campus has been a most lovely sight. The maple trees have been remarkably fine in their coloring, and, intermixed with the lindens, the maples have a peculiar beauty.

"Twas a sad disappointment not to hear at our first Sunday service the usual sermon on "fishing." This is not right; when we come back we like to have everything natural, or, if changed, for the better.

An irreverent Soph. reports as a vacation experience a visit to a country prayer-meeting. Among others, an old man arose and solemnly urged the young people present "to live as they'd wish they had when they *came to stand around their dying bed!*"

The old Electric B. B. C. of Brunswick has been re-organized this summer. They have adopted a very pretty suit of grey, trimmed with green, and green stockings. It will be an excellent thing for the College Nine to have such a nine to practice with.

The recitations at the beginning of the term were some of them postponed on account of the non-arrival of books. Sufficient notice must have been given to the bookseller, and if he can not ensure punctuality the orders ought to be given to one of the students who will make it an object to be prompt and also to be reasonable in his prices.

It is curious to notice how soon the Freshmen acquire that art of canting their eyes upward, without appearing to be on the watch, as they go along the paths by the halls. It takes them but a short time to detect the sound of raising windows from any ordinary noise, either because they have higher ears, or because they hear it oftener than any other. With what a self-satisfied smile does he escape the softly falling water, or with what a look of ill-concealed disgust does he walk back to his room to change his coat after indulging in a provisional shower.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'45.—Rev. Lewis Goodrich, formerly of Auburn, has received and accepted a call from the Second Congregational Church in Warren.

'53.—Wm. Carruthers is pastor of the Congregational Church at Calais, Me.

'53.—Henry R. Downes is a lawyer in Presque Isle, Me.

'53.—Wm. H. Todd is practicing medicine in St. Stephen, N. B.

'54.—Rev. Wm. P. Tucker has resigned the rectorship of St. Augustine College, Benicia, Cal.

'54.—Chas. F. Todd is engaged in the lumber business in St. Stephen, N. B.

'56.—Enos T. Luce is practicing law in Boston. Office at Old State House, Room 14.

'57.—Edwin B. Smith, late Reporter of Decisions of the Supreme Court of this State, has been appointed 1st Asst. Attorney General of the U. S.

'60.—Mr. A. H. Davis has been appointed Professor of Latin in Bowdoin College.

'62.—Almon Goodwin is a member of the law firm of Hall, Vanderpool & Co., New York City.

'62.—Rev. C. H. Pope, who has been spending his vacation at the East, passed through town last week, on his way back to Oakland, Cal., where he will be installed pastor over the second Congregational Church.

'66.—Chas. A. Boardman is in business in Warren, Penn.

'68.—L. S. Ham has accepted the position of Principal of Litchfield Academy, Litchfield, Me.

'69.—Frederic H. Boardman is engaged in the lumber business at Calais, Me.

'69.—Albert Woodside, M.D., was recently married to Miss Alice Hunt of Brunswick. Dr. Woodside's address is Tennant's Island, Me.

'71.—W. E. Holmes is farming in Oxford, Me.

'72.—In the notice of the reunion of the class of '72, in the last number of the ORIENT, we omitted to state that the class cup was voted to the daughter of A. V. Ackley. Ackley has been keeping a summer hotel on Peak's Island.

'73.—A. G. Ladd is Principal of the High School at Farmington Falls, Me.

'73.—F. S. Whitehouse has entered the Cambridge Law School.

'74.—S. V. Cole is teaching the High School, Bath, Me.

'74.—A. L. Perry was recently admitted to the bar in Augusta.

CLASS OF 1875.

R. R. Baston was recently married to Miss Lucy Ellen Edwards of Monmouth. Baston has accepted the position of General Agent in Montreal for J. B. Ford & Co.

F. O. Baston is teaching the North Berwick High School.

Geo. C. Cressey is Assistant in Mathematics in the Bath High School.

W. J. Curtis is City Editor of the Bangor *Whig and Courier*.

C. A. Dorr is Principal of High School at Lisbon, Me.

E. H. Hall is Principal of Bethel Academy, Bethel, Me.

W. E. Hatch is teaching school in North Shapleigh, Me.

E. S. Osgood is a reporter on the *Eastern Argus*.

N. M. Pettengill is teaching in Martinsburg, Ill.

We learn that D. A. Sargent has recovered from his dangerous fall from a horizontal bar.

P. P. Simmons is teaching a High School in Mendon, Mass.

F. B. Osgood is studying law in Fryeburg, Me.

EDITORS' TABLE.

And after vacation—exchanges! We found a dozen armfuls awaiting us on our return to Bowdoin, and although all were of course "heartily welcome," &c., we did wish there were not more than half so many of them. However, the pile is once more cleared away, and the Table ready for a new (but *gradual*!) supply. It is singular to notice how little change a new board of editors makes in the general tone of a college paper. This may be owing to the fact that a college publication is stamped with the personality, not of its individual editors, but of the institution which it represents. College criticism is not at its best likely to prove a means of very valuable literary improvement; but it is a pleasant way for editors to exchange thoughts and opinions, or to give one another an occasional sly nudge, in a sort of half-confidential way only possible in the exchange column. An exchange editor finds it so difficult to hit upon any recognized criterion in college journalism, that he is generally reduced to the expedient of pleasing himself if he can, and letting others be pleased or displeased, according to their fancy.

By some strange chance the heaviest of the pile of exchanges came to the top, and we opened the *Vassar Mis.* to an article headed "Profundity or Versatility?" The first sentence caught our eye: "Looking up the dim avenues of the ages toward the mystical temple of Art." When a young woman begins by "looking up the dim avenues of the ages," there is no knowing where she will end, so we turned to the next article, "Profundity or Versatility?" We laid the *Mis.* away, but we pondered deeply. Positively the idea was new to us, but we took it in at a glance. "You pays your money and you takes your choice!" That's it! If the reader is not satisfied with the views of the first writer, he has only to read the second. The plan would work admirably for a political paper which wished occasionally to shift its ground. But who save a woman would ever have thought of it?

The *Owl* is extremely sensitive in regard to its name; and in a bitter and sarcastic note, headed "Inanities of Criticism," it seems to have attempted the complete annihilation of the *Univ. Review*. "Among the new styles of criticism," saith the *Owl*, "which the present rapid development of college literature brings, like scum, to the surface, 'the inane style' is undoubtedly the most appropriate name for that to which we are about to refer." It

goes on to define "inane criticism" as punning on the name of the *Owl*! The ORIENT is next soundly rated, all in a little note by itself, as distinguished for its "*inane impertinence*." We confess that we are quite overwhelmed, but we can not help being glad it was not utter stupidity which distinguished us, as is the case with the *Owl*.

The *Oberlin Review* notes the completion of the \$100,000 subscription, and naïvely remarks: "The principal of the fund is never to be impaired, and the annual income will be sufficient, with the receipts from students, to meet the current expenses." The *Review* evidently labors under the impression that Bowdoin has hitherto had no fund, but has depended entirely on the "receipts from students, to meet current expences."

The *Yale Courant* gives the following unpleasing picture of the morals of some of the last class there:—

"Two recent graduates before leaving New Haven exhibited financial shrewdness to an extent hitherto unheard of in this institution. One sold his effects twice over to some Freshmen, collected one hundred and twenty dollars on the sales, and left town before the sheriff attached his property in the interest of still other parties. The other genius disposed of his carpet at a respectable price, received payment, and sloped just in time to escape the sheriff and the impecunious ravings of an African washerwoman."

The *Yale Record* concludes an appeal headed "A Yawp to the Freshmen," as follows:—

"Whatever you think, blow vigorously and constantly for Yale. Pass over its faults if you possibly find any. The *Record* sincerely hopes that you will furnish men for boating and ball, that you will heartily support the best interests of the college, and that your class may, at graduation, have a better prospect in life than the one which has just stepped out, one-half of whom are about to enter the ministry, and the other half sit idle seeing nothing to do, unless by some strange course of events cigarette rolling becomes a profession."

All this has deeply impressed upon our minds the honor of graduating at Yale; but we have no difficulty in understanding how such a result is brought about when we read bits like this from the *Courant*:—

"At the commons the other night they had oyster soup. A Sheffite coming in looks meditatively at his plate and says: 'This is austere soup.' A deep and heartfelt groan breaks from the capacious chests of Sheff's most prominent boating men."

Men who will perpetrate such puns will do anything.

FILCHINGS.

Question by a Junior: What did the son say when his father was killed on a Buffalo hunt? "Thus fur and no father."—*Nia. Index*.

Lot's wife wouldn't have looked back, but a woman with a new dress passed her and she wanted to see if the back breadth was ruffled.—*Southbridge Jour.*

A member of the Geology class thinks each eye of the *filobite* was composed of from 40 to 6000 *faucets*. (Quite a weeping animal.)—*H. S. Monthly*.

A Junior, after losing all his spare change at pitching pennies, said: "Did you think I was playing for *keeps*?" Winner—"Judging from the amount you kept, I should say not."—*Era*.

Susan B. Anthony says *male* is only an incorrect way of spelling "*mule*." Any schoolboy knows that if *male* is "*mule*," female is *mulier*.—*Olio*.

"Professor," said a bright Freshman, the other day, "I have found classical authority for 'ponyng.'" Prof.—"Have you, indeed? Let me hear it." Fresh.—"Horace says, *pone me*."—*Dartmouth*.

A "Rev." Senior has discovered, after diligently "searching the Scriptures," that the present system of demerits and its resultant phenomena are not only just, but have the sanction of a text: "Of course a man who violates the laws of 'this and all similar institutions' is a heretic, and doesn't Paul say, 'A man who is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, reject.'"—*Titus iii. 10.*—*Coll. Argus*.

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Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, OCTOBER 20, 1875.

No. 8.

LOVE SONGS.

I.

In darkest night, the seeker knows,
By sweet perfume, where blooms the rose;
So sweet about the loved one fair
Breathes a rich presence everywhere.

In darkest night, by silvery fall
Of tinkling drops, the fountains call;
But by more softly thrilling tone
Aud deeper sigh, the maid is known.

II.

Ab, Love! be like the rose,
Who, whatsoever time he comes to greet,
Gives to the nightingale her perfume sweet.
Dearest, be like the rose!

Love, be not like the rose;
That to each comer, whoo'er he be,
Unveils her breast that he her beauty see.
Ab, be not like the rose!

Sweetest, be like a star,
That purely in its golden fairness glows,
And in the moonless night most radiant shows.
Fairest, be like a star!

Yet be not as a star,
That in the gloom of tempests may be lost,
And fail the wanderer when most wildly tossed.
Love, be not like a star!

Be e'er thyself, my Love!
Loving me only as I love but thee,
Thy beauty and thy radiance all for me;
Still be thyself, sweet Love!

III.

While stars above thee glow,
And the red moon sinks low
Into the dusky sea;
Night visions come and go:
Dearest, in dreaming so
Dream'st thou who loveth thee?

Weirdly the night-bird sings,
Sailing on silent wings
Over the dewy lea;
Her note a rapture brings:

Sweetest, with heavenly things
Dream'st thou who loveth thee?

Deep longing fills his breast;
Knows he not sleep nor rest,
Severed as now from thee;
Fairest one, loved the best,
Were the sweet truth confessed,
Dream'st thou who loveth thee?

IV.

In the bush of the morn, before the sun,
I waken to think of thee;
And all the sweet day thus begun
As hallow'd seems to be.

In the holy repose the morning star
With trembling awaits the sun,
And thins my heart, if near or far,
Awaits thee, sweetest one.

In a golden ecstasy of bliss
The fair morning-star will die;
But I, immortal by thy kiss,
Live but when thou art nigh.

The Gymnasium, under the charge of Tutor Smythe, will be conducted on the same plan as formerly, with the exception that there will be no class captains. Each class has two leaders, as follows: Seniors — Andrews and Kimball. Juniors — Kimball and Morrill. Sophomores — Nickerson and Ingalls. Freshmen — Perry and Cobb. The class of proficients has not yet been fully organized, but they will soon go into regular practice in preparation for the exhibition to be given at the end of the year. A number of new clubs have been added to the stock already in the Gymnasium, and a new box has been made for clubs. This box is divided into compartments numbered to correspond with numbers on the clubs. Each leader is required to see that his men put their clubs in the right places.

NOVELS.

The prejudice which formerly existed against novels has in the last half century been rapidly decreasing; and the usefulness of fiction is now admitted, at least by those of the highest culture. The reason of this is obvious when we compare the fictitious works of to-day with the earlier productions. In their earlier stage novels abounded in obscenity and licentiousness to such a degree that they could not be tolerated by pure-minded people. The aim was not to elevate virtue and put down vice, but seems rather to have been to make vice more attractive than virtue. Succeeding this period of licentiousness was a period in which insipid sentimentality, superior in no respect to the vulgarity of the preceding age, was the leading element. It was through literature of these classes that novel reading fell into such bad repute. To Scott we owe the dissipation of these styles of writing and the establishment of the novel on a firmer and more worthy basis. He discarded both vulgarity and sentimentalism, and gave prominence to virtue and morality. His aim seems to have been to elevate and excite the reader to higher action; to cause him, by the contemplation of noble characters, to seek also in his own life the higher and more noble.

He also opened to the novel a new field, causing it, to a certain extent, to take the place of history. From historical novels we can obtain a more intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of a people than in any other way. We are introduced as it were to the inner life of the people; all the details and minutiae of the household, the customs of society, and the habits of thought are pictured out; and we obtain a more thorough idea of the condition of a people than could be obtained from any history. From Scott's novels, for example, we derive nearly all our knowledge relating to the customs and manners existing in England in the times of which they treat.

It is true that most novels are written for the present day, and after a few years will cease to be read. But it is also true that those which adhere to truth in the abstract will last and will serve as records to succeeding generations. And this is the very class of novels which is most valuable, as well as the most entertaining. It is not from novels treating of historical events anterior to the writer that we gain the greatest amount of information, but from those treating of contemporaneous events; those in which the scenes are taken from actual life, or are at least in accordance with the prevailing customs. In such novels fact and fiction are so mingled as to be both instructive and entertaining. Thus, even in our hours of relaxation and amusement, we can obtain a considerable knowledge of history, and a much greater eagerness is inspired for the dry details of history itself. Thierry, the historian, is reported to have said that he learned from Ivanhoe the true method of historical composition. And a celebrated French philosopher thought that "more was to be learned from novels and romances than from the greatest treatises on history and morality."

Again, novels of contemporary life are of great use by spreading before us the many phases of life, opening a greater field of observation, and calling our attention to things we should not otherwise observe. Our views of life are broadened. In the novel the story of a life, which in the reality might appear prosy, is made interesting by our being made acquainted with the means by which the effects are brought about. Thus we are instructed in reading character. We learn to trace effects back to causes in events which are transpiring about us in our daily life. And they lead us to take a more lively interest in studying the characters of those about us, and in comparing our own observations with their representations.

Then, too, in the novels of to-day, so

much improvement has been made on the earlier species, that a tribute, perhaps with some writers involuntary, is paid to nobleness and purity of character. The heroes and heroines are usually formed after the most perfect models the author can command, and vice and immorality are pictured principally to elevate the representations of purity and uprightness of character by the contrast. Of course this can not be said of all novels, but we are speaking more particularly of the higher classes. As they descend in grade their pictures of virtue are less perfect according as the author himself is less virtuous and cultivated. Hence the necessity of great caution in our choice of reading.

Another argument against novels is that their representations are not true. But is truth necessary to the moral influence of a story? So long as it is formed naturally and in accordance with our observations of men and things we may derive just as much benefit from it as though it was the history of actual occurrences. Take for example the history of the ancient nations. Do we receive any less instruction from them from the fact that in many cases we can not draw the line between the false and the true? Are the stories of noble and self-sacrificing lives any less forcible from the fact that such persons never existed, but that these are pictures formed by gathering together the good deeds and virtuous principles of many lives? And, indeed, a work of fiction may well be compared to a picture. For, as in the picture the painter chooses only the perfect points of nature, and from these tries to build up an ideal model, so the novel-writer selects the perfect points of character and attempts to form from them the ideal character. And as the painting is a study, not merely for the painter himself, but for all beholders, so the novel is a study to its readers. And the detection of faults, in the plot, in the characters, or in any other attribute of the story, is a most

excellent discipline for the mind, although the mind itself may not be cognizant of the processes through which it attains its results. In trying to detect these faults the mind of the reader is necessarily sharpened and rendered capable of more easily grasping after truth.

But, yet, caution must be exercised in reading fiction not to allow the mind to be borne along by the course of the story without action itself. This is, perhaps, the most pernicious effect of romance reading. There is a tendency to allow our minds to be entirely passive; to require them to make no effort; and they become so impaired, if this is allowed to go on to any great extent, that it is impossible to fix them actively on solid reading so as to obtain the full benefit of it. And here is a danger to be guarded against. So soon as we find a distaste for solid reading growing up in us, and a desire to read fiction altogether, we may know that we are carrying novel reading to too great an extent. For, in this as in many other things, what is good for us in moderate quantities is highly injurious when too freely indulged in. Let us then, while we seek to improve our minds with entertaining reading, be careful that we do not let it get the mastery of us and render us unfit for the solid work of life. Let us be careful in the selection, that we may read nothing which will vitiate our tastes, and in the amount read, that our minds may remain healthy and active.

At the Sagadahoe County Fair last week the premium for the Fine Arts was awarded to S. A. Gürdjian, '77, for two crayon sketches. A gratuity was also given to G. C. Purrington, '78, for a painter's easel. Mr. Purrington also had on exhibition two paintings which were very highly spoken of, but which, owing to the fact that they were entered solely for exhibition, did not compete for the premiums.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

All subscribers will please forward their subscriptions *immediately*, as we are in need of the money. *Do not fail to attend to this at once.*

There has been a growing dissatisfaction with the way in which *Bugle* election has been managed in past years. Last year the difficulty reached its crisis, and the result was the publication of two magazines. This year the Senior class has taken the matter in hand, and the elective power of *Bugle* editors has

been taken from the College at large. Each society is to elect an editor from the Junior class, and the non-society men one. This gives six Junior editors, who are to divide the work among themselves as they please, the Seniors waiving their right to an editor. The measure is a wise one, although it does away with the last meeting which the College holds as a whole.

As we sat at our window the other day, looking out upon the Campus, we could not help thinking of the change which has of late come over the foliage. The rapidity with which this change has taken place is specially to be noticed. Only a few days ago every leaf and every twig told its own story of life and vigor; but the chilling frost came and stamped upon everything his impress which blights and withers.

While meditating upon these things we fell into a pleasant reverie, and the whole College course came up before us in review. Its pleasures, its realities, and its changes all passed in quick succession before the mind like the ever varying scenes and forms of a kaleidoscope.

The years, the months, and the separate occurrences, which gave to each its peculiar coloring, were all interwoven with such a variety of light and shadow that the view seemed complete. Surely the eye would never tire of beholding it. But then the thought would arise, "Have we realized our full ideal in this matter?" During these years, so important in their bearing on the character, have all our thoughts and acts been as we would have them? Do we not, rather, on looking back see many changes for the better which might be made?

While we were thinking upon these questions and imagining what effect it would have upon our picture if all these desired changes were made, suddenly the bell struck for reci-

tations, and we were awakened from our reverie only to face the stern reality that our lesson had not even been looked at.

It is a delicate matter to undertake the discussion of the ethics of College politics, but at the risk of being misjudged we have a word to say of the coming elections. At the present writing no class elections for the year have been held, and we are thus safe at least from any charge of disappointed ambition.

For the last few years the elections, and especially those of the Senior class, have been a fruitful source of discontent and ill-feeling. The most unfortunate aspect of secret societies is their political attitude. When a literary society becomes a political organization, it becomes an injury to the college and an evil to the students. Americans learn political chicanery quickly enough in life; they need no instruction in this line as part of their college education.

In a college no larger than ours the best men are easily found, since all are known; and there is, or should be, no reason why they should not be chosen to office, irrespective of society prejudices.

It is true that men are better appreciated by the members of their own society, and there will thus arise honest differences of opinion in regard to fitness for office. It is not against this that we would enter our protest. The fact has been patent enough that men have been run for various offices upon the sole ground that their society wished for prominence and political honors. We do not mean to be at all personal, but it is quite possible that the Senior class may remember some notable instances since we entered College. "Let us have a fair election!" is fast becoming a ludicrous by-word.

Is it not possible that the classes should this year take a new departure, and elect men to office from real fitness?

But there is a lower deep. There have

been men in College who have not disdained to interfere with the elections in the classes below theirs. If wire-pulling is ever more contemptible than usual, it is on an occasion of this nature. Men who mix themselves in such business should be overwhelmed with deserved contempt by all well-disposed students. Let all who desire that the public feeling in the College should be honorable and manly, set themselves firmly against all political scheming and chicanery; for in no other way can it be overcome.

The first number of the *Bugle* was published in July, 1858. The editors were Isaac Adams, Jr., '58; E. B. Nealey, '58; S. J. Young, '59; J. H. Thompson, '60; and Samuel Fessenden, '61. The *Bugle* had then the form of an ordinary newspaper of two leaves. The first three pages were occupied by the society lists, the boat-clubs, musical societies, chess-clubs, and the like. The last page was almost entirely devoted to the editorial, which was headed by an appropriate quotation. The newspaper form was retained until 1867, when the nineteenth number was put into the pamphlet form; which, with some modifications, it has since retained.

The quotations above alluded to are interesting in themselves. We give those which were used while the *Bugle* still retained the sheet form:—

"Blow, bugle, blow."—[Tennyson.

"I'll be blowed!"—[Old Play.

"Toot, toot, toot!"—[Marmion.

"Now we'll blow our blast."

"Open your ears right and left."—[Maddock.

"I'm flat."—[Old Play.

"So the truth was snuffed,
And the trumpet was blown."—[Hood.

"C'est le ton qui fait la musique."

"This is a sleepy tune."

"Fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements."—[Othello.

"What tune is this?"

"The music is come, sir."—[2 Henry IV.

"Of this small horn one feeble blast."—[Scott.

" 'Tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough."—[As You Like It.]

" He blew and blew."—[Tennyson.]

" Roll up the curtain! Let the show begin!"—[Whittier.]

There have been, we think, thirty numbers of the *Bugle* published. For the first thirteen years it was the custom to publish one in the spring and one in the fall. In 1871, when the *ORIENT* was established, the spring issue was discontinued, and there has been but one each year since.

In the fall of 1860 there were two issues of the sixth *Bugle*. The Sophomoric society, Kappa Theta Mu, became in some way disaffected, and published a *Bugle* for themselves. If one may judge by the editorial, and by various signs about the paper, the struggle was a desperate one. Several of the cuts appear for the first time, and the heading is for the first time enriched with a view of the College buildings.

Did time serve we might give various items of fact and fun from these old *Bugles*, but for the present we have only space to wish success to the *Bugle* of 1875, with the hope that it may be worthy of its honorable line of predecessors.

The following resolutions upon the death of Franklin Dyer, who died July 27, 1875, were passed at Harvard College by his Exeter class-mates:—

Whereas it has pleased God in his infinite wisdom to take from us our class-mate at Exeter, **FRANKLIN DYER**—

Resolved, That while bowing to God's will we deeply mourn the early death of our dear friend.

Resolved, That we recognize in him all the qualities that constitute an upright, honorable, and Christian young man.

Resolved, That we sympathize with his bereaved parents, relatives, and friends, in their heavy affliction, and tender them our heartfelt condolence.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to his parents, his Bowdoin and Exeter class-mates, and be published in the *Bowdoin ORIENT* and *Exeter News-Letter*.

(Signed,) J. A. Tufts, W. A. Bancroft, John O'Connor, E. W. Morse, J. A. Mead, *Committee*.
Cambridge, Oct. 6, 1875.

LOCAL

" No? "

How about that pennant?

" Live Oak! Live Oak! "

Now let's have a fair election.

The crews are practicing daily.

Field Day is postponed two weeks.

The Senior essays are due Oct. 30th.

It is the fashion to run a coal fire now.

The Juniors have original declamations this term.

Ring has been chosen captain of the Freshman Nine.

Baker has been elected Captain of the Sophomore crew.

" Better late than never" does not hold good in morning prayers.

Prof.— " Give the German for scholar?"
Student—" *Der Squealer*."

" Put out that light, and don't you take it into the coal closet, either!"

There are at present twenty unoccupied rooms in the College buildings.

Haskell and Curtis have left the Freshman Class, reducing its number to 27.

Chorus suggested for the musical seventyniners: " And I hope I'll join the band!"

" If rocks ever bled, they would bleed quartz."—*Danbury News*. What a gneiss joke!

A Junior says that the reason why he will not run against time on Field Day, is that he runs " like time."

The Athenean library will be open from 2 to 2.30 o'clock, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons.

A reward of \$5 has been offered for the scalps of those howlers who make night hideous with their frantic attempts at the "Swiss warble."

The four members of the University Crew now in College have gone to work in the Sophomore gig under Payson as Provisional Captain.

The Peucinian library will probably not be open this term, as the College authorities have received no notice of the vote of the society to give it into their charge.

A young man, a student, lately applied to the south end of M. H., expressing a wish to join the Reading Room Society. We presume that he was admitted, after paying a liberal initiation fee.

The '77 Glee Club has been organized for the term. The Club now comprises ten members, Seabury having been added to their number. Their meetings are held on Monday evenings.

A bold Soph., who kicked a Junior's stove down stairs the other day, can be heard any evening shouting "light out!" under a certain Senior's window, who will fortunately be out most of this term.

Senior over his cash account: "Resolved, that we have passed our life in labors, dangers, and sufferings, voluntarily undergone in attestation of these accounts—but *not* in consequence of our belief in them."

A good story is told of two "hard-working members of the press" on the Fair Grounds last week. While busily at work, one of their brother members called them privately aside and informed them "in confidence" that some one had slandered them to the officers of the Fair, saying that they had come in "on cheek," and were not *bona fide* reporters. They immediately rushed in hot haste to headquarters, produced their doc-

uments, demanded an explanation, and discovered the "sell." "Remember, it's my treat to-night."

The Bowdoin Base-Ball Association have changed their rooms from 4 A. H. to 19 W. H. They are in a much pleasanter and more convenient situation than they were last year, as most of the members can already testify.

In the game between our boys and the Androscoggins, Saturday, the score stood 5 to 2 in favor of the A.'s at the end of the third inning, when game was called on account of the rain, which had been falling since play began.

A propos of the late base-ball game and of the dispute immediately preceding it, we overheard the following: "Bates College, we know, is a pretty extensive institution; but it does not include all the fitting-schools in the State."

Many things take place in and around our college life that are of interest to the outside world. For that reason no doubt it is that there are at present so many students who have secured the office of reporters to the most prominent papers in the State. There are at present in College, reporters for the *Portland Argus*, the *Press* and *Advertiser*, the *Lewiston Journal*, the *Kennebec Journal*, and a number of others yet to be heard from. If this is not the means of awakening any very great interest for Bowdoin, it can not be denied but that it is a good thing both for the students and the College.

The annual game of foot-ball between the Sophomores and Freshmen took place at two o'clock in the afternoon of Oct. 4th. It was one of the most interesting games that it has ever been our lot to witness. The Sophomores undertook to make up by strategy for their lack of numbers. Their attempt to form a hollow square, after a number of trials, was at length a success as far as concerned the

forming of the square in perfect order around the ball; but when it came to advance against twenty-five Freshmen, with only two of their entire number (eighteen) at liberty to keep them away, then the infeasibility of the plan became apparent to every one. After a short struggle to hold their own, the ball was forced from their midst and the really exciting part of the game began. It is something which it is impossible to describe. Here, in one part of the field, is a man with his coat on and his hands in his pockets, looking for all the world like an unconcerned spectator; in another quarter two Freshmen are rolling in mortal combat, each under the impression that he is keeping one Sophomore from doing any harm; while here, kicking ferociously at the football, is the real pluck of both sides; the one who gets a lucky chance has to pay for it with a bruised shin, a turned ankle, in fact a general list of accidents, any one of which would be sufficient to melt the heart of a class officer. The match was a success; it amused the upper-classmen, occupied the greater part of an afternoon, discouraged the Freshmen, and afforded a topic of interesting conversation to the Sophomores, who, it is perhaps needless to say, were, after the lapse of just nineteen minutes, victorious.

BOWDOIN vs. BATES.

The Bowdoin Base Ball Club received a challenge a short time ago from the Bates College Club to play a match game for the Championship Flag, held by the Bowdoins. This challenge was accepted, and last Saturday was the day upon which the game was to be played. Imagine our surprise, then, when the train arrived bringing not the Bates College nine, but a picked nine from the Live Oaks and College Club. Upon inquiry, it was ascertained that they had telegraphed for two men, Crosscup and Madden, from the Live Oaks, to assist them.

In order to legalize this performance, these two professionals entered the Nichols Latin School. "The Nichols Latin School *fits* men for College, and is under the same management as Bates College;" so say the defenders of this fraud. The very statement they make in defense proves the fact that these men did not belong to the College. For how can a man belong to a college when he is fitting for that college? But we will not argue the point; it is too absurdly *thin*, to use a common but very suggestive expression.

Of course the Bowdoin would consent to no such arrangement, but they finally agreed to play a game of ball with the picked nine, protesting against their claiming the championship flag in case they were victorious. The game was played and resulted in a defeat for the Bowdoins, due solely to the extra playing of the two imported professionals, as will be seen by a careful examination of the score, which is given below.

The game was very loosely played on both sides, but the errors were about equal, or rather in favor of Bowdoin.

BOWDOINS.							BATES.									
1	B.	E.	A.	P.	O.	R.	1	B.	1	B.	E.	A.	P.	O.	R.	1
Payson, D.,	0	0	2	2	1			Adams, c. f.,	0	0	1	2	1			
Fuller, L. F.,	.0	0	0	3	0	2		Loebard, 3 b.,	3	0	2	1	0			
Potter, 2 b.,	1	2	0	0	0			Crosscup, s. s.,	3	4	2	3	2			
Wright, c.,	0	0	0	8	2	2		Noble, L. f.,	0	0	1	2	2			
Waitt, c. f.,	0	0	1	2	2	1		Madden, 2 b.,	1	3	6	2	0			
Cobb, 3 b.,	2	1	2	2	0			Oakes, p.,	2	3	0	1	1			
McElher, s. s.,	1	0	0	3	0			O. B. Clason, 1 b.,	0	0	10	1	1			
Sanford, 1 b.,	2	0	0	10	1	1		Whitney, r. L.,	0	0	1	2	1			
Perry, r. f.,	0	0	1	0	1			P. R. Clason, c.,	2	0	4	1	1			
Totals,							Totals,							Totals,		
	6	12	27	12	8				11	10	27	15	9			
	1	2	3	4	5	6										
Bowdoins,	0	5	0	0	3	1										
Bates,	3	1	1	0	8	1										

Umpire—Dr. Foster of Auburn.

Time of game—2 hours, 13 minutes.

SOCIETY CONVENTION.

The 29th Annual Convention of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity was held with the Phi Gamma Chapter at Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 6th and 7th. W. Alden represented the Theta Chapter of this College. On the morning of the last day the delegates, as we learn

from the Syracuse *Journal*, were taken to the University, and were there during the chapel exercises, after which Chancellor Haven made some felicitous remarks on college organizations, and welcomed the delegates to the freedom of the College halls. After the delegates had looked over the building, they adjourned to Yates's Castle, by invitation of the hospitable and gentlemanly proprietor. Here an hour or so was very pleasantly spent in looking over his princely castle and his rare and varied collections.

The public exercises were held in the evening at the Opera House. Owing to the sudden illness of Hon. F. W. Husted, of Peekskill, N. Y., Prof. Winchell, of Syracuse University, kindly consented to deliver the Address of Welcome. The Oration was by Francis Forbes, Esq., of New York City, a graduate of Rochester, class of '66; the subject, Architecture. The poem was by Prof. F. DeWitt Warner of Albany. After the poem, the delegates joined in singing the Fraternity Song, "Naught mars the bright household where unity dwelleth."

The Convention was fully attended and enthusiastic, twenty-five out of twenty-eight Chapters being represented.

A Freshman was overheard the other day discoursing about his "Certificate of Immaculation."—*Dartmouth*.

Prof., receiving excuses for members of his class: Prof.—"Mr. C—, where is Mr. R—?" Mr. C.—"Mr. R— says he is sick." Prof.—"And where is Mr. M—?" Mr. C.—"Mr. M— says he is out of town!"—*Lafayette Monthly*.

One Senior mixes his profanity and Christianity. In the recitation in "Christianity and Greek Philosophy," the other morning, he remarked, somewhat excitedly: "Ye gods, boys, he's coming to my name. D—n it, hand me my *Christianity*."—*Chronicle*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

The Portland Advertiser has the following: "The following Bowdoin graduates will be members of the next Legislature: F. A. Pike and J. C. Talbot, '39; F. Robie, '41; S. J. Anderson, '44; J. M. Goodwin, '45; E. Eastman, '57; E. B. Nealley, '58; H. D. Hutchins, '59; C. E. Morrill, '60; T. W. Hyde, '61; W. L. Warren and E. S. Keyes, '65."

'50.—Rev. A. Morrill is Pastor of the Baptist Church at Painted Post, Steuben Co., N. Y.

'51.—A. C. Hamlin is practicing medicine in Bangor.

'57.—Chas. Hamlin has a law office in Bangor.

'60.—L. G. Downes and C. B. Rounds ('61) are lawyers in Calais.

'69.—T. H. Eaton is in Iowa National Bank, Ottumwa, Iowa.

'70.—C. A. Page is Principal of the Calais High School.

'70.—D. T. Timberlake is Principal of the High School at Clinton, Me.

'71.—Jas. L. Lombard is in the banking business at Crestor, Iowa.

'74.—G. K. Wheeler is principal of High School, Dennysville, Me.

'75.—G. C. Cressey is Principal of the Mathematical Department of Bath High School, rather than Assistant, as stated in our last issue.

S. M. Carter is reading law in Lewiston.

D. M. McPherson is Assistant at Bethel Academy.

S. W. Whitmore is reading law in Gardiner.

Myles Standish has entered the Harvard Medical School.

H. R. Patten is reading law with Hon. W. L. Putnam, Portland.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The *Nassau Lit.* for October has an admirable review of Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

The *Niagara Index* contains a pathetic wail, entitled "The Grave-yard," beginning thns:—

"What emotions arise within us at the thought of this sorrowful place! What sad memories of the past crowd upon us when we hear it spoken of! . . . Much is to be learned, and much benefit gained from a visit to the city of the dead. As we enter it, a strange, unnatural feeling comes over us, of which all nature seems to partake."

On turning the page we come upon:—

OUR CEMETERY.

"MESSRS. EDITORS INDEX:—I have often wondered why, among so many improvements that have been made about our Seminary, no thought has ever been given to the beautifying of our cemetery. I know not upon whom to lay the blame of this neglect, for neglect most unpardonable it certainly is. The students, I think, are to blame in this matter. Were they to consider, for one moment, how heartless a thing it is to leave the dead to take care of themselves, they surely would not be slow in adopting measures calculated to reclaim that little plot."

The italics are ours. But what struck us most forcibly was the beautiful similarity between the *Index's* idea of "grave-yards" in general and their own cemetery.

The *Uni. Herald* contains some very sensible words to Freshmen, a few of which we quote as being timely here also:—

"Conform as far as you can without violence to your individuality, to the fashion of those around you, and by fashion we do not mean anything about hats and eanes. If you have any unnecessary oddities, lay them aside. Appear neat in your persons; be courteous, not servile. Do not walk into a recitation room on your heels and with a book under each arm; such a spectacle might suggest to some of your imaginative beholders the thought of an angel with wings, or an old hen. Be not too free of speech in your classes; many besides the "hypocrites" of old have been condemned for their much speaking. If you have any peculiar political or religious views, reserve them for Junior logic. . . . Walk down stairs, do not slide on the balusters. . . . In striving to be agreeable do not aim at popularity, for you will always fail. If you have popular qualities they will surely be appreciated in due time."

A contributor with the highly significant *nom de plume* "Zan," begins an article in the *College Herald*, by saying that "design is everywhere apparent." One thinks upon reading further that the author might at least have made an exception in favor of his own essay.

To, think of the grave and reverend *Amherst Student's* breaking out into a "Wine Song," beginning:—

"Fill high with wine! Old Time's a fraud,
We'll drown him in this measure!"

But then a new board of editors has just come in, and who knows but the *Student* may become as wicketed and as jolly as the worst of us?

The *Hamilton Lit.* for September, just received, contains an article on "The Mission of History," which is very readable.

Is any man able to understand the "Reviewer's Table" in the *Round Table and Beloit Monthly*? A recent number contains a criticism of the *Round Table and Beloit Monthly*; and after criticising himself, the editor becomes more and more muddled, and wanders off into a vile, rumbling flow of rhyme, interspersed with rambling sentences shot in apparently quite at random. But, then, the *Beloit Monthly* was always a little vague, even before it had the *Round Table* superimposed upon its head.

The *Scholastic* speaks of "Mrs. Charles, author of the Odromberg-Cotta Family."

The *Asbury Review* has at length a readable article. It is in the September number, just at hand, and is headed "Gambrinus." There is hope for the *Yale Record* and the *Owl* when the *Asbury Review* begins to mend.

The *Owl* is dead! It is with the utmost regret that we chronicle the decease of our departed *Strigidaceous* friend; for now we can indulge no more in those delicate allusions to its name, of which the *Owl* was so fond! Peace to its ashes, feathers, or whatever corporeal *debris* is least likely to rest easy. Let its bones be laid tenderly away in the musty realms of "Spiritism and the Spirits," of which it has so wisely prated.

The *Dartmouth* says a word on letter-writing Sunday, but does not succeed in advancing any new ideas on the subject.

A certain watch-maker, living less than a thousand miles from the post office, being caught fishing for trout on another man's property, a short distance from East Portland, the other day, completely silenced the owner, who remonstrated, with the majestic answer: "Who wants to catch your trout? I am only trying to drown this worm."—*Archangel*.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 3, 1875.

No. 9.

IN THE DALE.

"Fore the wood, and in a dale,
Lovely sang the nightingale."
—*Foegenwilde.*

I.

Under the willow, in a meadow,
Where the brook was running clear,
There was my pillow, dark' in shadow,
Blossom and verdure springing near.
"Fore the wood, and in a dale,
Lovely sang the nightingale."

II.

Silent reclining the willow under,
Just as evening faded away:
Sweetly shining, a heavenly wonder
Bent above me as I lay.
Light her form; her face was pale.
"Lovely sang the nightingale."

III.

Nymph of fountain, in dewy brightness
Rising from wave in vest of green;
Dryad of mountain, with airy lightness
Flitting around the huntress queen;
All to that heavenly form must veil,
Smiling as sung the nightingale.

IV.

Then she addressed me, "Oh, why dost linger
Here in a world that chains thy will?"
Softly she pressed me with snowy finger.
Pulse and beating heart were still.
Lovely sang in the lonely dale,
Fainter and fainter, the nightingale.

HORACE.

ODES I., XIX., DE GLYCERA.

The Cupids' cruel mother,
And Bacchus, youth perverted,
And frolic License, bid me
Return to loves deserted.

Glycera's brilliant beauty,
Her dangerous, flashing eyes,
Her brow, which Paris marble
Can shame not—these I prize!

Venus has quitted Cyprus
And flown into my heart;
War can I sing no longer,
For she will not depart.

Glycer will be propitious
Perhaps, when I have laid
Upon the verdant altar
The songs of war I've made;
So raise the turf, and heap it
With sacred plants and wine,
And sacrifice, to render
Complete this love of mine.

Q. C.
" "

MACBETH.

To each of his characters Shakespeare has given a marked individuality; no two of them are alike. We have an Othello, a Hamlet, or a Lear, with the various shades of disposition which in different circumstances make up the complex nature represented in the play. We might suppose that the actual individuals had passed before the poet and had been dismissed, leaving no impression on his mind, but only their portraits on his page. For, as one suggests, a person would commonly feel a tendency to attempt a second time that which he had once successfully performed. But he gives us no repetition.

As regards Macbeth, this is eminently true. His character is nowhere reproduced. He first appears before us as a brave warrior, a loyal subject, a victorious general, and yet, as the event proves, without true principle. Indeed, by nature he "was not without ambition," and it was that ambition alone which had hitherto been the mainspring of his success: his loyalty consisted only in the fact that he had never been accused of disloyalty. In the flush of victory, expecting fresh honors

from his sovereign, his ambition has a wider range, and his mind is more easily reached by evil influences. At such a time the "weird sisters" announce their tempting predictions. With a grotesqueness, which causes a smile at first, the witches reveal a depth of malignity and vice horrible beyond ordinary understanding. However base their intercourse with each other may be, the language of their predictions approaches sublimity. They are not such as man would visit to further schemes of personal revenge, but rather do they appear to him and arouse the first thoughts of evil. In them is personified the very spirit of vice, and they can only come from the source of all wickedness. By alluring promises they arouse in Macbeth that slumbering germ of evil which ripens into "black and deep desires." To Banquo they make equally tempting promises, but awaken no response in his breast. His nobler nature is shocked at the thoughts which haunt him only in his sleep. Macbeth looks upon

. . . "that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature,"

as something which he would wish for, and yet deems it unsafe; he fears to do that which he does not wish should be undone. He seems to consider it impossible; and yet, sleeping and waking, he broods over this project of his ambition, and is quick to see anything which renders it more difficult.

When the opportunity to murder the king presents itself, other obstacles besides those arising from prudence present themselves; loyalty, kinship, and a sense of his hospitable duties are matched against the promptings of vaulting ambition and want of principle. For the time, it seems as if his better nature would be successful; he will not betray the trust imposed on him, although he does not wholly relinquish his purpose; else why should the urging of Lady Macbeth so easily move him?

His mind, continually beset with suggestions of crime, with alluring dreams of future power, with his resolution not to murder his guest but a weak one, makes only a weak resistance to taunts against his manhood and bravery. What taunts of evil could be more artful, than to accuse a man of secret cowardice who had just returned from a great victory, and for whom his sovereign had prepared great honor! How true to the characters and the time is that scene with Lady Macbeth. That unscrupulous woman, coolly perceiving her advantages, plies her reproaches artfully and scornfully, until her lord, at first with broken resolution, but yet weak courage, hesitates and fears discovery, then, with courage "screwed to the sticking place," "bends up each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

The character of Lady Macbeth makes a fit accompaniment to that of her husband. While not exciting that detestation and scorn which is felt against Goneril and Regan, she appears to us as a woman whose crimes have no connection with base passions, but spring directly from her intellect. With a countenance, which we might suppose to be indicative of almost manly courage, exhibiting by turns the deepest scorn and the sternest resolution, and reflecting a charm of mind and features which alone could have won the regard of a man such as Macbeth had been, she exerts an influence upon her lord chiefly on account of the regard which he has for her, and which he believes is returned. While he delays, seeing the obstacles before him and vacillating between the promptings of duty and his evil purpose, she is quick to "catch the nearest way." Stifling the prickings of her conscience before the crime is committed, she knows no rest after it is accomplished. Her remorse is not the less keen because she can not make it known and dare not if she could. Not for one minute can she repress it, and her life is one perpetual struggle. The guilt which is silent during the day is beyond

her control to repress at night. Destitute of a nature sufficiently hardened to bear the consequences of her guilt, her reason gives way before her remorse, and she dies in incurable mental agony.

After the murder of the king the motives of prudence which had hindered the purposes of Macbeth re-assert themselves with increased force; by further crimes he strives to "trammeled up the consequences" of his deed. What at first may have appeared bravery, now shows its true nature, unmitigated cowardice. Unlike a truly brave man, Macbeth has no interest for which he would willingly sacrifice life, and he fears death in proportion to the efforts which he makes to avoid it.

Drawn to the murder of the king by visions of his disordered fancy, he can obtain no peace of mind after it is committed. The simplest sounds of nature appal him, and the peaceful murmurings of the sleeping servants sound in his ears like the loudest denunciations of his crime; the ghost of Banquo haunts him in his festive moments, and the courage which formerly could face

 . . . "the rugged Russian bear,

The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger," now gives way before the "horrible shadow"; ever uneasy, he visits the witches, that from them, who first gave him "earnest of success," he may learn his future fate, or perchance obtain consolation in his anxiety. In their sayings he imposes implicit confidence; deserted by his friends, hearing only

"Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not,"

he supports his courage with a hope in those omens which by nature seem impossible of fulfillment, and when the first bad omen happens, he clings to the other prophecy with a confidence and tenacity produced by despair. In the extremity of his circumstances we can not fail to have feelings of pity for the wretched man. True, his crimes arouse all the horror and denunciation which they de-

serve; but the image of that man, reviewing his bloody and wasted life and expressing, perhaps, a beginning of repentance (certainly a desire for it), excites feelings which may for the moment overlook his crimes. By those faint tokens of an innate goodness we realize more fully the nobleness by which his life might have been marked, and the horror of the course by which it has been blasted.

As an accumulation of terrible scenes this play is unparalleled. It is a continual struggle between crime and retributive justice. The supernatural effect of the opening scene appears to be a suitable portent of the fearful and forbidden things to be revealed. Scenes of entirely opposite character are brought into close contact, and the transitions are startling in the extreme. Of the duration of the action we can obtain no definite idea; months, perhaps years, must have elapsed during the intervals between the prominent events, yet the scenes change with scarce a notice, on our part, of the intervals. There seems to be an irresistible power which pushes the events on till the final act is reached, allowing no digression from the main thread of the play, and no delay in the overthrow of Macbeth.

Long evenings have come, and the hard-working student consumes the midnight oil over the whist table. He can sort his cards with mathematical precision, and bewail in quotations from the classics his lack of trumps. There is nothing low-toned about the conversation on these occasions. "Wo ist mein lead pencil?" "Come hither, thou trilobite!" &c., &c., are some of the phrases that greet one's ears. When it comes to the odd game you see the winner's face brighten up as though he had got a Senior part, and hear the losers anathematize their luck in words longer than any geological formations that ever existed.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,

BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

(All subscribers will please forward their subscriptions *immediately*, as we are in need of the money. *Do not fail to attend to this at once.*)

As there seems to be considerable misunderstanding in regard to the condition of the Peucinian Library, we have taken some pains to learn the exact situation.

For some time past there has existed considerable dissatisfaction among those members of the General Society who were so situated as

to know the condition of the library, on account of its neglected state, and it was very evident that the Society was fast losing some of its best books. As there seemed to be no prospect that matters would ever improve, last Commencement the General Society met and voted to place the library in the hands of a committee, of which A. G. Tenney, Esq., is Chairman, with instructions to offer the use of it to the College authorities for one year. A few weeks ago the Faculty were notified of the vote of the Society, but were unable to accept the offer, there being no appropriation to pay a librarian; they however voted to recommend to the Boards to appropriate sufficient money to meet that expense; at their recent meeting the latter took no action in regard to the matter. Thus the library is at present in hands of the committee, who, having no authority to let out the books, will keep it locked up.

It is certainly to be much regretted that the students should be deprived of access to so many books, of which a considerable portion are not in the College Library. The sooner both the Peucinian and Athenaean Societies meet and donate the books outright to the College, the better it will be for all. It seems to be the only way to preserve all that is left of those organizations in which old graduates take such great pride. Indeed, we doubt not that there is in the history of these societies many an interesting episode of hard struggle and some famous college victory, and we should much like to see a full account of them written by some competent person.

The Judiciary Committee having decided in favor of the Bowdoin nine in the late game of Bates and Live Oaks vs. Bowdoin, Wednesday, Oct. 20th was fixed upon for a second game, but the Bates men did not make an appearance. At 9.30 o'clock, Saturday, Oct. 22d, was fixed upon, but again the Bates men failed to appear. They came down on

the noon train, however, and as some of the Bowdoin nine were obliged to leave town on the afternoon train, the game was called without waiting until after dinner, and resulted in the victory of the Bates nine on a score of eight to four.

Meantime it was discovered that one of the visiting nine was not a member of Bates College, but of Nichols Latin School. The pennant was, of course, withheld. The Bates nine played a very good game, particularly at the last. It is the feeling among some of the students that Bowdoin had better waive her right to the pennant rather than engage in a dispute with Bates College. It is understood that Bates appeals to the Judiciary Committee. Below is a report of the game.

We give notes on the game, showing the plays and the score.

FIRST INNING.

Bates at the bat. Adams went out on a foul to catcher. Lombard out on a fly to Fuller. Noble out by Sanford, assisted by Knight. No scores.

Bowdoin. Payson struck a grounder to O. B. Clason, who put him out on first. Fuller made all the bases and score by wild throw of Lombard. Wright took first by error of James. Waitt out by fly to James. Knight out by fly to Whitney. Wright left on third. One score.

SECOND INNING.

Bates. Hoyt to third on error by Wright, home as Oaks went to first by error of Wright. Clason, O. B., to first. Oaks out on second by throw of Payson. Whitney out on a foul fly to Knight. At this point of the game Jacobs was hurt by a foul tip striking him in the throat, and his place for the remainder of the inning and part of the next was taken by Wright, Melcher in the field. James out by fly to Sanford. O. B. Clason left on third. One score.

Bowdoin. Melcher out on three strikes, Sanford the same. Cobb out by O. B. Clason, assisted by Whitney. No scores.

THIRD INNING.

Bates. P. R. Clason took first on base hit. Adams out by Sanford, assisted by Payson. Lombard to third on two base hit, Clason home. Noble first by base hit, Lombard score. Noble out on second, Hoyt out on fly to Cobb. Two scores.

Bowdoin. Perry to first by error of Lombard, forced out on second by Payson, who got first by error of Whitney. Fuller out on three strikes. Wright first by error of Lombard, Payson home, Wright score. Waitt second on two base hit, Knight out on first, assisted by Whitney. Two scores.

FOURTH INNING.

Bates. Oaks out first by base hit. O. B. Clason out by Sanford, assisted by Cobb. Oaks score. Whitney out on fly to Payson, James score. P. R. Clason first by error of Knight, Clason home, Adams score. Lombard base hit, out running to second. Four scores.

Bowdoin. Jacobs first by error of Whitney, Jacobs score. Sanford out on three strikes, Cobb to first on base hit, Perry out on three strikes, Payson to first by error of Whitney, Cobb to third, Fuller out on foul to catcher. One score.

FIFTH INNING.

Bates. Noble out on fly to Waitt, Hoyt first on base hit, second by error of Jacobs, Hoyt score. O. B. Clason out on foul fly to Payson, Whitney out on foul to Jacobs. One score.

Bowdoin. Wright out on foul bound to P. R. Clason, Waitt out by grounder to first, Knight to first on third strike, Jacobs first on base hit, Knight to second, Sanford out on foul fly to O. B. Clason. No scores.

SIXTH INNING.

Bates. James out fly to Perry, P. R. Clason out fly to Wright. Jacobs again hurt by foul tip striking him in the throat. Wright again behind the bat and Melcher in the field. Lombard out by fly to Waitt. No scores.

Bowdoin. Cobb out on first, assisted by James, Perry base hit to first, Payson out on foul fly to O. B. Clason, Fuller first on base hit, Perry to second, Perry out on second by Oaks to second after a foul. No scores.

SEVENTH INNING.

Bates. Noble out by Sanford, assisted by Payson. Hoyt out on first, assisted by Fuller, Oaks to first by error of Fuller, Oaks out on home plate by Payson, assisted by Wright. No scores.

Bowdoin. Payson out on foul bound to catcher, Fuller out on second, assisted by P. R. Clason, Wright first by base hit, Waitt out by fly to Whitney. No scores.

EIGHTH INNING.

Bates. O. B. Clason out by foul fly to Wright,

Whitney out by fly to Payson, James out by fly to Knight. No scores.

Bowdoins. Knight out by foul fly to catcher, Jacobs out on first, assisted by Whitney, Sanford knocked a grounder to first and was put out. No scores.

NINTH INNINGS.

Bates. P. R. Clason out by fly to Payson, Adams out by foul bound to Wright, Lombard first by base hit, Noble out on first, assisted by Knight. No scores.

Bowdoins. Cobb struck to first and was put out, Perry first, Payson first, Fuller out by foul fly to O. B. Clason, Perry to third, Payson second, Wright out by fly to Whitney. No scores.

BOWDOINS.

	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.		R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Payson, P.	1	0	5	2	0		Adams, c. f.	1	0	0	0
Fuller, l. f.	1	1	0	1			Lombard, 3b...	1	2	1	0
Wright, s. s.	1	2	1	8			Noble, l f.	0	1	0	0
Waltz, c. f.	0	1	3	0	2		Hoyt, r f...	2	1	0	0
Knight, 3b...	0	0	2	3	2		Oaks, p...	1	2	0	1
Jacobs, c.	1	1	2	0	5		O. B. Clason, 1b.	0	0	11	0
Sanford, 1b...	0	0	7	0	0		Whitney, 2b...	0	0	5	3
Cobb, 2b...	0	1	4	1	0		James, s. s...	1	0	1	1
Perry, r f...	0	1	1	0	0		P. R. Clason, c	2	1	9	3
Total.....	4	6	27	7	18	Total.....	8	7	27	8	13

Scorers, Bowdoins, P. H. Ingalls. Bates, J. W. Smith. Umpire, John Smith. Time of game, 2 hours.

LOCAL.

“Brace up!”

“Didn’t get it yet!”

’79 versus ’78 in base ball, 18 to 10.

“How much coal have you got in?”

Allen has got a new lot of St. James cigarettes.

A new furnace has been put into Massachusetts Hall.

Seabury has been elected leader of the ’77 Glee Club.

Have you seen the grand combination lock on 29 W. H.?

The Sophomores have begun French under Instructor Moore.

How about the Senior lecture course? Shall we not have one this winter?

A young lady recently inquired of a student if he did not admire Dickens’s “Kettle on the Hearth.”

Only one man was present at a recent recitation of the Seniors, and it is whispered about that he took a dead.

The system of marking absences in the gymnasium, by the class monitors, is the best that has yet been adopted.

The Rev. G. T. Packard, now in Brunswick, is engaged in writing a history of Bowdoin for *Scribner’s Magazine*.

Fresh. at a concert, lately, cried out, “Bravado!” under the impression that it was the superlative of bravo.

In a game of base ball, Wednesday P.M., between the Bowdoins and Electrics, the former won by a score of 17 to 10.

At a meeting of the Boards, Oct. 19, A. H. Davis, class of ’60, was elected Professor of Latin for the remainder of the year.

Alumnus—“Has the Athenæan Society taken in any Freshmen yet?” Student—“No. The Freshmen are too bright to be ‘taken in’ by any such means.”

The other day, after the disastrous game with Bates, S. was seen rushing about the Delta, wildly shouting, “Show me the man from the Nicholas Latin School!”

The Bowdoin Base-Ball Association has again presented a petition to the Boards for the use of their rooms free of rent. It was treated, like the former one, with a refusal.

The Reading Room is open this term as usual, and is now running with a good general assortment of papers and magazines. It deserves more patronage than it gets from the students, as the following list on file will show. There are taken at present, seven daily newspapers, two semi-weeklies, ten weeklies, and eight monthly magazines.

A good instructor in landscape and ornamental drawing would receive a warm welcome from a few dejected Seniors who have neglected that important branch of their early education.

At a class meeting the Sophomores elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Jacobs; Secretary and Treasurer, Thing; Committee of Arrangements, Potter, Pray, and Smith.

The new floats that have been made for the Boat Club have been in the water at the boat-house landing for about two weeks, and have given great satisfaction. The cost of them was eighty dollars.

The thickly falling leaves on the campus bear to our minds among other truths the forcible and melancholy conviction that winter is coming on and that the base-ball season is fast drawing to a close.

The Boat Club are going to issue "shingles," after the style of those issued by the Base-Ball Association. Taken together they will make a pair of pictures which no patriotic student should be without.

The following are the editors of the next *Bugle*, who have been elected under the new arrangement: Fuller, Peary, Roberts, Seabury, Sherman, and Wiggin. Seabury has been elected by them as managing editor.

One of the Sophomore theme subjects reads, "Is a man's influence determined more by his character or talents?" We heard one of them breathe a fervent hope that his influence would not correspond to the *characters* which he had handed in to Prof. —.

The following men of the Freshman class are members of secret societies: Alpha Delta Phi, Brown, Hastings, and Stearns; Psi Upsilon, H. E. Bourne, Beane, Ring, and Varney; Delta Kappa Epsilon, G. W. Bourne, Corey, Davis, and Fifield; Zeta Psi, Achorn, Carle-

ton, Castner, Hanson, Henderson, Huston, Huston; Theta Delta Chi, Bowker, Byron, Johnson, and Kimball.

It was a disappointment to the boys who went up to Lewiston and only had the pleasure of seeing three innings of a game, and that, too, in the rain. The "sing" on the train home was an enjoyable feature of the occasion, and reminded one of how few the times were when the college had a song together, and what pleasure we missed in the lack of general gatherings or jubilees.

The season of glass-breaking has come again, although some time deferred. We had noticed that this year there was no damage of this kind done for several weeks, and hoped that the reform would continue; but all our hopes were destroyed the other day. Allow us to suggest, however, that if it is absolutely necessary for college students to indulge in this species of amusement, they enjoy it during warm weather.

It is now just the right time for foot-ball, and we wonder that more interest is not taken in a game so well suited to fall weather. Here we have three or four foot-ball elevens in college, and yet, from one year's end to another, we do not have but one regular game. There is no reason why a good well-conducted game of foot-ball should not be as interesting to spectators as any other athletic sport. We have plenty of good grounds to play on, and plenty of men who would develop into good players. All that we need is a little *enthusiasm*.

The Annual Rope Pull between the Sophomore and Freshman classes took place in front of the Chapel, immediately after prayers, Saturday morning, Oct. 23d. The Sophomores had much the smaller class, and despite their gallant resistance were pulled over the line by their elated opponents. It is the first victory that has been won by a Freshman class

since we have been in college. The occasion seemed, in spite of this unusual occurrence, to be rather tame in comparison with some of the "hauling" contests we have witnessed there. The rope was too long for them to carry on any undertoned conversation, or exchange any personal opinions with good effect. There were no rushing, no unnecessary pulls, no ropes broken, nothing, in fact, happened to interest the upperclassmen or to amuse the yaggers. The only person whom we saw unduly excited was, we are sorry to say, our worthy Janitor, who watched at a distance the attempt of the Sophomores to wind the rope around a tree.

The following report was submitted by the Treasurer, at the last meeting of the Bowdoin Boat Club:—

To the members of the Bowdoin Boat Club I would submit the following report:—

During the year I have

Rec'd.	Paid.
\$999.60	\$899.31
102.50 due from coll. subs.	37.00 due on oars.
7.00 " " town subs.	2.00 " " printing.
14.50 " on t'm taxes, &c.	185.29 cash balance.
\$1,123.60	\$1,123.60
Actual cash bal.	\$100.29
Uncollected subs.	124.00
	\$224.29
Owed, oars and printing,	39.00
	\$185.29

There has also been subscribed by friends of the College, \$450 toward a new boat house, and the prospects are that sufficient money will be collected to warrant our beginning work in the Spring.

OLIVER C. STEVENS, Treas.

Bowd. Coll., Sept. 30th, 1875.

THE REGATTA.

The class races took place Oct. 30th, in the afternoon. Three class crews entered for the race, viz.: Senior, Junior, Sophomore. The conditions of the race were that, owing to the difference between the boats, forty-five seconds should be allowed by the Senior crew to the Junior and Sophomore crews. After

being recalled on a foul by the Sophomores, they got a fair start at about three o'clock. The Seniors took the lead from the first and held it during the entire race, crossing the line in 21 minutes, 30 seconds. The Juniors made the course in 21 minutes, 59 seconds, and the Sophomores in 22 minutes, 45 seconds. The Junior crew was, therefore, declared victorious, coming in only twenty-nine seconds behind the Senior crew. The second place was awarded to the Senior crew, and the third place to the Sophomore crew. The University crew then gave a short exhibition pull in the Junior gig, of which no time was taken.

At 4.30 the students and some of their friends met at the chapel to witness the awarding of prizes. As soon as the meeting was called together and the purpose of it announced by Commodore Stevens, Mr. Crocker came forward and in behalf of the class of '73 presented to the Bowdoin navy a beautiful silver cup, an emblem of the regard in which his class held the College and its students. Com. Stevens, in behalf of the navy, returned thanks to the class of '73 for their exquisite gift, and called upon Prof. Chapman to present the field-day prizes to the several winners and the champion cup to the victorious crew. After a few remarks appropriate to the feelings which the occasion excited, he presented the following prizes: To Marrett '76, for half-mile walk and two-mile walk, a silver goblet and a silver vase. To C. E. Cobb '77, for standing jump and half-mile run, a silver napkin-ring and a silver and glass flower-stand. To Alden '76, for hundred-yard dash and hurdle race, a silver and gold card-receiver, and a silver goblet. To Knight, for throwing base ball, a ball. To Sargent, for two-mile run, an ebony cane with a silver head. To Mitchell, for running jump, a silver vase. Finally, to the Junior crew he gave the champion cup, which Capt. Hargraves received in behalf of the crew.

The meeting then adjourned, and all went home amid much cheering and general good feeling.

The regatta was a perfect success, and the meeting at the chapel was a most happy feature of the occasion. The impetus that it will give to athletic sports, particularly boating, is not to be overlooked; and it should be a cause for general rejoicing throughout the College. Saturday evening, '77 had a class supper and dance at the Tontine, and the members of "Master Humphrey's Clock" gave a supper to the Senior crew.

FIELD DAY.

The sports of the semi-annual Field Day of the Bowdoin Athletic Association were held on the Fair Grounds, Topsham, Saturday, October 30th, under the management of Parker '76, Master of Ceremonies, and Waitt '76, Hargraves '77, and Fessenden '78, Directors; Referee, Instructor Smyth; Judges, Bates '76 and Sanford '76.

The following was the programme:—

I. Half-mile walk. Marrett '76 and French '78 competed. Marrett won in 4.04 1-2.

II. Throwing base ball. Payson '76, Knight '77, Paine '78, Peary '77, Roberts '77, and Metcalf '77, entered. Knight won, throwing 304.3 feet.

III. Hundred-yards dash, first heat. Alden '76, Leavitt '76, Roberts '77, and Paine '78, were the contestants. Alden won the heat in 11 seconds. Leavitt came in second.

IV. Half-mile run. Libby '76, and Cobb '77 competed. Cobb won in 2.19; Libby made 2.23.

V. Hundred-yards dash, second heat. Alden won in 11 seconds, and took the prize.

VI. Two-mile run. Sargent '76, Payson '76, and Crocker '77, started. Sargent won in 11.19; Payson came in second in 12.17.

VII. Running long jump. Roberts '77, Cobb '77, Peary '77, and Mitchell '77, entered. Mitchell won, jumping 15.65 feet.

VIII. Hurdle race, over six hurdles forty feet apart and three and one-half feet high. Mitchell '77 and Alden '76 ran. Alden won in 15 seconds.

IX. Two-mile walk. Wheeler '76 and Marrett

'76 competed. Won by Marrett, time 18.15. Wheeler's time was 20.30.

X. Standing long jump. Roberts '77 and Cobb '77 competed. Cobb won, jumping 9.75 feet.

Owing to the extreme cold weather, the contestants labored under much disadvantage, yet greater interest was manifested than at any previous Field Day, presaging good success next spring.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and Friends of the College.]

CLASS OF 1850.

John P. Abbot, physician, Warren, R. I.
F. Adams, lawyer, Bath, Me.

Samuel P. Buck, physician, Woolwich, Me.

John J. Bulfinch, minister, Freeport, Me.

Charles E. Butler, when last heard from, was in business in Ashport, Lauderdale Co., Tenn.

Charles C. Everett, Professor in Harvard Divinity School, Cambridge.

Wm. P. Frye, member of Congress from Second District, residing at Lewiston, Me.

Wm. S. Gardner, lawyer in Boston.

Henry F. Harding, minister, now residing in Hallowell, Me.

Samuel L. Hodgman, in the wholesale iron trade, Hodgman & Moseley, Boston.

O. O. Howard, Major General U. S. A., now in command in Oregon.

Geo. F. Jackson, physician, New York City.

John N. Jewett, lawyer, Chicago, Ill.

A. Morrill, Baptist minister, Painted Post, Steuben Co., N. Y.

P. S. Perley, lawyer, Henry, Marshall Co., Ill.

John S. Sewall, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Oratory, in Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me.

Geo. H. Vose, farmer, San Lorenzo, Cal.

'53.—The *Mirror* states that Rev. Wm. Carruthers of Calais, has received a call to the South Church, Pittsfield, Mass.

'66.—S. B. Carter is President of the Common Council of Newburyport, Mass.; also President of the Young Men's Christian Association of that city.

'66.—C. M. Beecher is a partner in a large lumber firm in Bridgeport, Conn.

'67.—Oren Cobb is at the head of the old established school for boys at Cornwall on the Hudson.

'69.—Wm. P. Morgan is practicing law and running a real-estate brokerage in Minneapolis, Minn.

'74.—W. H. Moulton has recently gone into the banking business, firm of Woodbury & Moulton, Portland, Me.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The *Crimson* publishes a copy of President Buckham's letter to the editor of the *Vermont Record and Farmer*, in which he explains why the University of Vermont sent no crew to Saratoga last summer; and proceeds to criticise it in a manner at once savage and flippant. However unfortunate President Buckham's letter may be—and though not very delicate in expression, it is, on the whole, a fair statement of the ground taken by the opposers of the regattas—the style of criticism in which "W. M. C." attacks it is quite beneath the dignity of a paper of the standing of the *Crimson*. The *Crimson* should have suppressed the article from simple and manly self-respect, and never have allowed such a departure from its usual standard of excellence.

Why will the *Index* persist in selecting such lugubrious themes? It is now out strongly with an article entitled, "Etchings on Gravestones."

That elegant little sheet with the dubious complexion, which rejoices in the cognomen *Dartmouth*, is just at hand. Its poet, who signs himself "Gemini"—probably because he is *too* silly for anything!—proposes conundrums, as follows:—

"O why do not flowers of love
Spring up in the hearts of men,
Spreading a sweet perfume

Over the darkness and gloom?
Why should the heart be a marsh and a fen
With dissonant shriek of raven's voice?"

We do not know, having never had the subject thus forcibly presented to us before. But Gemini, who is

"Sick of the noise and the stir
Of a busy and heartless world
Steering at sorrow and pain,
With the banners of fraud unfurled,"
and who spends his elegant leisure
"In a graveyard still, so still
That the pulse's beat he hears,"

has without doubt given much time to the consideration of these ghostly questions. He probably knows all about the drainage, etc., necessary to bring the "marsh and fen" to that state of cultivation in which the "flowers of love" will sprung and spread first-class odors, in spite of any unpleasant noises the ravens and crows may see fit to make. Will he be kind enough to give a "busy and heartless world" the statistics, that we may judge whether the crop promises to repay the outlay?

In regard to Harvard's proposed withdrawal from the Rowing Association, the *Advocate* has the following:—

"The question of Harvard's withdrawal from the Inter-collegiate Rowing Association has been decided in the negative. The considerations inducing this decision were solely those of the propriety of Harvard leaving an Association which she had taken the first steps to form, as a member of which she had never won a race; by leaving which, therefore, she must render herself liable to the imputation of confessing that her new competitors were too strong for her, and of being guilty of cowardice in wishing to regain the prestige of victory at the expense of limiting the number of her opponents to one. These views, held by both graduates and under-graduates, determined Harvard's action. The question of the advantages which might be expected from a return to the old single contest with Yale was not raised nor discussed for a moment. During the last year, Harvard men had repeatedly expressed their belief that a return to the old system would be for the best; and, indeed, even now there is no doubt that a majority of the boating men see greater advantages in leaving than in remaining in the Association. But, in recent college discussions, all such considerations were rightly made secondary to the chief points at issue, and the result was a decision against withdrawal."

We have received "Selections for Reading and Elocution," by J. W. Keene. The book has been prepared for the use of the classes in Elocution in the Evening High School of Boston. It is in paper covers, and is from the press of A. G. Tenney. The book is well printed, and the selections are very good indeed.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, NOVEMBER 17, 1875.

No. 10.

ORPHEUS.

In the land of warlike Thracia,
In the sunshine, in the woodlands,
Where the voices of nature speaketh,
 Where his life
 Was free from strife,
Orpheus, with his loved one, chanted
Forth his soul in God-like music.
Peace was dwelling in his bosom,
 But his peace
 Was soon to cease!
Like an ever-springing fountain,
Pure and holy, is love's passion;
All must bow beneath its power.
 Love alone
 The world doth own.
In his childhood learned he music
From the birds and running brooklets;
Such its force naught could resist it,
 Trees or mountains,
 Rocks or fountains.
Soon his life is changed to sorrow,
Soon his music disregarded;
Death bereaves him of his loved one.
 His life's joys
 The grave destroys.
Crushed in spirit, broken-hearted,
Lute unstrung, a prey to anguish,
Orpheus wanders through the wide land;
 And he knows
 Not where he goes.
In a dream he sees a vision —
Sees fair Venns come unto him,
Who reminds him that his music
 E'en hath charm
 Death to disarm.
"Seek thou Pluto! Soothe his spirit,
Pouring forth thy charming music;
Whisper to thy loved one, 'Follow!'
 But look not back
 Upon thy track
Till the light of heaven shines on thee."
Joyful, Orpheus hears these tidings,
And his soul again awakens,
 As the flowers
 Beneath spring showers.
O'er the boiling, pitchy river,
By the hundred-headed Hydra,
Cerberus, and nameless terrors,

Lulled to deep,
Forgetful sleep
By his music, Orpheus passes.
Now is gained grim Pluto's dwelling,
Made of black, remorseless marble.
 All around
 Is sleep profound.
But one figure sees he only,
Making heart to beat the faster,
Brain to whirl with joy and transport !
 With a kiss
 He tells his bliss.
Downcast eyelids gently shading
Melting eyes of violet blue,
Sorrow stamped upon each feature —
 Thus she stands
 With outstretched hands.
Orpheus whispers to her, "Follow!"
She obeys, although still dreaming,
But her dream to life is turning,
 And she knows
 An end to woes!
Orpheus' heart is trembling in him;
Longs to clasp her to his bosom;
The temptation overcomes him.
 Now he turns!
 His bosom burns!
Clasping empty air unto him,
Seeing Fate lay hand upon her,
Drag her back to utter darkness,
 No wonder
 That asunder
From his spirit flies his reason!
As a slender, graceful maple
Bends its head, while storm is raging,
 Till at last
 The evil blast
Snaps its straining stem, and splintered,
Falls to earth, its young life ruined.
Even so his head bows Orpheus
 To his fate
 Disconsolate.

Q. C.
-- 7

The Senior parts have been assigned to the following men: Andrews, Bates, E. H. Kimball, Libby, Perry, Payne, Sargent, and Waitt.

OUR ENGLISH.

Let nobody suppose that we intend to say any thing about the peculiar phraseology, commonly called college slang; for, call it what you will, it is not English, and at a mere hint of including that class of words in the Queen's English, we should expect to see the spirit of Dean Alford appear to utter a protest. We, however, would say a few words about the utter disregard of rules of grammar shown by many persons. It is incredible that this should arise from ignorance, it must spring from negligence; and, from the frequency of the errors, very many common mistakes go unnoticed until attention is called to them, even when the perpetrator, at a moment's thought, would perceive the mistake. This is exactly the case in regard to grammatical errors—they are frequent because uncorrected.

It is worse than ridiculous for students at college, who are supposed to have a full knowledge of the common rules of grammar, to forget them or to be so utterly regardless of them. For anybody to pursue a college course in modern languages and yet use such an expression as "hadn't ought," or confound the cases of pronouns or the relation of the subject and verb, which mistakes are by no means uncommon, is much like studying higher mathematics without correctly using the elements. Grammatical accuracy, it is true, can not be attained without great care, and much more care is required in speaking than in writing. The occasional blunderer is not without some excuse. Mistakes directly opposed to rules of grammar are to be found in the writings of authors who are acknowledged masters of the English language; and moreover, in passages which were probably reviewed many times; for example, Macaulay has committed the error of using "was" for "were," and Addison in one passage uses the plural number where the singular would be grammatically correct. Since writers of their rank occasionally used bad English, there is,

perhaps, some excuse for others; but to habitually abuse one's mother tongue without any attempt at correction, is to put away one proof of true culture. The old injunction to think twice before speaking once, is quite as applicable to the manner of expressing thought as to thought itself.

Educated persons are, moreover, responsible in a great degree for the corruption which is continually at work in the English language. Everybody at all familiar with the dictionaries, which should be the strict guardians of the purity of language, has probably noticed many superfluous and inaccurate words, which are received as a legitimate part of the language, because found in writers usually considered authorities; and so large has this class of words become that one can not be sure that he is not using them. It is a favorite way with writers on this subject to lay the responsibility in the matter upon the shoulders of journalists and writers of yellow-covered novels. That this charge is to some extent just, is very evident; they give currency to what might otherwise be a purely local expression, or it would soon be forgotten. That the responsibility of their final incorporation into the language rests upon educated persons is also very evident.

Many of these corruptions arise from the attempts of uneducated people to use words whose pronunciation and significance they imperfectly understand. Valueless as such a word would be, it nevertheless is carelessly used, and gradually finds its way from the works of the lower class of authors into writings of the highest literary rank. The educated class also originate a part of these words. Many terms are thus derived from other languages, or unusual meanings are given to words already in use, without considering whether there are not words which express exactly the same meaning. In all cases it is necessary to prove that a word is really needed, that there is none which con-

veys the same meaning, before it should be accepted. So numerous have these superfluous and corrupt words become, that the dictionaries often mislead, and even the critics of those works sometimes commit the same errors which they condemn. It is, then, a subject of great interest and importance to study the origin of some of our most common words, and to avoid the use of the spurious, as far as possible.

We have spoken of words taken with some change from foreign languages; there are many phrases which have been incorporated without change and without considering English words which are equally good. These are often used contrary to the demands of good taste, and the speaker exposes himself to the charge of being pedantic and affected. If our memory serves us, it is the poet Bryant who is reported to have advised a young writer to use foreign words with caution, stating that in his long experience he had never met with such a word whose meaning was not equally well expressed by a word purely English.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR THE SENIORS.

To those Seniors who think their Geology of primary importance are dedicated these effusions of the editorial pen. We absolutely refuse to answer any questions in regard to the state of the Muse when they were produced, and those who will persist in thinking that her black bottle contained anything stronger than tansy tea we shall ever regard as our natural enemies.

I.

Sing a song of granite, trap, and porphyry;
Mica, schist, and feldspar, mixed confusedly.
When the beds were opened, wonderful to say,
Laumontite and schneideite crumbled quite away.

II.

The quartz is red, the quartz is blue,
The quartz is white, and purple too.

In jasper, opal, hornstone, sand,
Agate, and flint, always at hand.

III.

Hey, diddle, diddle !
The Crinoid shall fiddle,
The Graptolites dance 'neath the moon ;
The Trilobites sleep,
And the Lingula weep,
While the Orthis eats mud with a spoon.

IV.

What shall we do for the Aealephs' apatite ?
Feed them on quartz of gneiss mica and ebert,
Give them a beryl of superfine dolerite,
Blende it with whacks that it do them no hurt.

V.

An ostracoid crustacean
Is an abomination;
The polyps and the mollusks,
We hold them much the same.
Selachian and ganoid,
With scales cycloid or ctenoid,
A Senior will not trouble
Who is worthy of the name.

VI.

A Trilobite sat on a stone
And mused to itself all alone ;—
“ I do not like ale
And I can not get wine ;
Was ever a tale
So hard as mine ? ”

VII.

The Crab loved the Plesiosaurus,
And was certainly not to blame.
But his love wed the Pterodactyl,
All on account of his name !

VIII.

The Isopod ate for its supper
The whole of a tufa pie.
He must throw the half of it up, or
As sure as fate he will die.

IX.

Hymenophyllites, *Iquandon* !
Get your pencils ready, draw *psilophyton*.
Stephanophyllia, *Frocordyli* !
If you cannot do it, then prepare to die.

X.

Here comes an Eryon to light you to bed,
And an Ichthyosaurus to bite off your head.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

Some men in college do not seem to realize in the least degree the position in which they place themselves by their conduct in recitations. We choose to put the case thus mildly, because we hope that, for the reputation of any students at Bowdoin, they are not so utterly unmindful of their relations to their classmates and of respect to instructors as to willfully disturb a recitation. Let not our readers suppose that we purpose to preach a long sermon about conduct in recitation, and to lay down rules against whispering, &c. We are too well aware of our own shortcomings to do anything of that kind, and

would not wish to set up ourselves as patterns of good conduct. But we sometimes notice actions which are surely annoying to the majority of the class as well as to the professor. They may not say so; no student is willing openly to criticise another's action, but we are sure that nobody in a thoughtful moment would countenance anything which would give annoyance to an instructor, who is one of the most revered and honored of our professors, and to whom the oldest graduate looks with respect.

There are likewise obligations of courtesy in every recitation, due to both teacher and scholar. If one has no interest in what is going on, the least he can do is to leave undisturbed those who are interested; should he not agree with anything said, he forfeits by any captious opposition or disturbance all regard for himself or his views. If, in college, persons do not act as gentlemen, we know not when they will, or what consideration they can expect.

“No student shall eat or drink in any tavern, store, shop, or victualing house, unless in company with his parent or guardian, nor attend any theatrical entertainment, or any idle show in Brunswick or Topsham; . . . nor engage in any military parade, nor keep a gun or pistol near the college, nor, without permission of the executive government, go a-shooting or fishing; under the penalty of admonition, suspension, dismission, or rustication.” Laws of Bowdoin College, 1837.

Such were the dreadful laws which made our fathers' lives a burden and a weariness to the flesh. Think of having to carry a glass of soda outside the shop to drink it! Think of its being necessary for even a Senior to have a guardian if he wished to dine at the Tontine! Think of being cut off from the inestimable privilege of attending the negro concert, theatre comique, or other worldly show. Were it not that rustication was often

a most pleasant thing to take, when parsons were very near-sighted, and had uncommonly pretty daughters, our fathers would not have lived to be our fathers; but must have early fallen victims to the hard rule under which they lived.

"But times are changed since then,
And life's a different thing!"

The "Black Crook" is now patronized, and traveling performers reap a rich harvest from students whose guardians are far away. Once we were lured from the paths of strict rectitude, and attended an exhibition in which "great and unparalleled feats of prestidigitorial legerdemain" were to delight and fascinate the admiring and wonder-stricken audience. We paid our bit of dirty serip into the still dirtier hand of the dirtiest doorkeeper we ever saw, and forced our way to the seat which our check indicated. Never had Lemont Hall been filled by a crowd of more rank—odors! The box-shops and the factories had both contributed their wit and their beauty. Bad French and worse English were to be heard, mingled with very respectable Irish brogue. All the colors of the rainbow were displayed in the dresses of the Kanueks. Red and blue, yellow and green, magenta and scarlet, were mixed with the most heart-rending contrasts and combinations.

At length appeared the great magician, the world-renowned Monsieur Herr Signor Bonschmeidtneue, and the wonderful performance began. As impossibility after impossibility was displayed to our delighted view, a French girl behind us became more and more excited. "Mon dieu!" she cried out at last, "je ne puis voir how in the devil he does it!" We thought she put the wrong part of her sentence in English, but forebore to remonstrate.

And at last when all was done, when silver dollars were no longer to be taken from ladies' ears, or packs of cards from the pock-

ets and hats of the gentlemen; when the gentle box-shop damsels had become quite demonstrative and unrestrained in their manifestations of astonishment and delight; we were informed that we were to file by the ticket office and receive each a gift. This was a climax at once of our joy and horror. With true Yankee instinct we desired the gift, and with something of a natural fastidiousness we thought of being borne along in that unwashed crowd. We had, it is true, no choice. We were hurried powerless along, and received at last the gift of—ye gods!—a box of hair-pins! We tore free from the crowd, and sadder and wiser, rushed frantically home to take a bath.

There are tales and tales of college life. An old graduate recently related to our admiring ears a story of his own time, whereof the purport was something as follows. If the story is spoiled in the telling it is our fault, for as we received it it was very jolly.

Two chums occupied a room in the north end M. H., and shared not only bed and board, but confidence and regard. So closely were they united that the inevitable nicknames, Damon and Pythias, were given them by their classmates. But a cloud came over the scene. Each attempted to gain the same maiden's love, and neither was willing to share with his chum. For a long time they seemed to be equally successful. If Carl took the fair Blousabella to a dance, Tom was sure to ask and obtain the pleasure of her company upon a ride; and so things went on.

At last, however, Carl Downs took a desperate resolve. Tom Hackett had accompanied Blousabella home from some festive scene, such as the good people of Brunswick delight to honor the students with. Her home was far down the Bath road, and Tom had a way of cutting across the cemetery to shorten his homeward way. On the night of which we speak, Tom came whistling along, all thoughts

of the dead driven far away by delightful memories of the living Blousabella.

When about half-way through the cemetery, Tom suddenly perceived a dark figure seated upon a prostrate tombstone. It was a clear, crisp night in November, and the moon was shining clearly; the figure was, however, so seated in the shadow that it was impossible to make it out clearly.

"Good evening, Tom Hackett," said the figure.

"Really," said Tom, "you have the advantage of me."

"I've been waiting for you some time," continued the figure. "Your farewells were long to-night."

"The devil!" exclaimed Tom.

"Well, yes," returned the other; "only I prefer to be called Sir Baron, or Mephistopheles."

"You are a scholar," said Tom, lighting a cigar without offering the other any. "You've evidently read 'Faust.'"

"I used to read a good deal," answered the stranger. "I'm too busy nowadays, and the modern novels give me the dyspepsia. Won't you be seated, Tom?"

"Thanks," said Tom. "You're a gentleman as well as a scholar."

"It is — cold, and we'd best finish our business at once," continued the evil one. "I must be in Constantinople by daylight."

"Ah!" said the other coolly. "What's up?"

"The sultan's going to have his sultana hamstrung, and I must prevent it."

"You are more merciful, Sir Baron, than you usually get the credit for being."

"The fact is," returned his companion with charming candor, "the sultana is carrying on a flirtation with a Christian captive, and I can't spare her just now."

"Very good, very pretty indeed," said Tom. "By the way, how much your voice is like Carl Downs's. Is he a brother of yours?"

"Oh, no!" returned the Baron hastily; "no relation whatever. You want money, don't you, Tom?"

"I guess you'd think so if you knew the bills I owe," was the reply. "Have you any to spare?"

"Plenty of it, on good security."

"Hum! My soul?" demanded Tom.

"That's about the thing, Tom. Of course there are a few minor points, but that's the chief thing. I'd like to be sure of the company of a good fellow like yourself. Things are dreadfully dull down below. Everybody has got to speculating on the new theories, and then politics runs high; I have all the politicians, you see. 'Pon my word, Tom, I haven't a soul that I can depend upon to play whist of an evening but Cleopatra and Judas Iscariot. You play a neat game, Tom."

"It is really kind of you to say it," replied Tom. "You'll give me Cleopatra for a partner, I suppose? What are the minor conditions?"

"Why—you'll have to give up Blousabella. I can't have you in the hands of a good woman, of course."

"But you'll let me take her to the dance on Thanksgiving night, won't you?"

"I'll be d—d if I do, Tom!" cried the Baron, jumping up so quickly that his mask fell off.

"You'll be likely to be, anyway," retorted Tom unmoved. "Come, chum, let's go home. Blousabella told me to-night that she is engaged to that Brown that was here last Commencement."

This promises to be a good winter for dances, though we hear that there is some difficulty in obtaining enough gentlemen to make them "pay."

Amasa Walker, the author of *The Science of Wealth*, which the Seniors are at present studying, is dead.

LOCAL.

"Foot ball!"

Good morning—erape.

Men-at-arms—paupers.

"Look out for the *second* stage."

Elections are over; no more fun.

The *Bugle* is to be printed at Lewiston.

Where, O where, is the good old skeleton?

New catalogues will be out in about a week.

There is some talk in College of organizing a Bowdoin Rifle Corps.

The champion cup has been sent back to the makers to be re-lettered.

Harriman, formerly of '75, has been admitted to the Waldo County bar.

When he asked him if he used a "horse," all the answer that he received was "neigh."

The Seniors have finished Paley's Evidences and have commenced Butler's Analogy.

Perry, of the Senior class, has been appointed by the Faculty to take charge of the Pencinian library.

Fresh.—"To be, or not to be, that is the question." Let's be-ah, chum." And they did, down at the depot.

Captain Caziare, who is to take the place of Major Sanger, has arrived at College, and entered upon his duties.

Scene in Geology: Prof.—"What mineral is generally found in chalk beds?" Student, stroking his chin—"Plaster."

Scene in Butler: Prof.—"In what other way do we see than through our natural eyes?" Student—"By spectacles!"

Prof.—"What is the bone of the Squid called?" Stu.—"The—the—the *lucky-bone*." Prof.—"The bone is luckier than your answer."

The Athenaeum Society have reduced their initiation fee from two dollars to a dollar and a-half, and their term tax from a dollar to fifty cents.

Prof. Tenney, of Williams College, delivered a lecture under the auspices of the Senior Class, last Friday evening. Subject: Great Salt Lake and the Yosemite.

Prof.—"Have we certain proof that if a child lives to be twenty years old he will become a man?" Student—"No. We have not certain proof. *He may die*."

A week ago last Saturday morning a mock rope-pull took place in front of the chapel, and Gurdjian took a picture of the scene, also a stereoscopic view, which can be obtained from him.

First Senior—"Well, what do you think of specie payment?" Second Sen.—"I think just this way. Mixed currency is detrimental to business and—" First Sen.—"Yes, I know all that, but my theory is—" and so on for two hours.

The College had an adjourn from all exercises after 10.30 A.M. on Nov. 15th. It was granted to enable the students to attend a launching at Pennellville. Our adjourns thus far have been few and far between, and we are all the more thankful for those we do get. "Small favors," etc.

Stockbridge, of Portland, is giving vocal lessons every Tuesday to a number of the students and town people. Those who desire good instruction will do well to give him a call. Judging from some of the evening singing so common of late, we should think that if all who needed lessons took them, he would get a class of about a hundred.

The Junior class has elected officers for the ensuing year, and it is understood that they will serve Ivy Day. President, Roberts; Vice President, Tillson; Marshal, Wiggin; Orator, Morrill; Poet, C. A. Perry; Chaplain, Chapman; Secretary, Knight; Treasurer, Brown; Committee of Arrangements—Peary, Bolster, and Ingalls.

When the class of '68 graduated from college, a certain number of them pledged themselves to give to the Athenaeum Library fifty dollars apiece in books. Emery was appointed to make the selection of books, and has lately sent to the library part of their donation, consisting of two very fine volumes of "The Variorum Shakespeare."

At a meeting of the Freshman class the following officers were elected: President, Tarbox; Vice President, Fifield; Orator, Carleton; Poet, Johnson; Historian, Brown; Prophet, Henderson; Toast Master, Beane; Secretary, Smith; Treasurer, Kimball; Committee of Arrangements—Byron, Ring, and Dinsmore; Committee on Odes—Hastings, Castner, and H. E. Bourne.

The Senior class have elected the following officers: President, Sanford; Marshal, Alden; Orator, Andrews; Poet, (unfilled); Historian, Waitt; Prophet, Morrill; Parting Address, Hawes; Odist, White; Chaplain, Clark; Treasurer, Wilson; Committee of Arrangements—Parker, Libby, Burnham; Committee on Music—Rowe, Hall, Prince; Committee on Pictures—Parsons, Newcomb, Evans.

A truly affecting scene took place in chapel the other Sunday evening. Just as the bell was about to stop ringing, a half-a-dozen or more Sophomores walked wearily up the aisle, each struggling under the weight of a new plug hat. Upon coming out from prayers the upper classes formed a double line and allowed them to pass down the middle.

"This is 'tile,'" said one of them, rapping the edge of his late purchase, and walked off apparently as well as ever.

The north end of Winthrop Hall is coming again to the front in the line of improvements. It is now lighted by gas, and proposes to regain its ancient glory by becoming the aristocratic end in College. They say that you can already distinguish the men who room there by a certain way in which they carry themselves, as though they were above the ordinary troubles and cares of this life, and it didn't make a cent (tial) difference to them whether their oil-cans were full or not.

If there is one thing in the world which is enough "to stir a fever in the blood of age or make infant sinews strong as steel," it is to put a notice on the bulletin board and come back in half an hour and find it gone, or to post one in the dead of night and have it torn off by some one on his way to breakfast. It has become a positive nuisance. There are so many men who are collecting memorabilia, in whose eyes the notice of a class meeting or the advertisement of an old stove is "a thing of beauty," that it has become reduced to a science to steal off with the precious thing as soon as the owner's back is turned. It is of about as much use to put a notice on one side of the bulletin board as it is to put it on the other. There ought to be sufficient courtesy among the students to leave such things alone until they have served the purpose for which they were posted.

"Only a lock of golden hair,"

The lover wrote—"Perchance to-night
It formeth, upon her pillow fair,
A halo bright."

"Only a lock of golden hair,"

The maiden smiling, sweetly said,
As she laid it over the back of a chair
And went to bed.

—*Tyro.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and Friends of the College.]

'71.—Edw. P. Mitchell is literary editor of *N. Y. Sun*.

CLASS OF '72.

Abbott, address, Biddeford, Me.

Ackley, teaching, Peak's Island, Portland. Married and has one child.

Atwood, Principal of High School, Saugus Centre, Mass. Married and has one child.

Benson, practicing law at Paris, Me.

Bickford, Theol. Sem., Bangor. Married.

Coggan, Principal of Nichols Academy, Dudley, Mass. Married and has one child.

Cummings, M.D., graduated at Coll. of Phys. and Surg., N. Y. City. Address, 20 Park St., Portland, Me.

Dow, practicing law, 145 Broadway, N.Y.

Frost, Principal of High School, Thomasston, Me.

Goodwin, graduated at Amherst in '73, is in insurance business, Biddeford, Me.

Gross, in the Senior class of Columbia Law School. Address, 29 Washington Place.

Harris, teacher of music, 252 Sixth St., Boston.

Heath, Principal of Washington Acad., E. Machias, Me.

Hooker, 2d mate ship "Sterling," address, Gardiner, Me.

Ireland, practicing law, Nebraska City, Neb.

Lewis, Asst. Treas. Savings Bank, Gardiner, Me.

Meads, Theol. Sem., Lewiston. Married and has one child.

Mitchell, practicing medicine, Fryeburg, Me.

Richards, Theol. Sem., Bangor. Married.

Ricker, in business, in Portland. Married.

Rogers, Theol. Sem., Bangor. Married and has one child.

Sampson, graduated with '73, enters Theol. Sem., Andover, 1875.

Seiders, teaching, at Waltham, Mass.

Shannon, M.D., Asst. Surgeon, U. S. A., Buffalo, N. Y.

Spaulding, M.D., Asst. Physician, City Lunatic Asylum, Blackwell's Island, N. Y.

Stone, farming, Jay, Me.

Totman, hardware, Allen & Totman, Kendall's Mills, Me.

Whitaker, editor and proprietor of *Southbridge Journal*, Southbridge, Mass. Married and has one child.

Wilder, just returned from studying at Leipsic. Address 242 Carroll Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.

'74.—C. F. Kimball, studying law in Columbia Law School, and in office of Brown, Hall & Vanderpoel, No. 291 Broadway, N.Y.

A Sophomore has discovered that Longfellow is not an admirer of art; for doesn't he say: "Dust thou art?"—*Advocate*.

A doctor, attending a wit who was very ill, apologized for being late one day by saying that he had to stop to see a man that had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" inquired the other.—*Ex.*

A professor lately disturbed the reigning quietness of the class hall, by giving a sharp knock on the desk, and a New Yorker who was half asleep shouted "Keno!" and ran up to the desk with his book in both hands. Murder will out.—*Index*.

About as sad and melancholy a picture as we can conceive of, is a Freshman with four conditions, sitting by the window with his pale face in his attenuated hands, and crying for his mother, while a crowd of Sophomores are hammering at the door and vociferously demanding his life's blood.—*Courant*.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The *Trinity Tablet* contains a very sensible article entitled "American Humor."

The *N. W. Coll. Chronicle* comes to us for the first time in magazine form. While we are most decidedly in favor of the sheet form for ourselves, we must confess the *Chronicle* much improved in appearance.

The *Williams Athenaeum* is happy! They have a new and unique "yell." It is also simple and fit for universal adoption. The *Ath.* says:—

"The new 'yell,' 'Rah! Rah! Rah! Will-yums-yams-yums, Willyums,' has been received with general approbation. Probably no better college yell could be found for use."

How would "Rah! Rah! Rah! Bowdums-ams-ums, Bowdums," do for a yell here? The yell must have been invented by an *Ath.* editor.

The *Packer Quarterly* is at hand, and shows about its average merit in the selection and treatment of subjects. Its appearance is somewhat marred by the extreme carelessness of its proof-readers, and its freshness by the array of old jokes which adorn its Editor's Table.

The *Brunonian* opens a new volume with a marked improvement in dress. If the *Brunonian* could be congratulated on a corresponding improvement in contents, it would be one of our best exchanges.

The *Hamilton Lit.* speaks very sensibly regarding the action of the Faculty in suspending the Freshman class. We do not think, however, that all its conclusions are just. The *Lit.* says:—

"It [the *bolt*] may seem to have united the class, but this will prove to be an illusion. Instead of strengthening the confidence of individual members in the others, it will create mutual suspicion. Any attempt to arouse enthusiasm will hereafter be regarded with distrust. It is safe to predict that, if this class return, it will be subject to factions in an unusual degree; that disruptions will occur which may be traced directly to the influence of this bolt. It has been the experience of the past, it will be in time to come. It is simply an inevitable result."

While the effect of the prompt and decided action of the Faculty will undoubtedly be to make the suspended class more guarded in its future conduct, it is not at all a necessary sequence that the class shall be subject to factions. Indeed, as far as our observation has extended, the claim that the class will be more closely united, is a true one.

The *Mercury* is both elegant in general appearance and gentlemanly in tone.

The *Uni. Herald* uses as a motto:—

"A good college paper is worth more for the moral and gentlemanly tone of college life than a library of by-laws, and an army of faculty spies."—*N. Y. Independent.*

Why do they not have one at Syracuse?

The editors of the *Acta Columbiana* offer a prize of \$25 "for the best article on any subject of general importance, except religion and politics."

The *Tufts Collegian* publishes an article entitled "Supply," which from the single fact that there are only from four to nine syllables on a line, we conclude to be meant for poetry. The title—if title it be, and not a delicate hint from editor to author that he wishes no more—has no connection whatever with the subject matter of this brilliant effusion. It seems that the author—a Freshman we take it—"bent him in a hushed amaze," whatever that may be, and—

"Underneath his very feet
Some one was singing, soft and low,—
'O seed of oak, prepare!
The suns have come again.'"

The beauty of the song is enhanced when we consider the difficulty of vocal efforts "underneath his very feet." How poetical the euphemism "seed of oak" for *acorn*! "The sons have come again," brings to mind a thousand tender thoughts of the return to college, and in the association of images lies the essence of poetry!

We would gladly give more of this touching production, but have only space to add that the author was

"Born out of time!"

He struggles manfully against his hard fate, however, and exhorts all his readers to

... "Sing alway,—
O mother, mother mine!
Dost thou not know,
Though thy lamps are unlighted,
Thou need'st not stand affrighted?
Our way will show."

Show!

"Some lives take early blight,
Others run on.
Earth masters new energy,
Life does prevail mightily;
It recks not what is gone."

We hope this talented Freshman's life will take no "early blight," but "run on" to bring the honor it promises to gain for its proud *Alma Mater*.

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, DECEMBER 1, 1875.

No. 11.

THE SPINNER.

I.

The Spinner sought the highest room,

As downward sank the sun;

She took her wheel amid the gloom,

And swift and deft she spun.

"He is false!" she said upon the stair;

"Most false!" as grew the thread.

She startled the chill silence there

With murmured words of dread.

She drew the flax out fine and long;

To a wild, wistful lay

She twisted into troubled song

A spell strange powers obey.

The Sailor paced his narrow deck

And watched the sun go down;

And of his new love did hereck,

Sewing her wedding gown.

Ah! slowly seemed his boat to go,

Slow passed the hours along,

Till he again her voice should know,

Singing some well-loved song.

Out on the sea, pauseless as doom,

The sure tides flood and run;

There in the tower's highest room

The Spinner sang and spun.

II.

When at sunset, on the land,

The Spinner climbed the stair,

Over the sea, on either hand,

The sky of cloud was bare.

But as she drew the fatal thread,

Low, moaning winds were blown;

And as she chanted words of dread,

Pale, fitful lightnings shone.

The Sailor's golden love-dreams fled;

Within his troubled mind

Remembered he, with sudden dread,

The Spinner left behind.

With sudden darkness fell the night

In horror o'er the sea;

The winds rushed on with gathering might;

In deadly fear sailed he.

Swift, fiery flashes from the sky

Burned out amid the dark:

Strange, fiery sparkles from the sea

His vessel's course did mark.

Blue, lurid lights along the shrouds

Like charnel bale-fires glowed;

Most direful moanings filled the air,

The coming wreck to bode.

The opal stone in the Spinner's ring,

That the Sailor wore on his hand,

Began to gleam with sinister light,

And shone like burning brand.

Then straight the Spinner far away

He saw in vision clear;

Above the storm her drooping wheel

Buzzed dizzy in his ear.

And, stalking came across the deck

A ghastly skeleton most grim,

That grinned, and chattered with its teeth,

And reached its bony hands to him.

Out on the sea, pauseless as doom,

The sure tides flood and run;

There in the tower's highest room,

The Spinner sang and spun.

III.

An instant in the deepening gloom

The Spinner left her wheel;

An instant lulled the bitter wind

And hushed the thunder's peal.

She placed before the lattice dim

A light which gleamed afar;

Through the wild night it shone to him,

Guiding him like a star.

It called his bark along the sea

In spite of helm and oar,

Until he heard upon the lee

The breakers' hungry roar.

What sights the lightning showed around,
As on toward death he drove!
He shrieked as one who breaks his swound,
Borne living to his grave.

For a hundred hungry, slimy shapes
That crawl about the sea
Swarmed through the foam of surf-lashed capes,
And he their prey should be!

The Spinner heard the Sailor's cry,
Amid her fatal song;
And knew thereby his bark drew nigh,
Drawn by her spells along.

She shuddereth, as who in death
Sees some most loved one laid;
But still she saith, with panting breath:
"He is false! I am betrayed!"

Yet once again the Sailor cried,
And called the Spinner's name:
On her white lips the wild song died;
She quenched the taper's flame.

And with such moan as they may make
The pains of hell who feel,
The magic thread too late she brake,
And stopped the fatal wheel.

Out on the sea, pauseless as doom,
The sure tides flood and run;
While, in the tower's highest room,
The Spinner sang and spun.

IV.

The sun rose red in morning mists
And tinged the flying seas;
And flecked the floating sea-gulls' breasts
With spots as red as blood.

A broken wreck upon the shore
The Sailor's bark was laid.
The breakers' roar would make no more
The sailor's heart afraid.

Within the tower chamber high,
Snared in her broken thread,
The sun's first beam touched with its gleam
The Spinner lying dead.

Out on the sea, pauseless as doom,
The sure tides flood and run;
But in the tower's highest room
Nevermore maiden spun.

THE STUDY OF MATHEMATICS.

It is with some hesitation that we undertake the defense of the study of mathematics, for we are aware that in so doing we represent the opinion of the minority. It is a well known fact that to the majority of college students the study of mathematics is the least pleasing of all the studies of the curriculum. It is our present purpose to inquire into the reason of this, and to see if the reason is well founded. First, then, why is the study of mathematics so little liked? Is it because of the little good resulting from a knowledge of their rules and formulæ, and of the application of these in practical life, or is it simply because of the obstacles to be surmounted in acquiring a mastery of those principles? Do we look to the ultimate good to be obtained, or do we regard only our present ease and inclinations? It can not be disputed that the mastery of the mathematical branches requires a vast deal of hard labor. And it is this very labor, the direction of our attention to particular points, the searching out step by step certain fixed results, that is of especial advantage to us. The mind is disciplined to enter upon and follow out a course of reasoning in a straightforward manner and with definite ends in view.

The ill-disciplined mind in its gropings after the truth is apt to be continually led astray by minor objects bearing upon the question. The study of mathematics trains it to keep the main point in view, and to conduct all its researches in reference to this, laying aside every consideration not directly affecting the proposition to be proved. Is not, then, the study of great importance to us? If we but consider a moment we shall see our need of just such training. We venture to state that those of us who are capable of following a subject through in a logical manner, keeping always in view the main point to be proved, and able to distinguish between this and the minor points, will not

by any means compose the majority of our number. We have abundant evidence of this, both in the recitation room and in our everyday discussions. It is often the case that a man with a set of ideas capable, if properly arranged, of proving his case, loses it entirely by a lack of order, a lack of perception of the logical sequence of one idea to another, and of the exact bearing of each on the final result to be obtained.

It is because of this same want of discipline that so much rambling talk arises in discussion. The study of mathematics, and especially the pursuit of geometrical reasoning, corrects to a great extent this fault. The mind is compelled to look at a question on all sides, and at the same time to select the particular point necessary for the final result. In no better way can the powers of reasoning be developed, and clearness and conciseness of expression be attained, than by the pursuit of this study.

Dr. Whewell says: "No education can be considered liberal which does not cultivate both the faculty of reason and the faculty of language: one of which is cultivated by the study of mathematics and the other by the study of the classics. To allow the student to omit one of these is to leave him half educated. If a person can not receive such culture, he remains in the one case irrational, in the other illiterate." The mind can not be evenly and broadly expanded without a goodly portion of mathematics. Accustomed as it is to wander, unless properly disciplined, it will not suffer confinement on particular occasions. It will not patiently regard the subject on every side, but is apt to be led astray by some partial view. It may be able to do effective work on some occasions, but is not prepared for every emergency.

Another great advantage to be gained from mathematical study is the ability to abstract the mind from every other matter and keep it firmly fixed on the discussion; to drive

from it all foreign thoughts, and to bring all related thoughts into such order that a chain of logic shall run through the whole, connecting each separate thought with the final conclusion, so that they may not be, as some one has fitly remarked of the reasonings of an ill-disciplined mind, like so many beads strung on a string; so that each thought shall be forcible not only in its own strength, but also by its connection with what goes before and what follows after.

But this better preparation for composition is only one of the many advantages to be gained by mathematical study. In a recent paper, Prof. Newton, of Yale College, said: "In the exact sciences, chemistry, geology, botany, and in political economy, mathematics is of the utmost importance. We are entitled to distrust the guidance of any one treating on political economy, for instance, who does not have clear conceptions of the relations of quantity." "Most questions in social science," he continues, "have a twofold character, the one moral, the other mathematical." Thus we see that mathematics has an application, either direct or indirect, in our everyday pursuits. Whatever is to be our calling in life, we shall come to it better prepared by a previous drill in the mathematical sciences.

We would not be understood by this to deify the classics. We acknowledge their importance, and we do not think that they receive any too much attention. But we would ask for mathematics that respect which its importance demands. And is not the advantage to be gained by a knowledge of it worth the effort of obtaining that knowledge?

The Princeton College Gymnasium contains five billiard tables donated by a Presbyterian merchant at the special solicitation of Pres. McCosh. This removes the temptation to visit places where intoxicating liquors are sold.—*Independent.*

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

1. *Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscription.*

2. *If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.*

3. *If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.*

4. *If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.*

5. *The Courts have decided that "refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud."*

6. *Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.*

7. *If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the publisher, at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it on, and the subscribers will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrears, is sent to the publisher.*

The subject of music in college has been often discussed, but the present state of affairs calls for a word or two more. An effort has been made to establish a college glee club, but the students are somewhat backward in supporting it. It was recently remarked that this was owing to a prevailing indolence, but the zeal of the members of the '77 glee club does not look like this. There is ample material in college for the proposed organization and there is no good reason why the new glee club should not succeed. Bowdoin is, in this respect, behind many of her sister colleges, and it is time that she took a step in advance. The new song books will soon be ready, and the glee club will thus be provided with music. Let each member make it an individual matter, and the club can not fail to be a success.

No manly student ever countenances the destruction of college property. That we have among us those whose sense of the ludicrous is confined to the willful injury of the college buildings or belongings, must be a source of regret and annoyance to the better-disposed portion of the students. It is too generally understood outside that the lawless acts which are committed by a small body of evil-minded offenders, are countenanced by the students in general, and that the culprits are sustained by college public opinion. While there is a strong college feeling which tends to prevent open expression of honest disapproval of student freaks, and too lax a tone of college feeling in regard to many offenses, at the bottom there is a right feeling which makes itself heard and felt in college, although it may not be heard without. The

worst feature of it is that it is not until some flagrant act arouses the public sense of right, that it becomes a potential energy.

Thump, thump, thump! sounds at our door just as we are getting ready to write an editorial note; at first no answer, but then in fear that our door may be broken in this cold weather, we call, "Come in." In comes our neighbor: "Let me take your blacking?" says he, and, without waiting for a reply, takes it from the closet and leaves. With our temper not much improved (for if he was intent on disturbing us, why on earth couldn't he have given some worthy reason?) we fell to thinking on this college enigma. Why would he persist in disturbing us? Not that we alone possessed the article he was in search of—no, that could not be; not that ours was of better quality than our neighbors—if so, we sincerely pity them; but it appears to be simply because he knew we were at home and he seemed to think that under any circumstances we were obliged to open to him.

Oh, how often under such circumstances have we sincerely longed for a good stout door, such as we used to read of in "Tom Brown," that having "spotted our oak" we might at any time be perfectly regardless of the outside world! But that is impossible, and therefore, brother students, please to think of this matter for a moment. Does it not show a lack of consideration for the rights of others, to thus disturb your fellows? Most assuredly it does, and if we expressed the case far more strongly, it would still be true. That in the majority of cases it happens through pure thoughtlessness, we feel sure, however much there may seem to be a common belief that nobody has an exclusive right to his room, but must keep it open to every one when they choose to come. It is by no means a mark of good fellowship, to use another's room as your own, or simply to knock with one hand while turning the knob

with the other, besides sometimes causing embarrassment, as we have often noticed to our amusement. With what a surprised look will the visitor utter some exclamation and then gracefully back out, when he perceives that he has burst in upon some unexpected company, conscious that he is affording amusement for them. Inasmuch, then, as we can not really "sport our oak," let each one remember, before thundering a second time on his neighbor's door, that perhaps that neighbor may not wish to see visitors, and thus, besides not disturbing anyone, he may save himself embarrassment.

The rapid scattering of the boys for the Thanksgiving recess carries with it a sombre lesson to those who by remaining behind have leisure to meditate upon sombre lessons. With only a few days' notice, and for a half week's recess, the boys have vanished like dew in the sun, and the campus is left lone and deserted. One can not but reflect how quickly and completely the classes will be scattered by graduation; and even to those whose class feeling is small, if there be any such among us, the thought is hardly a pleasant one. To those who go away from the recess the tale is quite a different one. It is almost always those who remain who suffer by separation. The fortunate ones whose homes are within reach renew in the happy home influences of the Thanksgiving festival the bonds of feeling which restrain from evil when the home is left behind. The traditional dinner is eaten, the traditional games follow in the evening, pretty cousins and all. A thousand separate interests and pleasures employ those a few days before and a few days after are seeking common goals of profit or fun.

After all, Petruchio asks, "Is our life in college anything but a dream? Does it not stand in its relations with life as life does with eternal consciousness? See how readily we

drop all college interests which we have been pursuing as if with vital eagerness. To go out of college is to step from an ideal, individual microcosm into the world of men which we call real and universal. To die may be only to step from the world of men into the world real and eternal."

When Petruchio begins to talk we usually resign ourselves to our fate, never pretending to understand him, and seldom listening; we are never so rash as to attempt to cheek him, having learned by sad experience that this only makes him worse. "But then, it is all one," continues Petruchio. "Many men should be only too happy if their whole lives might be passed over and excused as a dream; and it may be so with some of us in college. Our acts are often as purposeless and ill-considered as the madcap delusions of a nightmare!" "But, in heaven's name!" interposed we, in sheer desperation, "what has all this nonsense to do with the Thanksgiving recess?" "Why, to be sure," he replied, musingly, "to be sure, what has it?" And so Petruchio spoiled the whole of our editorial!

From the *Brunswick Telegraph* of July 29th, 1859, we copy the following order of exercises for "Calculus, his burning, July 26th, 1859," by the Junior Class."

Order of ye Procession.

Aid. Ye Marshalle. Aid.

Chandler, his bande of musicke, discoursing
ye dismalle tunes.

Ye high and mighty Senioures.

Ye lugubrious Junioures.

Ye grave digger bearing ye saddle implements
of his trade.

Ye eulogist and elegist.

A bier inscribed "Calculus," etc., was borne here,
followed by

Ye inconsolable mourners.

Marshalle.

Ye much-toe-bee-pitied-and-ye-tremblyng-for-
ye-future Sophomores.

Marshalle.

Ye innocent, ye guileless, ye lamb-like Freshmen.
Ye rabble.

Ye eulogist and elegist wore dickeys of monstrous proportions, running out into triangles as sharp as the severest reprimand ever received by unlucky student neglectful of his duties, and the necks of the distinguished speakers were environed by good clean white cotton neck-cloths just 3-4 long and 3-4 wide, purchased for 12 1-2 cents per yard. The mourners wore long white frocks, and some of them hats as high as "Sugar Loaf" Mountain, with tails of black cambric depending therefrom, as extended as the wreaths which clung to the sides of "Sugar Loaf." The funeral pile was constructed in the Delta, of light inflammable stuff, and it was a pile indeed, say 8 or 10 feet square, and 12 or 15 feet high. Upon the summit were deposited the bier and books, and then the order, "Apply the torch," was given.

LOCAL.

Seven students drill.

'78 beats '79 at whist.

"Was it a big turkey?"

A fast youth—a tide buoy.

A bad bar-gain—profit on a dram.

Gürdjian has pictures of the ruins for sale.

Marrett is the only Senior not present in college.

The Seniors are developing into remarkable debaters.

The South End of Maine Hall is to have a new fly-door.

Be sure and sit up straight when you go to sleep in church.

Junior Parts have been assigned to Little, Peary, Roberts, and Sewall.

X. says he does not see how any one can complain of the lack of vegetables "as long as a spear o' grass is left!" He expects to survive!

"If you boys want to skylark you will have to get out of this depot!"

On page 114 of our last issue "hamstrung" should have been "bowstringed."

The South End of M. H. is the only end in college that has all of its rooms occupied.

A Sophomore lately tried to prove a proposition in regard to the *concentricity* of the ellipse.

When are bad boys like fireworks? When they go off in the evening and scintillate (sin till late).

A Senior being asked why he sold his dog, said that he "could not keep' up *current* expenses."

A Senior lately made the astounding statement that the Atlantic Ocean was from thirty to forty thousand miles deep.

Prof.—"What does that figure on the board represent?" Student—"A Blastid Crinoid." (Class applauds.) Prof.—"That is correct, sir."

An Alumnus writes to his friend that he has lately taken a young lady to a dance who has "the light fantastic toe" on her head as well as on her feet.

Owing to the explosion at the gas-works, the flow of gas has been stopped for about two weeks, and the town is, as it were, in darkness and despair.

The depot is frequented now more than for some time past. Its attractions are few, to be sure, except on some particular occasions, but then they are constant.

The Athenaeum Society held a meeting last week for the purpose of initiating new members, but no one applied for admission. A rumor was in circulation that one Freshman had expressed willingness to join, but no credit whatever was given to it. Alas, poor Athena!

The new base-burner in the gymnasium ought to warm a part of the "vast vacuum." If there were two others just like it, the climate there would be moderately comfortable.

Those who wish to adorn their rooms with evergreens will do well to gather them now before the snow falls. At last accounts they were hard to find, especially in the pine woods.

The Brunswick High School, under the charge of Chapman '73, and Robinson '76, has just closed its first term. A prize exhibition of speaking and reading was given in Lemont Hall, on the Friday evening after the close of the term.

Scene in Recitation. Prof.—"If you do not use more care in preparing these lessons you will find that many who have not had a collegiate education at all will know more Latin than you do." Student—"Well, they have better advantages than we do!"

Foot-ball has been played for a number of times during the last fortnight, and seems to be getting quite popular. The only way to get up any interest in foot-ball is to choose sides and play regular games, instead of kicking promiscuously, as has been the common custom.

Billiards have become an amusement of the past. The boys no longer frequent Jack's, and Jack no longer trusts the boys. Thus affairs have come to that pitiable condition that one can not find eight or ten students playing pool every evening, but has to seek for them in their rooms, where, likely as not, they are reading history, or more incredible still, studying their lessons. Truly, "times have changed since then."

In these cold November days, when one goes around with his chin under the top of his overcoat, and meditates regretfully upon things in general and thin clothes in particu-

lar, it is rather hard upon his feelings to hear the weather complimented. The other day, an over-polite Freshman informed a Junior that it was a "fine day," and we thought that he was justly punished when the Junior curtly told him to "dayfine" it differently.

In a recitation of a class that should have kept better order, the teacher administered a mild reprimand to them, concluding with the following quotation from the Bible: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." The class, to judge from their applause, keenly appreciated the adaptation of the quotation to the ease in hand, and besides that have since kept much better order in the classroom.

It is related that while Longfellow was Professor at Bowdoin, he was one day much annoyed by the poorness of the recitation in French. At last a student was called upon who had evidently made little or no preparation. He was prompted by his classmates quite audibly. The Professor gave no heed to the prompting, but let the student blunder through his paragraph. When the young man was seated, Longfellow quietly said: "Your recitation reminds me of the Spanish theatre, where the prompter performs a more important part than the actor."

At a special meeting of the Bowdoin Boat Club, held Nov. 17th, the following resolutions were presented by Mr. Payson, and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered the members of the class of '73, by the Bowdoin Boat Club, for their gift of a champion cup to the Bowdoin Navy.

Resolved, That the above resolution be published in the BOWDOIN ORIENT, and that a copy of the said resolutions be sent to the members of the class of '73.

A. M. SHERMAN,
Secretary of Bowdoin Boat Club.

The following circular has been issued, in connection with the Summer course:—
Bowdoin College, Course of Summer Instruction for the year 1876.

On the 17th of July, 1876, a Course of Instruction in Chemistry and Mineralogy will be commenced, extending through six weeks.

This Course is designed for teachers and others, of both sexes, who are desirous of becoming practically acquainted with these sciences.

The Course consists of laboratory exercises in Blowpipe Analysis, Qualitative Aqueous Analysis, Chemical Manipulation, Crystallography, Determinative Mineralogy.

Lectures will also be given, bearing upon these subjects.

The laboratories are ample in their accommodations, and well furnished with apparatus to illustrate the most recent advances of science.

The Cleveland Cabinet comprises a large collection of native and foreign minerals.

The numerous quarries in the neighborhood of Brunswick are noted for the large variety of minerals which they furnish, and are well worth careful study.

Fees for Course of Instruction, \$15. Breakage, and Chemicals actually consumed, average about \$5 extra. Use of apparatus and mineral cabinet, free.

It is hoped inducements here offered for study may create a greater interest in scientific pursuits among teachers, and that they may be enabled through their practical familiarity with Chemistry and Mineralogy, to give much needed instruction in these eminently cultivating and useful sciences.

Brunswick is beautifully situated, and possesses a delightful summer climate. Board may be had at from \$3 to \$5 per week.

Applications for admission and communications to be directed to

H. CARMICHAEL, PH.D. (Götting),
Professor of Chemistry, or
F. C. ROBINSON, A.M.,
Instructor in Analytic Chemistry,
Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me.

A newspaper tells us that a certain gentleman who came to this city without a shirt to his back, has managed to accumulate two millions and a half. It's our opinion that he will never live to wear them out.—*Ex.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and Friends of the College.]

'39.—Rev. Calvin Chapman has closed his labors with the Congregational Church at Andover, and has removed to Kennebunkport, where, however, he will have no charge.—*Press*.

'49.—Rev. Geo. A. Perkins, late of Powell, has received a unanimous call from a church in Lunenburg.

'63.—Rev. Newman Smythe, late of Bangor, has been called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Quincy, Ill.

'66.—St. John's Church, Bangor, has voted to extend a call to Rev. G. T. Packard of Brooklyn, N. Y., says the *Press*.

'70.—J. W. Keene has been attending the Graduate Course of Lectures at the Harvard Medical School.

'73.—D. A. Robinson has recently been chosen Principal of the Grammar School, Bangor. He is at present teaching in Brewer.

We notice in the list of persons who read papers at the recent Educational Convention at Augusta, the names of Prof. A. H. Davis, '60; G. M. Dodge, '68; and A. F. Richardson, '73.

CLASS OF '75.

R. R. Baston, teaching at Standish.

Clarke arrived in England, October 17th, after a very stormy passage of twenty-four days. His address is care of Messrs. McCulloch & Co., 41 Lombard St., London.

Deering, teaching at Gilmanston, N. H.
Hill, at Yale Theological School.

Hunton, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Larrabee, Teacher of Ancient Languages in Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vt.

McQuillan, studying law in the office of B. T. Chase, Bridgton, Me.

Noyes, teaching at South Hampton, N. H.
Pierce, in Harvard Law School.

Pulsifer, reporting with his father. Address, Auburn, Me.

Rice, studying medicine at Washington, D. C.

Rogers, teaching Topsham (Me.) High School.

Sargent, Instructor in Gymnastics at Yale.
Stanwood, teaching at Freeport.

Swasey, studying law in his father's office, at Standish, Me.

Upton, studying at Princeton, N. J.

Wells, studying law in his father's office, at Great Falls, N. H.

A. S. Whitmore, studying medicine at Gardiner, Me.

S. W. Whitmore, studying law at Gardiner.

FILCHINGS.

A natural mistake was that of a Freshman translating the Latin. "P. Scipio equestri gener natus," thus: "P. Scipio was born at a horse race."—*Sibyl*.

Scene in last car to Cambridge. Crowd of maudlin Freshmen. Conductor—"Harris Street!" 1st Fresh.—"Good for you, Harry!" 2d Fresh.—"Wake up, fellows: Harry's treat again!" Chorus—"Champagne!"—*Crimson*.

A Freshman who overheard his Senior chum say that they would not allow him to vote was quite astonished, and wanted to know the reason. On being told that he was a minor the verdant looked perplexed and remarked that he "thought all working people had a right to vote."—*Cornell Era*.

Logie. "What can you say of the second law of thought?" Student—"It can not both be and not be. For example: the door over there must be either shut or open. It can't be both shut and open." Tutor—"Give another illustration." Student—"Well, take the case of *another* door."—*Yale Record*.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The College press begins now to talk less of base-ball, foot-ball, and boating, and more of literary work. Debating societies and glee clubs are the order of the day. While the change makes the papers of less interest outside, it yet indicates a more valuable work within the college walls, and the friends of literary culture may rejoice that the brain work of the year is going prosperously on.

Give up guessing, *Index*. You were as wide as possible from the fact.

It was a bitter disappointment to find that the *Lafayette College Journal* was not the *Railway Guide*, which its peculiar cover led us to suppose it to be.

The *College Mercury* has a good lot of college news, and its contents are worthy of its outside appearance.

The *Amherst Student* says in a poem entitled "The Palace of Silence,"

"There now is all in silence,
So hath it always been,
For those old monks were ever
A curious set of men."

"Men" and "been" rhyme well. Farther on it is
". . . thought that they were spirits,
Or else that they were ogres,
Dread messengers of death,
And some affirmed that they
Smelt sulphur to their breath."

The fine figure in the last line leaves us in an ecstasy, as it were, of doubt. Did the author mean to insinuate that "sulphur," among the ancients, took the place of cardamom seeds, or has he, for the sake of euphony, used the word instead of "brimstone," meaning that they should smell brimstone when they die, or how?

We are glad to greet the *Crimson* once more. Its poetry is very good, and forms, with the editorial, the most readable part of the paper.

The *Oberlin Review* has taken offense at the *Crimson*'s imputation on Western Colleges, and concludes with:—

"We can stand a gentlemanly joke or a friendly criticism, when there is point and occasion; but such rancorous and uncourteous assaults we can not bear without the severest reprehension."

The *College Argus* has three columns of very practical editorial matter. Its local department is very well conducted and somewhat relieves the tedium of its first pages. We like the outside look of the *Argus*.

It might be a good plan for the *Bath Times* to define its idea of provocation. In a recent issue it says:—

"While superintending the surveying of a lot of land, Friday afternoon, Mr. George W. Drisko, editor of the *Muchias Union*, was *unprovokingly* assaulted by one Johnson, with an axe, making a severe though not fatal wound."

The *Athenaeum* has a sonnet in its last number. We give it in full:—

"Oh! mock me not with love whose shallow stream
Mid treacherous sands doth drag its sluggish course;
Nor think that e'en a sparkling rill whose source
The rugged mountain hides, can, with its gleam
Of flashing flattery, blot out the dream
My yearning heart oft dreams: wherein appears
A hero rare, who chivalry's ensign bears
And crowned a knightly sovereign doth seem.
The rushing tide of such a love as *his*
With *navigable* waters would supply
My restless bark that long hath *snuffed* the breeze
In haste the unknown swelling seas to try;
Then passionate I'd revel in its sweep
For every depth of love an answering deep."

Gr-r-racions! We are glad that there is no more of it. The poetical conception embodied there is heightened somewhat by the rare figures of speech, and by a certain air of mystery which enshrouds it. We surely can not tell what it means, and hope its title, "Unmated," will not be falsified. The italics are ours, but — *Deo gratias!* — the poetry is not.

The *Chronicle* reaches us from far-off Michigan, and smacks of Western College opinions and tastes. We rather like the literary tone of the paper, but the editorial and local part lacks life.

The *College Sibyl* is well edited and very pleasantly written. The locals in the November number are unusually good.

The opening number of the *American Journal of Microscopy and Popular Science* has reached us, and, although the magazine has a more extensive name than its size seems to warrant, it is a publication worthy of encouragement and support. We would commend it to the members of the Scientific Association. The subscription is only fifty cents a year, and specimen copies will be sent free to any address by the Handicraft Publication Company, 37 Park Row, New York.

Morning prayers. Good boy who is disturbed by his neighbor—"D——n it, keep quiet; I want to hear the prayer and get the news." —*Ex.*

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, DECEMBER 15, 1875.

No. 12.

NEW AND OLD.

II.

"New Year," I said, "Right welcome! Bring But joy and hope." She raised the thing Which like a funeral urn she sadly bore, And showed the grief she brought. No more Of joy I thought; but took with lamentation Her gift; and without consolation, I walked till all the world was cold, And the young year grew worn and old.

II.

"Old Year," I said, "Farewell! Go by Without a token." She reply Made not; but laid her fingers on my brow In blessing, and was gone. Yet even now I feel the pressure of that benediction, With hopeful foretaste and conviction Of things that sometime I shall see, Of bliss that somewhere waits for me.

WRITING EDITORIALS.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

[Scene—a Junior's room in Q. Hall. Time—Fall Term, 186—. Petruchio seated at a table covered with loose papers. To him enter Hypereus.]

Pet.—"Hallow! Where did you come from?"

Hy.—"Come from? Can't a fellow come to his own room without being questioned in that style? Where did *you* come from, and what are you doing in my room?"

Pet.—"I'm trying to write that confounded *Bugle* editorial, but I can't make a beginning."

Hy.—"What are you writing about?"

Pet.—"That's just it. You have to write an editorial about nothing."

Hy.—"That's good. It will give it an airy lightness that will be refreshing. How do you begin?"

Pet.—"Confound your stupidity! Didn't I tell you I did not know *how* to begin?"

Hy.—"Why, I could give you a thousand excellent beginnings!"

Pet.—"You are not conceited, perhaps! Let's hear one of your fine openings."

Hy.—"Your mouth's a fine opening for hash; but let that pass. Begin this way: 'Another brood of chickens has gone from beneath the wings of Alma Mater, and—'"

Pet.—"Never shall it be said that I called old Bowdoin a hen!"

Hy.—"Twould be repre-hen-sible. Well then: 'Old Time has opened another of those oysters which we call years, and it is just like the last; the pearls are still to be in the next one.' If that doesn't suit you, have something fresh; as, for instance,—"Another set of actors have been hustled off the stage, and—'"

Pet.—"For heaven's sake, stop! It is more appropriate to say 'hustled *on* the stage.'" *

Hy.—"Well, then: 'The exhaustive gettee up and settee down of college life has—'"

Pet.—"Do be sensible. Why can't you help me?"

Hy.—"Grateful, upon my word! Try a poetical strain, then,—

"Plucking a quill from our own wing,
At once we mean to soar and sing!"

Pet.—"You forget that it is not to be *your* editorial, and so the allusion to 'own wing' would be inappropriate."

Hy.—"Sharp! Well, there's no suiting you. Why not have an end-woman soliloquize? Work the *pathos* up to a proper degree, and then end in this way: 'She raised her hand to wipe a tear that stood on her cheek, when down went the hod of ashes she was carrying. Half strangled with dust and

* This may seem an anachronism; but Petruchio wrote for the future, and "saw what should be in after times."

tears, she rushed down stairs, resolved to moralize no more.' There, that's quite in Sterne's vein."

Pet.—"I feel in a stern vein myself, and the effect may be visible on you soon."

Hy.—"In vain you button your coat over your sternum, and—"

[A scrimmage. The lamp is overturned. Darkness. Scene closes.]

SCOTT AND HIS NOVELS.

The fame of Sir Walter Scott as a novelist is world-wide. He had the advantage of writing in a language spoken in different hemispheres by highly civilized people, and widely diffused over the surface of the globe; and he wrote also at a time when communication was facilitated by peace.

There are those who are disposed to regret that so great a reputation can be gained by one who, as they affirm, does nothing more than amuse the world; but let them adopt a different mode of expression, let them call it giving happiness to the world, and they must admit that the purpose is a noble one. It is too late to ask whether works of imagination can be safely read; they certainly will be read to some extent, and the character of such works is the chief point to be considered. To Scott belongs the honor of raising the novel to a place among the highest productions of human intellect. He made a discovery in literature; and the merit of that discovery is evinced by its salutary effects upon succeeding generations. He was the first to show how history ought to be made available for the purposes of fiction. It is true that works bearing the appellation of historical novels had existed before; but they were historical in a different sense. They merely availed themselves of historical names and events, and gave to their characters the manners and sentiments either of the present period, or, more commonly, of none at all. They evinced

no endeavor to enter into the real spirit of history. But the novels of Scott form a new species. They present history in its most attractive form, yet do not disguise the various events and circumstances with too much of fiction. Scott seems to have been fully aware that truth and fiction might ally themselves with mutual advantage. While his real landscape has made us feel confidence in the reality of his persons and their actions, it is equally true that fiction has given a charm to the rocks and mountains of his native country which will last till the mountains sink and the torrents cease to flow. A hundred years ago the Highlands of Scotland were as little known as the Rocky Mountains, but his pen has thrown them open as completely as a thousand military roads, and travelers will wander over them in all generations to come.

The plots in the *Waverley* Novels generally display much ingenuity, and are interestingly involved; but there are few in the conduct of which it would not be easy to point out some blemish. They are usually languid in the commencement and abrupt in the close; too slowly opened and too hastily summed up. "*Guy Mannering*" is one in which these two faults are least apparent. The plot of "*Peveril of the Peak*," might perhaps, on the whole, have been considered as the best, if it had not been spoiled by the finale.

As a delineator of human character, Scott is an acknowledged master. When we regard him in this light we are at once struck by the fertility of his invention, and by the force and fidelity of his pictures. In variety and originality no writer but Shakespeare has ever equaled him. Others may have equaled, perhaps surpassed him, in the elaborate finishing of some single portrait, but certainly none save Shakespeare has ever contributed so largely, so valuably, to our collection of characters, of pictures so surprisingly original, yet once seen, admitted immediately to be con-

formable to nature. The charge is sometimes brought against Scott, that there is a sameness about his characters; that one bears too much resemblance to another; for instance, that Helen McGregor, Meg Merrilies, and Norna, are copies from the same original. But the author draws from nature, and there is a sameness about nature. One mountain resembles another, one valley resembles another, and we should condemn the painter as lacking skill who should endeavor to represent a hill or vale unlike any that ever existed or were ever painted before. So the varieties of feature in the human race can not be very great either in face or mind.

The innumerable shades of difference that we see, depend upon expression; and any hasty or unobservant eye which does not notice this expression will think that every man bears a resemblance to every other man. The more delicate touches which make up the expression of character will escape him. It is such observers only who have complained of sameness of character in the Waverley Novels. Doubtless the author has faults, but this is not one of them. The descriptions of persons are distinguished chiefly by their picturesqueness. We always seem to behold the persons described. Dress, manner, features, and bearing are so vividly set before us that the mental illusion is rendered as complete as words can make it. This method has the merit of individualizing imaginary persons in a remarkable degree, and is well suited to the nature of the novel.

It effects much of what, in the drama, is supplied by the actor who represents character on the stage. Nor is it to be affirmed that, although picturesqueness is the prominent characteristic of his descriptions of persons, he does not also display considerable skill in exhibiting the disposition and qualities of the mind. There are several characters, such as Colonel Mannering and Bailie Jarvie, of whom we have a very vivid impression,

without its having been conveyed so much by personal description as by the insight given us into the peculiarities of disposition. In the description of external objects, and particularly of what may be called natural scenery, the author has been successful beyond all writers subsequent to Milton.

A distinction is to be made between mere copiousness of descriptive diction, and a rich and judicious selection of images; between passages which please the ear and those which convey a distinct impression to the mind. It is essential in a description of visible objects, that it should place the reader in the situation of a spectator. We wish to be told, not the objects that might ultimately excite attention, but those which would strike the senses at once. A multiplicity of details is tiresome; and no description, however complete, can be effective if it contains more particulars than the mind can embrace at one view, and, without a painful effort of the memory, retain.

From these various errors into which descriptive writers often fall, Scott is comparatively free. His descriptions are clear, vivid, and intelligible. They have none of those affectations of diction which are the resources of ordinary writers. All is written as if the object aimed at was to be understood.

In reviewing the productions of a great writer, interesting as it may be to examine their general character and the nature of those merits upon which their fame is founded, it is perhaps still more interesting to trace their influence upon literature. That of the Waverley Novels has been great beyond example. For novel writing in general, Scott has done much; he has made it a more creditable exercise of ability than it was before considered; and thus invited to it many writers who might otherwise have considered it unworthy of their regard. We have learned, too, how greatly the sphere of the novel may be extended, and how capable it is of becoming the vehicle of almost every species of popular knowledge.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The new song book, which was promised last term, will be ready the 18th inst.

The book is to be called "Songs of Bowdoin," and will be bound in flexible brown cloth. The songs have been chosen with regard to their utility, and songs otherwise good have been rejected because they did not seem adapted to actual use by college glee clubs. That Bowdoin is not an eminently musical college, is a well-known fact, and hence the difficulty of getting together a collection of songs. Doubtless there will be numberless criticisms and objections when the book appears, but it is to be hoped that a new im-

petus will be given, by its presence, to college music.

The price of the book will be seventy-five cents. It was at first understood that it would be issued at a smaller cost, but the expense of the music-printing was so large as to make this impossible.

Alumni or others wishing for copies by mail can obtain them postpaid, by enclosing one dollar to A. T. Parker, or to J. E. Chapman, Brunswick.

One characteristic of good breeding, and a most important one, is thoughtfulness. A kindly regard for the comfort and pleasure of others should not be beneath the care of any student; and it is remarkable how much may be effected by a little watchfulness.

Students who live in the dormitories are more or less at the mercy of their neighbors; and while every man may have a technical right to turn his room into a bedlam, he certainly has no moral right to produce or allow an uproar which renders work or study impossible in the End.

Then there is the boy who, coming home after the End is asleep, wants to let the fellows know that he was out late, and so makes the night hideous with uncouth yells.

We all know the men who practice upon the hideous intricacies of the "Swiss warble" with such appalling pertinacity, and a shudder creeps over us as we hear from afar their approaching yells.

In numberless ways and in numberless places, men are made to suffer disgust or pain from the mere ill-bred thoughtlessness of their fellows. And these very offenders are often so good-hearted that they would share their last quarter with a friend, or take a fifteenth mark for prompting some luckless wight helpless in the hands of a Prof. It is impossible to be long or seriously angry with such men, but we after all rather dread to have them about. A little care and thought on their

part would mend it all, and they themselves would after all be not the slightest gainers.

To the average student mind, there is a certain charm in whatever comes down from the romantic past of college life, whether in the form of airy and doubtful tradition, or in something more substantial and credible; a charm that is felt in all its force by the Freshman, and grows less and less as he advances in the college scale,—without, however, losing all its force, even in Senior year.

Our attention has been called of late to certain heirlooms now in possession of different undergraduates. The first among these is a banner, now at No. 5 A. H. On the reverse are inscriptions that tell something of its age and history. From these we learn that it first came into the college world in '57, as a possession of a political society known as the "Scott and Graham Club." After the disbanding of this association, it became in 1864 the property of the "South End Dramatic Club," and from this club came through the successive classes to its present owner.

The next heirloom is the "Zeta Psi cane," an ancient-looking banger, that, as its name implies, is an attachment to that fraternity. Since the organization of the chapter in 1868, it has been in the possession of some member of the Sophomore delegation, and is now held at No. — A. H.

Next on our list is a pencil drawing, without date or name, of the college buildings. It was evidently executed some time prior to 1848, as it includes the old chapel.

In the editorial sanctum is an engraving of the Alpha Delta Phi arms, that since '56 has passed from one class to another, being always held by a member of the Senior delegation of the fraternity.

We are reminded of several other "hand-downs," but are not able at this time to look them up.

Information concerning anything that has

a college history, of great or little importance, will be received with thanks.

The Boating Convention was held at Springfield, Dec. 1st. Bowdoin sent Mr. Sargent as Senior delegate, and Mr. Stevens as second. Much of the time was passed in discussion of the merits of the various places proposed for the regatta of '76. No place was fixed upon; Saratoga, Springfield, and New London are the places, one of which will probably be chosen, and it is rumored that the latter is perhaps the most favored.

It was voted to row with coxswains, and in heats if necessary.

Trinity was re-admitted into the association, and the constitution so amended that any college prevented from rowing by the death of one of its crew, shall not lose its membership.

Thomas Hughes will be invited to act as referee, and if he does not accept, Mr. Chittis, President of the London Rowing Association, will be asked to take his place.

It was also voted that the regatta committee at once invite the navies of Oxford, Cambridge, and Trinity College (Dublin), to row an international race in the United States next summer; date and place to be agreed upon; each boat to be manned with six oarsmen and rowed without a coxswain. Hereafter, only one delegate will be allowed to each college.

Officers were elected as follows: President, Mr. Stevens of Bowdoin; Vice President, Mr. Warner of Trinity; Secretary, Mr. Caldwell of Hamilton; Treasurer, Mr. Haynes of Williams. The next meeting will be held at Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on the 4th of January, 1876.

Sitting in our sanctum one evening, engaged in looking over some book-catalogues, we overheard the following dialogue from the next room, where "Brown, Jones, and

Robinson" had just finished a game of whist.

"I hadn't any 'Trumps,'" said Brown.

"I had only 'Three Little Spades,'" answered Jones, "and I 'Played Out' 'One of Them' 'By Mistake.' There were in either of our 'Hands, Not Hearts' enough for a good suit."

"What's to Be Done' next?" asked Robinson.

"I must mend my vest," said Jones; but Brown broke in—

"Never mind your 'Sowing; the Wind' has gone down, and we're 'In Duty Bound' to call on 'Miss Van Kortland' 'Sooner or Later.'"

"Ought We to Visit Her?" returned Robinson. "'Stern Necessity' compels, I suppose. Let me 'Look to the End' of this book first. 'Now and Then' there's 'A Good Thing' in it."

"Pshaw!" said Jones. "Let's get a lunch at the depot 'On Our Way' 'Through the Town.'" I ate only 'A Mouthful of Bread' and an 'Olive' for supper."

"The sky is all 'Clouded; Happiness' is 'Inside' to-night," said Brown, looking out of the window. "How 'White Lies' the snow where it is 'Caste' by the wind. It will be bad 'Underfoot.'"

"I hope 'Miss Van Kortland' will be 'Quite Alone,'" said Jones, as they went down stairs.

We heard them no more, but we fell into a train of "Meditation" concerning the names of books. Perhaps being "Too Much Alone" we are "Forever and Ever" "Musing," and often are "All in the Dark" about "Common Things." We "Cant" see, for instance, when an author has named a book "Belial," what he could say for himself if "Called to Account." Even if "He Knew He Was Right," his "Destiny" might place him "In That State of Life" where he would be thought "A Simpleton" by all "Dames of High Es-

tate," whatever reason was "His to Give." Who would want their "Wives and Daughters" or "Brothers and Sisters" to read a book with such a title?

Many names, too, seem to us to be only parts of sentences. As: "Eugene, A ram" is on the lawn." "O no; it is only a 'Black Sheep.'" "'Anna, Hammer' in that nail." "Let 'Adam Brown' 'The Toast';" etc.

And thus, half asleep in our "Grandfather's Chair," we mused of "Men, Women, and Books," and recalled, with "Wonder, Stories" we have heard of the "Marriage" of "The Midnight Sun" with "The Daughter of Night." Then we were reminded of our "Brother's Wife" and "Her Lord and Master," and speculated which of the "Two Marriages" would prove the happier. Just then there came "A Rap at the Door."

"Come!" we cried; and in walked "Dr. Thorne." He lives only "A Day's Ride" from the "City and Suburb," yet we had not met for "One Year."

"I have 'No Intention,'" he said, after "A Kind Greeting," "to bore you with an autobiography; but I fear I have been subject to 'Misrepresentation.' We are 'Not so Bad as We Seem,' but 'The Way We Live Now' you must 'Take Care Whom You Trust.' I was one of 'Three Clerks' who, 'North and South,' had often been 'On Guard' 'Under the Ban'-ner of freedom together. I was 'Hand and Glove' with one, named 'Jack.' When we left the army, he had an 'Inheritance' of 'Half a Million of Money,' all in 'Hard Cash.' "'What Will He Do With It?'" I said to my- 'Self.' He loved 'A Charming Girl' to whom he presented me. She was 'In Silk Attire,' and had 'Three Feathers' and a 'Blue Ribbon' in her hat. She wore a 'White Jacket,' but she had a 'White Hart' also. Still she was not 'Too Good for Him,' for he was 'Maid of Honor' as it were. I had just received 'Notice to Quit' 'Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings' to make

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A. KEITH.

room for 'A Commercial Traveler.' I therefore took a 'Small House at Allington' to be near Jack. 'Hannah'—for so was 'His Love' called—had 'Only Herself' to consult, so the wedding was fixed upon for 'Midsummer Eve.' 'For Her Sake' the young girls put 'New-comes' in their 'False Heir'; and up 'Rosa' 'May-pole' 'On the Green,' around which they danced, as you see doves and other 'Foul Play' in the sun. Their cheeks glowed as in a 'Bright Morning' in Autumn you may, although 'The Last Leaf' is 'Dead, Sea Fruit' still clinging to 'The Topmost Bough.' Hannah danced with me 'Once and Again,'—for it was 'Nothing New' for me to dance 'Hard, Times' without number, with either 'Married or Single.' Jack felt touched on 'A Point of Honor,' and lost his 'Self-Control.' We who had been together 'Night and Morning' for years, had high words at last. But Hannah stepped in. 'Her Face was Her Fortune,' and as she was 'True to Herself' she soon made us 'Quits.' 'Put Yourself in His Place,' she said. 'It was "A Terrible Temptation"; "Can You Forgive Her" and me?' I said. He relented; and 'After Dark' they were made 'Man and Wife.' So it all came 'Right at Last.'

LOCAL.

Weak eyes are quite prevalent.

Next term begins Jan. 6, 1876.

"Have you got into a "stage" yet?"

'77 has organized a Shakespeare Club.

A College Glee Club is to be organized soon.

"Slippery? Yes, very, O — — —! only a slight bruise, thank you."

The Juniors and Sophomores declaim together. Why not have the rest of the College present?

A number are taking boxing lessons of Mr. Smyth, the director of the gymnasium.

Prof.—"Does this world afford more discipline for virtue or for vice?" Student—"Yes, sir; I think it does."

Waitt and Stimson are to have charge of the ball at the end of the term, after the Senior and Junior exhibition.

It is quite curious to notice how much improved the attendance upon recitation becomes when a class begins to review.

It is to be hoped that the custom of singing in chapel at Sunday evening prayers will be continued through the winter term.

Adjourns from gymnasium have been quite frequent, owing to coldness of the room on account of the lack of proper fuel to burn in the stoves.

Prof.—"The law is, then, that virtue should be rewarded, and vice punished. What should you say if we saw vice triumphing?" Sen.—"It would be a violation of the main (e) law."

The new "red store" on Main street offers rare inducements in the shape of oysters, etc. It is said that the proprietor is obliging and gives entire satisfaction. It is a good chance to pay up treats, bets, and the like.

Miss Cavendish, the English actress, is coming, and some one remarks that she is fine-cut. Then the crities can puff her if they chews.—*Norristown Herald*.

When she comes the *Herald* will of course be ready to back 'er.

Brunswick seems to offer some attractions, despite her cold winters, to her former inhabitants, for quite a number of the College Alumni can be seen frequenting her streets. It is so very lively at present that we do not wonder that they find it pleasant to be back once more. ,

First Senior—"Have you seen the President's message?" Fresh. (wonderingly)—"No, what message?" Second Senior—"Why, the message of the Prex. to the Faculty." Fresh.—"Indeed! Is it customary?" (Fresh. is seen paying for three stews two hours later, at the "red store.")

Scene in recitation. Prof.—"What are some of the common forms in which we see nickel?" Student—"Well, most of the students carry some round in their pockets in the shape of coin." Prof.—"I thought that the complaint at present was a lack of that." Student—"Most of them have common cents, however." *Q. 115 '77.*

The following addition has been made to the "Course of Summer Instruction for the year 1876." Arrangements have been made for Botanical Instruction, under the charge of Mr. F. Lamson Scribner, B.S. There are three distinct branches of study—Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, any two of which may be selected to form a course.

It has been and still is quite a common practice for the students to visit the High School in town and listen to the recitations. Now why would it not be perfectly proper for any of the young ladies of Brunswick, if they wish, to attend the college recitations? It would certainly be an inducement for better lessons and for better behavior.

A most lamentable ignorance of geography has been shown in '76, and it is proposed for their benefit that an optional course in Cornell's Geography be put in action next term. When a Senior doesn't know where Mt. Vesuvius is, or places the source of the Yellowstone river in the southern part of the United States, it is time that something should be done.

The new catalogues for 1875-6 are out. They are similar to those of 1874-5 in appearance and arrangement. We notice that four

new scholarships have been added to the list, and that there is a longer list of acknowledgments than usual. As in the last catalogue, the undergraduates and their departments are sandwiched in between the names of the medical class and the matter relating to their course. The number of students catalogued is one hundred and forty-eight.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the State Base-Ball Association was held in Portland, Nov. 29th, to consider certain charges which the Bates Base-Ball Association had brought forward against the Bowdoin Base-Ball Association, relating to the possession of the championship flag. Both Associations sent representatives. Sanford, '76, presented the Bowdoin side of the question. After hearing both arguments and thoroughly understanding the facts of the case, the committee adjourned and brought in a verdict in favor of Bowdoin. Comments are unnecessary.

The following is the programme of the Senior and Junior Exhibition, Dec. 20th, 1875:—

Latin Salutatory.....	Libby.
English Translation from Tacitus.....	Little.
A Century's Growth.....	Andrews.
Mental Discipline.....	Bates.
English Translation from Schiller.....	Peary.
Oliver Cromwell.....	Kimball.
Heredity of the Imagination.....	Payne.
English Translation from Demosthenes.....	Roberts.
Moral Energy.....	Perry.
The Philosophy of Strikes.....	Sargent.
English Translation from Napoleon.....	Sewall.
Modern Socialism.....	Waitt.

1st Junior—"Jack, if I had ten uncles whose wives were all living, and I should take your overcoat, by what right could I retain it?" Jack pauses. 1st Junior—"By the *Ulster Tenant Right.*" Pol. Econ. did it.—*Advocate.*

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and Friends of the College.]

We are indebted to the Secretary, Rev. Wm. H. Pierson, for the following record of the

CLASS OF '64.

Fred H. Appleton, practicing law in Bangor, Me.

Charles Bennett, lawyer, Mattoon, Ill.

Charles Curtis, teaching somewhere in N. Y. State.

Owen W. Davis, engaged in manufacturing, Thomaston, Me.

John E. Dow, Jr., lawyer in New York City.

Albert O. Fellows, practicing law in Chicago, Ill.

Nahum W. Grover, clergyman in Bethel, Me.

John C. Harkness, teaching in Wilmington, Del.

Myron M. Hovey, merchant, Boston (?), Mass.

Henry N. W. Hoyt, Supt. of Schools, New Brighton, Penn.

Edward C. Ingwersoll, lawyer, Washington, D. C.

Charles Jewett, practicing medicine in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Augustus F. Libby, merchant, with A. J. Libby & Co., 47 and 49 White St., N. Y.

Chas. F. Libby, lawyer, firm of Butler & Libby, 91 Middle St., Portland, Me.

Franklin Littlefield, merchant, Safo, Me.

James McKeen, lawyer in New York City.

Nathaniel Melcher, Professor of Mathematics in Colby University, Waterville, Me.

Henry T. F. Merrill, lawyer, Chicago, Ill.

Wm. H. Pierson, clergyman, No. Somerville, Mass.

Chas. A. Robbins, merchant in New York City.

Thomas H. White, merchant, Bangor, Me.

John G. Wight, teaching somewhere in N. Y. State.

Webster Woodbury, clergyman, Ashland, Mass.

John H. Woods, musician, Boston, Mass.

Alonzo P. Wright, lawyer, Odell, Ill.

'69.—Wm. K. Woodwell has been supplying the Plymouth Congregational Church at Kalamazoo, Mich.

'73.—Died in Bangor, Me., Nov. 27, 1875, William A. Blake, after a sickness lasting about a week and terminating in inflammation of the bowels. During his college course he was recognized as an earnest student of high ability, being especially noted as a graceful writer. Appointed to take part in many exhibitions, he uniformly acquitted himself in an able manner; he was adjudged the successful competitor for the '68 prize. In his Senior year and at his graduation he received an oration. Although thus devoted to study, he was ever ready to give encouragement to other college undertakings, and was highly esteemed by his classmates. After graduation he entered upon the study of law at the Boston University, from which he graduated last Spring; a short time after, he was admitted to the bar at Bangor. By his death the class of '73 loses one of its most promising members, one whose prospects of success were of the most brilliant character.

The local paper thus speaks of him: "He was a young man of few pretensions, but of true merit and solid worth, and it was the recognition of these characteristics which won for him such universal esteem and friendship. Although quiet in his manner, he formed a large circle of friends, who cannot soon replace him."

It is to be hoped that the *Adrian Coll. Recorder* has *raison d'être*, but it certainly is not apparent to outsiders.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We have had the pleasure of examining advance sheets of *The Bugle*, and, though forced to give them a somewhat hasty examination, are yet fully convinced that this *Bugle* is superior to any before published here. The number of cuts is unprecedentedly large, and most of them are very cleverly executed. One of the wittiest hits in the book is the *P Y* tombstone on page 45, which is as happily executed as it is conceived. The cuts facing the classes in the catalogue are excellent, especially the one for '79. The editorial is, perhaps, all that could reasonably be expected; and yet one who takes up every new *Bugle* with a half-hope that it may have an editorial less disappointing than its predecessors, will hardly find a realization of that hope here. We think we appreciate the difficulty of producing an entertaining editorial for *The Bugle*; yet we still live in the hope of the coming of the man with originality to plan, and ability and independence to execute, a "new departure" in this line. We do not wish to be over-critical, especially as *The Bugle* is really so excellent; but it seems to us that the conception of the book, its illustrations, and general plan, are much better than the execution of the literary work. The quotations are neither very numerous nor very good. A Senior, too, might take exception to the sentiment expressed in the account of the fall regatta: "The rules of the race seemed to be satisfactory to all." Considering the well-known feeling of '76 in regard to the race, it might have been in better taste to avoid such a reference. In the list of awards for 1875, *The Bugle* follows the error of the new Catalogue in regard to the prizes for English Composition. Two first prizes were given, one to Hall and one to Patten. Two second prizes (omitted altogether by both Catalogue and *Bugle*) were awarded to Swasey and Whittemore. We are also at a loss—although it may arise from a misapprehension on our part,—to see the beauty or advantage of calling the Janitor of the Gymnasium an "Assistant Superintendent."

But these are, after all, mostly minor blemishes, and if we do not particularize further the merits of the work, it is because they are so evident; and we wish to warn future Buglers of faults so easily avoided if noticed.

The typography and general appearance of the book are most excellent; and we may end as we began, by pronouncing it the best *Bugle* yet issued; and a work of which '77 may justly be proud. Among the congratulations which the editors will

undoubtedly receive, as they deserve, we take pleasure in being the first to offer ours.

The *Vassar Mis.* has a profound, but alas! very incoherent comparison between Tennyson and Mother Goose. Some Vassar miss is disgusted with the boldness of the Beggar Maid who outwitted "the simple King Cophetua," and thinks that "Mother Goose's heroines seem more modest maidens," but the miss adds, "She may have more strongly felt the necessity of modesty in our sex." Who the "modest maidens" among Mother Goose's heroines were, may be an open question; certainly not the "pretty lass" who

"Invited [her lover] to her own house,
Where oft he'd been before,
And tumbled him into the hog-tub."

Not that arrant, jilting flirt, Jenny Wren, who accepted Robin Redbreast's attentions while she was ill, and then, when

"She got well, and stood upon her feet,
She told Robin plainly she loved him not a bit."

Not the famous lady who at Banbury-cross made such an indelicate exposure of her bell-furnished toes; and, unless our ideas of modesty may be permitted to outrun the prejudices of modern society, certainly not the frank Annis:—

"I'll marry you," said Thomas.
"Marry me!" said Annis;
"I prithee, love, tell me when?"
"Next Sunday," said Thomas.
"Next Sunday," said Annis;
"I wish next Sunday were come!"

The Vassar girls may be of the same ilk as the "little maid" who to an honest proposal

.
Some say a little sighed,
"But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

There have not been wanting instances where men have been foolish and headstrong in their love—willing to undergo most unnecessary privations for the object of their gushing affections; but a modern young lady may safely be trusted in the most tempting situations without the slightest danger that she will forget either purse or propriety. Yet we do not quite understand the mood of the Vassar young lady. Has some simple BEGAR MAID displaced her ladyship in the affections of her "simple King Cophetua"? Alas! your ladyship, this is a world of vicissitudes. Patience is needful even to the high and mighty. Still peruse your fashion-plates, and mingle with the litany comments upon your

Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, JANUARY 26, 1876.

No. 13.

THE LOVERS.

"I come from golden fountains,
Beyond yon sky of blue;
The icy arms of yon mountains
I laughingly slipped through.

"And down through the clouds I darted,—
Clouds full of storm and rain;
Thus far have I come broken-hearted,
Sweet Rain-Drop, to love you again."

The Rain-Drop blushed, and sadly
Replied in words too true:
"The Wind is my father, and badly
Endures these addresses from you.

"And ah! if be found us together,
He would slay me thee before;
And then, fair Sir, you could never
Come to woo me any more.

"Alas! I would that his grievance—
But hark, Sky is rolling his drums,
And the Trees are all making obeisance—
The Wind, my father, comes!"

But true hearts nothing can sever,
Wherever true hearts may be;
The Sunbeam and Rain-Drop together
Leaped downward into the Sea.

OMICRON.

REV. GEORGE ELIAS HIB ADAMS, D.D.

The announcement of his death must have awakened more than common interest in a large number of the Alumni. Very rarely has a college community been favored with the influence of a ministry so long, constant, and well esteemed. From December, 1829, to the midsummer of 1870, a large proportion of the forty classes who graduated from the College constituted an important and most interesting part of the congregation to which he preached. His attractive person, his bearing as a gentleman, his liberal culture and

fine taste, his generous interest in whatever affected the welfare and good name of the College, his gentle courtesy and uniform friendliness of disposition, and especially his eminently devout spirit, and his known standing among the clergy of the State, conspired to give him access to the confidence and respect of all. Several in successive classes have been numbered among the fruits of his ministry. He is probably associated with the peculiarly vivid recollections of college life in the memories of two-thirds, at least, of the whole number of graduates of the College.

He was one to be remembered. His voice of melody, his sententious, pointed, and now and then on fitting occasions what might be regarded as humorous, utterances, linger in the memories of his hearers. He had a way of "putting things" which had the effect even of wit, always refined and delicate, never discordant with his ministerial office. His emphatic way of presenting truth, as also the appropriateness, fervor, pathos, and variety of his devotional services, and particularly on special occasions, readily occur when we think of him as our pastor. We may refer to one occasion of deep interest to the College, the funeral service over the remains of Prof. Cleaveland, and the prayer offered by Dr. Adams, so peculiarly affecting, and so admirably adapted to the impressive scene. He was never slow to render efficient service on the many such occasions which test the power of a minister in a pastorate so long and so prominent, and never failed to meet them acceptably and impressively.

Born in Worthington, Mass., Oct. 27th, 1801, his childhood and youth spent in Bucks-

port, then Buckstown, whither his father removed in 1803, and afterwards in Bangor; consecrated from his birth to the ministry of the Gospel, at the age of thirteen entering by public profession upon a Christian life. He graduated from Yale in 1821, and from the Theological Seminary, Andover, in 1826. From the chair of Sacred Literature, Theological Seminary, Bangor, in 1829, he was called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Brunswick. In 1870, apprehending the near approach of such infirmity as age brings with it, and feeling the pressure of a large and important parochial change, he sought relief; and, against the united remonstrances and amidst the regrets and tears of his people, removed to Orange, N. J., where with renewed vigor he undertook, as a supply, the charge of a new Congregational church and society. The experiment, somewhat hazardous for one verging on three-score and ten, proved eminently successful, as shown by the prosperity of the new enterprise and the strong hold he secured on the respect, confidence, and warm regard of his new people, and of that community. His pastoral relation, however, to his Brunswick people was never dissolved except by his own death. He died at the age of seventy-four years and two months.

In the summer of 1874, while on a visit at Bangor, he was seized suddenly in a neighboring town, whither he had gone to supply the pulpit of a relative, with what seemed a fatal illness. His Brunswick church, hearing that he was apparently drawing near death, communicated to his friends the request that, in the event of his decease, his remains should be brought and interred in the cemetery where rest those of members of his own family, and of a generation of his former people. In accordance with this request and his own expressed wishes, his remains were brought from Orange; a funeral service was held in the church where he had so long preached,

December 30th. Suitable measures had been adopted in token of respect and love. The church was appropriately draped, and the business of the village suspended during the hours of service. The body of the church was filled with a sympathizing congregation gathered from all the religious societies, and from all parts of the town, and from other towns. Portions of Scripture were read by Rev. Dr. Wheeler of Topsham; addresses made by Rev. Mr. Byington, who succeeds Dr. Adams in the ministry, by Rev. Dr. Fiske of Bath, and by Prof. A. S. Packard. Prayers were offered by Messrs. Byington and Packard. Appropriate pieces of music were performed by the church choir; and the remains of the pastor of forty-six years were tenderly borne to burial amid the graves of his household and people, to sleep until the morning of the Resurrection.

Pac.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A PURPOSE IN LIFE.

To those who are just starting out upon the voyage of life, the advantage of having a fixed purpose by which to be guided can scarcely be over-estimated. Life may be compared to a vast ocean, whose surface at times appears calm and tranquil. Its waters sparkle brightly in the sunlight, its waves gently rise and break upon the shore, and nothing interferes to disturb the peaceful serenity which rests upon it. But presently a change comes on. Dark storm-clouds gather in the sky, and cast their gloomy shadows around like so many grim fore-runners of the approaching tempest. The surface, swept by the raging winds, becomes rough and boisterous, and what was before only the gentle breaking of the waves upon the shore becomes the wild crashing and roaring of an angry surf.

Was any mariner so ignorant of the nature of the mighty deep, or so regardless of his

own safety, as to embark without compass or rudder by which to guide his frail ship? If so, he now becomes aware of his folly. Nothing can save him from the sure and terrible fate which awaits him. His frail bark is driven hither and thither at the mercy of the raging winds, and at length dashed to pieces upon the rocks, a total wreck.

But the mariner who wisely provided his ship with compass and rudder, sees his advantage when the storm arises. His ship, now completely under his control, bids defiance to the tempest, outrides the swollen waves, and reaches her harbor in safety. Just so it is in life; a fixed purpose is the rudder which guides men through the storms of adversity, as well as the calms of prosperity, safe to the destined haven of success.

Let us consider for a moment some of the special advantages to be gained from having a fixed purpose in life. In the first place, it enables a man to develop all his powers, and use them in the best manner; in a word, to make the most of himself as a man.

Those people who wander along aimlessly through life, resorting now to this, now to that occupation, and succeeding in nothing, simply on account of their lack of application, are not the ones who make life a success. Their very fickleness overshadows what good qualities they may chance to possess, and it is an undeniable fact that the world would be better off without them.

Not so with the man who in early life fixes upon some honorable occupation, in which he intends to serve the best interests of his fellow men. Actuated by such a motive, he is prepared to grapple with all the obstacles which may arise. All his energies are concentrated upon gaining his object, and success is as sure to follow from such a course as failure from its opposite. Such a man becomes one of earth's benefactors, and is sure to find his reward in his own conscience, as well as in the approval of others.

Again, a fixed purpose serves as a shield to protect one from the temptations of life. Events are constantly transpiring which tend to draw us from the path of rectitude. Many a young man enters college with bright prospects opening upon him for the future; but the temptations which are there thrown around him prove too strong for him. He yields, and oftentimes all his hopes for the future are ruined.

A young man is starting in business. His habits are sound and his aspirations noble. But in the course of his dealings, he is thrown into contact with men whose principles are not so good as his own. Little by little he is persuaded to yield to the enticements of the unscrupulous, and is led to adopt their principles and habits.

These examples are not mere products of the imagination, nor are they isolated cases. They occur right about us in every-day life, and very blind must we be if we do not see them.

Now we contend that if a young man has some great and worthy motive constantly in his mind, and regulates all his principles and actions in accordance with that motive, the chances of his yielding to temptation will be greatly diminished. His thoughts will be constantly directed towards that purpose, until, like some magic charm, it will gain possession of his whole soul, and naught can release him from its influence.

Such are some of the advantages resulting from a fixed purpose in life. Happy is the man who has such a purpose by which to be guided, for in this manner will he best secure the great end of life.

Prof. (to his class)—"Where does the expression occur for joy of one found? I think it is in the place where it speaks of the ninety-nine sheep that were lost and the one that was stolen!"

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have sent notices, at least once, to nearly every subscriber among the Alumni; and to most who did not heed the first notice, we have sent a second one. Yet there are a large number who have not forwarded their subscription. We wish you would pay attention to this matter and not delay longer. If there are any among the Alumni who do not wish to longer continue their subscription, we wish, at least, they would now square up and give such notice. It really seems to us very negligent to delay sending the small sum of two dollars after repeated notices have called your attention to the fact of your indebtedness. We hope this will be the last time we

shall be obliged to call your attention to the matter.

The second annual oratorical contest of the Inter-collegiate Literary Association occurred on the evening of Jan. 4th, at the Academy of Music; eleven colleges being represented.

The first prize was awarded to Elliott of Hamilton, the second to Tompkins of Cornell. The prize for best essay on Dickens and Thackeray Compared, was given to Heath of Cornell. Prize for essay on Universal Suffrage was divided between Spencer of New York and Lawrence of Northwestern University. The first and second prizes for Mathematics were awarded to Palmer of Cornell and Halstead of Princeton, respectively. The first prize in Greek was given to Miss Thomas of Cornell; the second to Veghte of Rutgers.

The college press are divided in opinion as to the success of the Inter-collegiate Literary Association—speaking of it variously as a second-rate baby show; a worthy but puerile effort; and a magnificent success.

Jan. 5th, New York had the honor of witnessing the adjourned meeting of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association. Delegates were present from Amherst, Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Princeton, Trinity, Union, Wesleyan, Williams, Yale, and College of City of New York. It was decided to have the following contests: 1st, One-hundred yards dash; 2d, One-quarter-mile run; 3d, One-half-mile run; 4th, One-mile run; 5th, Three-mile run; 6th, One-hundred-and-twenty-yards hurdle race (ten hurdles); 7th, One-mile walk; 8th, Three-mile walk; 9th, Running high jump; 10th, Running long jump; 11th, Putting the shot; 12th, Three-legged race. For Graduates—13th, One-mile run; 14th, One-mile walk. Saratoga was chosen as the place for the con-

tests, and the day following the University Race was appointed as the time for them to be held. David M. Stone, of the New York Athletic Association, was selected as referee.

"So much has been said, and, on the whole, so well said —,"—"My Double," E. E. HALE.

Being fully convinced of our inability to do anything like justice to the inter-collegiate embroil, we are obliged to use our scissors, hoping that our readers will be able to evolve something from this chaotic *olla podrida*.—ED. ORIENT.

To-day the annual convention of the College Rowing Association meets at Springfield. . . . We await with considerable interest the result of the meeting, since it is hinted that at least two important changes are to be proposed by the regatta committee, viz.: that the races be rowed in heats, and that the crews carry coxswains. It will be remembered that several weeks ago we suggested the first of these changes and . . . urged the consideration of the plan. . . . In order to insure justice and satisfaction to all concerned, it seems absolutely necessary that this mode of racing should be adopted.—*Yale Record*, Dec. 1, 1875.

The annual convention of the Rowing Association of American Colleges was held last Wednesday at Springfield; and its work, although not to Harvard's disadvantage, will be likely to deepen the conviction already existing in the minds of many, that the time has come for Harvard to withdraw from the Association. The chief characteristic of the convention's doings is weakness.—*Harvard Advocate*, Dec. 3, 1875.

Some confusion was caused by the President's ignorance of parliamentary usage, and by the efforts of a Dartmouth delegate to impress the convention with a sense of the importance of his college.—*Yale Courant*, Dec. 4.

Most of the time was consumed in simultaneous attempts to grind small axes so numerous and dull that the process will have to be continued at another congress. . . . Only one sentiment seemed to be at all common, and that was an unreasonable distrust of the motives of Yale and Harvard. The current opinion seemed to be that these institutions had entered into a most subtle and most foul conspiracy, and that they only awaited a favorable opportunity to sprung their mine and engulf the

"smaller colleges" in general ruin. . . . The time has arrived when Yale should consider seriously whether, after all, she would lose much by withdrawing from the Association. . . . Yale entered the Association predicting that it would outgrow its usefulness and become unwieldy, but at the same time considering that to row with Harvard was an end outweighing all objections then existing. But the objectionable features have multiplied and increased to such prominence that it is now necessary to decide whether the tables are not turned, and the desideratum for which we entered become too expensive.—*Record*, Dec. 8.

In the first number of this volume of the *Crimson* we expressed the opinion that Harvard could not honorably withdraw from the Rowing Association of American Colleges. We still think that at the time we had no cause to justify our leaving the Association, but the action of the convention which met at Springfield last week leaves us to choose now between two disagreeable alternatives. We must either submit to seeing questions of the greatest importance in regard to inter-collegiate rowing decided according to the expense they involve, rather than the advantages or disadvantages they would cause; we must suffer the minority of the college world to drag the majority along by the nose; we must subscribe to measures which common sense tells us are absurd; or we must leave the Association. The question is now, Which of these evils is the less?—*Crimson*, Dec. 10.

I wish . . . to consider . . . whether it is really true that Harvard has abundant reason for taking up her connection with the Association. . . . To be sure she can withdraw and row against two or three of the larger colleges; . . . but, inasmuch as neither Harvard nor any one of these larger colleges who would form the new association won at Saratoga last summer, they must, in leaving the Rowing Association of American Colleges, likewise leave the championship behind them, and any association they may form now will hold a second place in American amateur rowing. . . . It may be very unfair that Harvard should be called upon to consider the needs of smaller colleges whom she has condescended to admit to the Association, and who have been ungrateful enough to beat her; but what is to be done about it? . . . If the Association remains as it is for this year, or until one of the colleges that wish to withdraw (not necessarily Harvard) wins, then the new association will hold the championship. It may be said that Har-

vard and Yale do not care for the championship of American colleges in rowing, as they have the prestige, and the Association will not be of any account without them; yet it will not be so. If Cornell can produce the best crew, which will make the best time, she will hold the first place in boating, and the other colleges will have to take a back seat in popular estimation.—*Advocate*, Dec. 17.

Before we issue another number, the Rowing Association will hold a meeting in New York. We can only ask them to be just. We earnestly beseech the little colleges not to be so hard on Harvard and Yale. Really, our friends, we do wish you well. We do not want to injure your interests at all. If we stay in the Association please be kind to us, pity our faults, and allow us a little corner in which to do as we like in our humble sphere. If you don't, we don't propose to put ourselves to very much inconvenience to stay where we do not particularly enjoy ourselves.—*Courant*, Dec. 18.

Last night a meeting was held to discuss the question whether Harvard should withdraw from the Rowing Association. . . . Mr. Fenn, '64, Mr. Ames, '66, and Mr. Roberts, '71, . . . [were] appointed a committee to confer with the Executive Committee, to decide whether delegates should be sent to represent Harvard at the convention that meets in New York, January 4, or whether an announcement should be sent that Harvard has withdrawn.—*Crimson*, Dec. 24.

Well, Yale has gone and Harvard is likely to go. The criticisms we have seen are all very foolish. [!] . . . Nevertheless, we do not at all like the sentiments expressed by Mr. Cook to a New York reporter.—*Dartmouth*, Dec. 30.

"Yale's letter, read by the Secretary of the Association, was as follows:—

"NEW HAVEN, Dec. 27, 1875.

To the Secretary of the Rowing Association of American Colleges:—

SIR: At a meeting of the Yale University Boat Club, held Dec. 21, it was voted that the Club withdraw from the Rowing Association of American Colleges. You will please inform the Association of this action at the coming New-York Convention, as Yale will be unrepresented. In behalf of the Club, very respectfully yours,

ELMER P. HOWE, President."

The convention of the R. A. A. C. was called to order by the President, in a room in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the fourth of the present month. After the roll-call, the Secretary (Caldwell of Hamilton) stated that the only minutes in his possession

were some he had prepared at the request of a "friend." These he produced and read. As his production was well salted with witticisms, conceived in a manner that he no doubt believed to be Attic, but which people having a regard for the proprieties of the time and place may be pardoned for thinking foolish, his performance gave the convention an air of burlesque at its very beginning.—*Advocate*, Jan. 10.

They [the minutes] were an insult to the Association, and the gentleman should have been immediately removed from office. The Treasurer's report was then presented and adopted. . . . The regatta committee then reported. Mr. Rees, of Columbia, read the majority report, strongly urging Saratoga for the next regatta. He also read letters from Trinity College, Dublin, and Cambridge University, England, the former declining the challenge to row with us next summer, and the latter not being yet able to reply definitely. Mr. McCall, of Dartmouth, then read the minority report, which was a strong plea for New London.—*Am. Student*, Jan. 15.

The convention after some debate chose Saratoga, Harvard voting with the majority in the affirmative as a matter of courtesy.—*Advocate*.

It was then voted that the regatta be the same as in 1875, an attempt to have it a four mile race having failed. The positions of the various crews were then drawn by lot, No. 1 being immediately next the grand stand. They are as follows: 1, Harvard; 2, Brown; 3, Trinity; 4, Williams; 5, Wesleyan; 6, Cornell; 7, Columbia; 8, Bowdoin; 9, Amherst; 10, Princeton; 11, Hamilton; 12, Dartmouth; 13, Union. A letter was then read from Yale, stating that she had voted to withdraw from the Association. Her resignation was accepted. It was then voted that instead of each college being represented by a judge as heretofore, only five judges be appointed, and that they be graduates of at least two years' standing. . . . The following were elected judges: E. M. Hartwell, Amherst, '73; Robert C. Cornell, Columbia, '74; Rufus Anderson, Cornell, '73; G. F. Roberts, Harvard, '71; and Robert K. Cross, Princeton, '63. . . . A regatta ball committee of five was elected. The committee are E. S. Rapello, Columbia, '74; Hamilton White, Cornell, '76; E. G. Love, Hamilton, '72; Charles Isham, Harvard, '76; and William Questor, Union, '76.—*Student*.

The feature of this [the afternoon] session was decidedly a debate inaugurated by the motion of

the delegate from Princeton, who moved that the choice of the members of crews be limited to undergraduates studying for the degrees of B. A. or B. S. This proposal acted like an explosion of dynamite in the camps of Columbia and Cornell. Their delegates quickly "rose to explain"; Captain Goodwin, of Columbia, stating that four of his present crew were from the "School of Mines," that if this motion was carried he should resign his captaincy, and that he had no doubt his college would withdraw. Captain Ostrom, of Cornell, remarked with feeling that the carrying of such a motion would leave him with one man on his crew, and reminded the convention that, in the days when Columbia and Cornell were not winning races, no exception was taken to the composition of their crews, and inquired if the Association "if it was afraid of his crew, did not say so!" . . . When the motion was put it was decided in the negative.

. . . The question of prizes was again taken up at this point, and it was voted that only those offered by the Association should be accepted. The regatta committee, however, were to furnish a "small memento" to the members of the winning crews. They were also instructed to take entire charge of the regatta of 1876. The races are to be started at 10 A.M. on the third Wednesday of next July; the sculls and Freshmen taking the precedence. Finally, the convention adjourned to meet again at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the 2d of December, 1876.—*Advocate*.

Although Yale has withdrawn from the Rowing Association, she will not disband as a University. The minor exercises and functions will go on as usual.—*Buffalo Express*.

It is rumored that Dr. Noah Porter, of Yale College, thinks of attending the Beecher-Moulton Church Council, but it is not yet known whether Captain Cook will grant permission. The matter is under consideration.—*Providence Press*.

The papers of Harvard and Yale have presented a great contrast in their manner of treating the withdrawal of their respective colleges from the Association, for while the *Advocate* and the *Crimson* have discussed the question in an open, manly fashion, clearly disclosing to the reader the general sentiment of the college, the *Record* and the *Courant* have contained no editorials on the subject, no discussions as to its advisability, and in fact have acted as though they wished to keep the matter secret. For all we know to the contrary, this may have been their intention, but their silence looks very much as

though they were ashamed to have their intended action known until it was irrevocably decided.—*Acta Columbiana*.

Yale had a perfect right to withdraw, but she took a bad time to do it in. For the last two years she has been thoroughly wiped out at the Inter-collegiate Regattas. In the meetings of the Association the voice of her representatives has had no more weight than that of smaller colleges. Strange to say, the will of the majority has prevailed, and Yale has not been in the majority. Whether her views be the best or not, she has failed to get them adopted. She couldn't have her own way. She wanted it, and so she withdrew. This is all perfectly natural, and no one has the slightest reason to complain of the act itself. But it does seem slightly amusing when Yale attempts to disparage the Association and the present system of regattas.—*College Argus*.

LOCAL.

“Your bill is ready.”

“White to mate in one move.”

Field's store on the corner has been closed.

The fly-door in the South end of M. H. is a grand success.

“The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year.”

“Will you take a glass of water?” “No, thanks. Have sworn off.”

We understand that *The Bugle* is as much of a success financially as otherwise.

“Have a cigarette, won't you?” “No, I thank you, I don't believe in 'caporal' punishment.”

How about Dancing School? We learn that it is not possible to obtain names enough to ensure the payment of the bills.

The correct thing to do now is to lock your door, “sport the oak,” post six hours for study, and read fifty pages of history a day.

Chess is quoted above par this term. Whist just about holds its own. Poker has

no stock in the market, and Sancho Pedro has dropped entirely out of sight.

Capt. Caziare has the Senior Class in Constitutional Law this term, and is to have them in International Law during the Summer term.

The Sophomores have already begun to see the beauties of Analytics. Learn your lessons and perhaps you won't get conditioned.

The occupants of the South End of M. H. have the best end-woman in College, but they do not dare to go into the North End of W. H. after dark.

The Seniors are to have debates every Wednesday afternoon throughout the present term. The subjects will be taken from the Political Economy which they studied during the Fall term.

The Seniors are to have their class pictures taken by Warren of Boston, at his studio, 465 Washington St. He has made very liberal terms, and it is expected that he will do very nice work.

The Juniors are puffing at blow-pipes and daubing their hands with chemicals this term. Most of them are rabid in the pursuit of knowledge, and will doubtless come out as wise as their predecessors.

We would venture the suggestion that it would work well if, in the Senior debates, the class managed the affair completely; elected a president and other necessary officers, and proceeded according to Cushing's Manual.

Why can we not have lamps along the paths of our campus? They are much needed and the expense would be very slight if this new oil were to be used—about three cents per night. It has been very successfully used in some cities in this State.

Although gymnasium is not compulsory this term, the building is by no means deserted. About forty have signed a paper agreeing to take proper care of the apparatus,

and every afternoon between four and six the gymnasium is opened for their benefit.

The following subjects have been given out for Senior essays, due Feb. 1st: "Is Faith Opposed to Reason?" "Origin of the English Parliament;" "Masques of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, with a Review of Milton's *Comus*;" "Is Our Present System of National Banks, a Good System?" "Should the State Undertake the Support and Control of Colleges?" Original declamations are due from the Junior Class, Jan. 27th. They have the privilege of selecting their own subjects. The subjects for Sophomore Themes, due Feb. 28th, are: "What Was the Distinction between Puritans and Pilgrims?" "The Constitution of Clisthenes;" a Summary or Review of the "Ars Poetica"; "Does College Promote Independence of Character?"

There was a meeting of the Bowdoin Navy in the Senior Recitation Room, Saturday A.M., Jan. 14th. Com. Stevens called the meeting to order. Report of Secretary Sherman was read and accepted. Report of Mr. Burleigh, delegate to the last Convention of the American Boating Association, was received, and Committee discharged. Mr. Sargent then asked whether any action had been taken relative to sending a crew to Saratoga. As no definite action had been taken, Mr. Wright moved "That a crew be sent to Saratoga the coming regatta." The motion was seconded. Mr. Sargent then obtained the floor and argued, at some length, against the desirability of sending a crew. He thought we did not have the muscle, at present, to put into a boat and win the race. He then offered an amendment to the motion to insert the word *not* before *send*. Mr. Payson followed in a few remarks, and strongly favored sending a crew. He thought a better crew could be raised this year than ever before. Mr. Burleigh argued in the same strain, and it was finally voted to send a crew.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'41.—Hon. F. Robie has been chosen Speaker of the State House of Representatives. Mr. Robie is one of the nine graduates of Bowdoin who have held that position; the others are Geo. Evans '15, Speaker in 1829; Jona. Cilley '25, in 1835-6; J. S. Little '25, in 1841, 1856; Jno. C. Talbot '39, in 1853; Chas. A. Spofford '46, in 1857; F. A. Pike '39, in 1860; Edwin B. Smith '56, in 1871; and W. W. Thomas '60, in 1874-5.

'58.—Hon. J. P. Cilley has been chosen Adjutant General of the State.

'61.—Hon. L. A. Emery has been chosen Attorney General.

'61.—Gen. Thos. W. Hyde is President of the State Senate. The following graduates of Bowdoin have in the past held that position: R. P. Dunlap '15, in 1827-8, 1831-2; Jos. Pierce '18, in 1835-6; R. H. Vose '22, in 1841; S. H. Blake '27, in 1842; S. H. Chase '32, in 1846; Jno. Hodgdon '27, in 1847; C. W. Goddard '44, in 1859; Jno. H. Goodenow '52, in 1861; W. W. Virgin '44, in 1866; Jos. Crosby '35, in 1868.

'64.—Rev. H. W. Grover, lately of Bethel, has accepted an invitation to preach for a year in Topsham.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'74.—The *Journal of Education* says that Mr. Chas. E. Smith has decided to remain in the State, instead of going to Iowa as formerly reported.

'75.—M. A. Floyd is reading law in the office of Strout & Gage, Portland.

The annual meeting of the Bowdoin Alumni of Portland and vicinity, was held at the Falmouth Hotel on the 7th inst. The President of the Association, Jno. Rand, Esq., presided, and Gen. C. P. Mattocks delivered the oration. The following are the officers

chosen for the ensuing year: President, C. W. Goddard; Vice Presidents—Bion Bradbury, Geo. F. Talbot, S. J. Anderson, G. E. B. Jackson, J. M. Brown; Recording Secretary, Fred H. Gerrish; Treasurer, Thos. M. Giveen; Executive Committee—Wm. E. Donnell, Ed. P. Payson, Wm. H. Moulton; Orator, H. H. Hunt.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We acknowledge with pleasure the address of D. A. Hawkins, Esq., before Syracuse University; at Commencement last June. The subject, The History, Character, and Destiny of the Anglo-Saxon Race, is as ably as it is elegantly handled.

The vacation brought us, among other good things, *Vick's Florid Guide* for 1876; and it came as an old friend, for its face is familiar to us. Partly from experience, and partly from the verdict of friends whose opinions on the subject we highly respect, we have the utmost confidence in Vick's seeds, and are pleased that our possession of the editorial pen gives us an opportunity of saying so. Students wishing flowers for their rooms for the summer term, should send to Vick's for seeds or cuttings.

The *Tufts Collegian* has a very creditable translation of Uhland's "Minstrel's Curse." By choosing a poem so often rendered, however, the translator exposes his work to comparison with previous efforts, and noticeably, perhaps, with the graceful version of Filmore, beginning—

"In olden time a castle stood,
All high and stern to view."

"W. F. S." of the *Dickinsonian*, not only provokes criticism, but seems to challenge it in the use of "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," as the title of his rhymes. It is doubtful, however, if a critic can be found to waste many words on the trash.

The *Volante* is somewhat erratic in its coming, but when it does put in an appearance it is "a power and a terror." Here is a single line from the last number: "Chicago can boast of the *oldest* river in the world." Could mortal editors be expected to keep that thing up regularly?

The *College Journal* for January is chiefly taken up with descriptions of the holidays, and sundry felicitations thereon.

The *Rockford Seminary Magazine* has an article entitled, "Is John Smarter than I?" which for wit and wisdom deserves a wider circulation than it can easily attain in a college periodical.

Whether the (Woodstock) *Tyro* is a magazine having for its ultimate object the conversion of the world, is a question concerning which doubt must exist, it is to be supposed, until we are made acquainted with the inner workings of the "Adelphian Literary Society." It is strange that the talented authoress of "Nuisances," in the December issue, forgot to enumerate the magazine itself.

The *Brunonian* is a paper for which we always have felt a weakness; not indeed from anything which it contains, but it affords such a fine chance for readable articles, if the editors would but write them!

The *Pritchett Institute* runs largely to prize essays and clippings; the editor's scissors must be more actively employed than his pen, and his paste-brush than his brain.

We are obliged to the *Uni. Record* (Sewanee, Tenn.) for its praise, yet cannot but feel that better spelling and more regard for common grammatical prejudices would be a decided improvement. We do not object particularly to being called the "*B-o-u-doin Orient*," but to be told that our "affable criticisms" "is decidedly the most interesting feature of the periodical," is rather a dubious compliment.

The *Yale Courant*, under its present management, is scarcely more refined than the *Record*.

The exchanges are most of them full of the various Inter-collegiates, a disease which is fast becoming chronic; but none more overflowing than the *Lafayette College Journal*. Not that Lafayette had the honor and happiness to obtain any of the Inter-collegiate, etc., prizes; but *Lafayette was there*, and enjoyed everything with the *naïveté* of "a child of five years."

The *Cornell Era* has a sonnet by "H. T., '80." Truly at Cornell, "the great Cornell," as the *Record* hath it, they advance with wonderful rapidity. "And the children shall die an hundred years old."

From the wilds of Hanover cometh the *T. D.*, a new journal, "devoted to the interests of smokers." With such an extensive aim—for the "interests of smokers" must be varied and wide—the *T. D.* certainly cannot be said to lack an object. The first issue is devoted almost exclusively to articles, con-

tributed and selected—principally the latter, setting forth the delights of the charming vice. The paper is to continue "so long as it is appreciated, and . . . backed"! In theory this is all very well, but in practice we fear—but we will not anticipate.

Prof.—"Mr. Smith, what is the German for clear?" Smith—"Oh! *hell* professor—" Prof.—"Leave the room instantly, sir!"—*Institute.*

Scene—Ithaca parlor. Charming Sub-Fresh. to enamored Soph.—"Now, do sing 'Lagerbeer Horateus' once more, won't you." Soph. grinds out the noble air of "Lauriger" with ill-concealed disgust.—*Era.*

Old Lady (who sleeps badly)—"Now, Mary, if I should want to light my candle, are the matches there?" Mary—"Yes, ma'am, there's wan." Old Lady—"One! What if it misses fire or won't light?" Mary—"Oh, niver a fear ma'am. *Shure I tried it.*"—*Chronicle.*

A washerwoman knocks at the door of one of the rooms in South. A well-known '75 man is quietly keeping a chair down, and the following dialogue takes place: Female—"Do you want any washing done?" '75, with dignity—"I am a tutor, madam." Female—"O! of coarse then you won't have any done."—*Record.*

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Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 9, 1876.

No. 14.

A LETTER NEVER SENT HOME.

TUNE—*Derby Ram.*

Dear Dad, you brought me up to be
“A happy Christian child;”
But things I learned at College have
My innocence beguiled,
 My innocence beguiled, sir!
 My innocence beguiled,
And since I’ve faced the world I’ve been,
 Perhaps, a trifle wild.

I wonder if you once were so,
If, in your younger days,
Your songs were all revival songs,
 Commingling prayer and praise,
 Commingling prayer and praise, sir,
 Commingling prayer and praise,
Or if you too have stepped aside,
 Despising wisdom’s ways.

I wonder if like me you’ve sang
To aleoholic cheer;
And mentioned—when the rafters rang—
With something like a leer,
 With something like a leer, sir,
 With something like a leer,
That you were but a “Rambling Rake,”
 Your Dad a “Gambolier.”

Well, Dad, the years of steady work
Are sobering your son;
He, too, will tread the narrow path,
E’er half his race is run,
 E’er half his race is run, sir,
 E’er half his race is run,
He had to sow an oat or two,
 You know, old man, ‘twas fun.

And now, my father, who can tell,
But in that happier sphere,
Where first is last and last is first,
 And everything is queer,
 And everything is queer, sir,
 And everything is queer,
They’ll take you for the “Rambling Rake”
 And me for the “Gambolier.”

GAMBOLIER, JR.

HISTORICAL READING.

We have sometimes thought that in College there was really little disposition to pursue historical study, outside of the absolute requirements of the course. It is a common occurrence to hear somebody remark on the course of general reading in which they are already engaged, or which they are about to undertake, naming standard novelists, poets, and perhaps essayists; but seldom including historians to any great extent. Moreover, there is the common practice of terming history “dry”; very often we hear the “dry facts of history” mentioned. If these instances did not occur so frequently, it would be natural to suppose that either the historical reading of these persons is very limited, or that they are of an exceedingly dull temperament. If it were really so dry, we could not expect that it would have been adopted so early. The narrations of the story-teller of the olden time, concerning the achievements of his tribe or nation, could not have been uninteresting; nor could the lays of the wandering minstrel, who was warmly welcomed in many a lordly castle. These tales were always intermingled with popular beliefs or colored by the narrator’s art. Such are, indeed, now rejected as unreliable, but History is not deprived of its attractions. The critical spirit in which it is now written transfers the fabulous tales of Livy into the domain of popular fiction; it is no longer filled with extravagant laudations: it does not suffer distance to throw enchantment upon the object; but it strives to consider men as surrounded by the influences of their times, and to try their actions by the test of the experience of the present day. Royalty is no longer unap-

proachable, and to it History does not kneel. It considers now the affairs of the common people, which, when it wore "the mask and the cothurnus and spoke to measure," were passed by as beneath notice.

Some knowledge of history is needed to understand the allusions found in every-day reading. While we appreciate with pleasure mention of the poets or novelists, the allusions to history appeal to us with a force which springs from their reality. None are more common, none are more useful, none are more forcible than allusions drawn from history. It is a great store-house of human experience, from which may be obtained, at will, examples to give grace to an argument, pith to repartee, or elegance to our sentences. Mention of current events is made by nearly every writer, either in regard to persons or theories, and but little satisfaction is obtained if they are not understood. Instead of supplying the deficiency, notes in many cases only serve to aggravate, deluding with the hope of obtaining some aid, yet condensing to bare statistics. But aside from all allusions, no proper appreciation can be obtained of the best authors—those for whom history is often neglected—unless we can realize the position in which they were placed, know something of those for whom they wrote, and the society around them. Does it not give increased delight in the writings of Pope, if we call to mind the galaxy of brilliant lights who then lived and wrote? of the jealousies and criticism of which he was the mark, and for which he took vengeance in the *Dunciad*? if we associate with him the political events of the day, and the strifes of the politicians who called to their aid their literary contemporaries? The intimate relation, also, of many authors to the events of their day lends a new charm to their writings; often such connection is but merely hinted at by themselves—sometimes not even a hint is given—but there is no case in which it does not awaken a livelier

interest to know more of an author's part than we can learn from the writings alone. Certainly every reader of *Paradise Lost* would wish to know something of Milton's political existence, from which he retired, poor and blind, to compose his immortal work. The services of Sir Philip Sidney in the Netherlands, and his death at Zutphen, give a greater renown to the author of *Arcadia* and that generous patron of letters.

No little value should be placed upon the benefit to the manner of expression derived from an acquaintance with historical writers. A command of language and elegance in using it, are of such great importance that no means for their acquisition ought to be neglected. To aid in our endeavors we go back to the time of the ancients, and read the Greek and Latin orators, historians, and poets—such as were masters of their language; but the historians, available, are not alone Greek or Latin. Among English historians are found writers, the peers of Greek or Latin. Macaulay, Carlyle, and Gibbon are authors of works famous for the brilliancy, vividness, and grandeur of their style.

In any course of practical education, so often demanded, History should hold an important place. It is almost too evident to need mention that the study of the principles of governments, to which an increasing attention is given, cannot be pursued without it. In turning naturally to the history of his own country, an American is somewhat favored, since it, closely allied with English history, possesses an uninterrupted connection. The American Revolution was not, like the French, a complete overturning of existing institutions; it pushed aside the barrier which stood in the way of a progressing development of American ideas. In this respect the American student certainly stands on an equal footing with the English, for whom a like advantage has been claimed; and they may feel a common interest in

tracing the idea of local self-government to Saxon origin.

Then in the study of Political Economy, no language can over-estimate the value of historical knowledge. The depopulation of districts, or the decline of industry, in consequence of governmental policy, cannot be illustrated except from the past events of nations; the sudden industrial growth of different communities, which have become matters of history, present most interesting subjects to the economist. If any lessons may be derived from the "dry facts of history," economic science will certainly possess its share.

Under the critical views of many modern writers, history is no longer a mere mass of facts. By their labors it has been developed into a philosophy, possessing order and governed by fixed principles, and is thus available for instruction. The theories on the subject are many and widely different, yet all agree in that historical events are the results of causes acting upon fixed rules. Vico was the first to put forth a theory on the subject; but that, like the theories of the ancient astrologers, has been passed by as wild and fanciful. The views of each are colored by their philosophical beliefs; Christian historians would construct a Philosophy of History, recognizing a Providence guiding in the matters of human progress.

A knowledge of history, however, possesses a nobler value—a moral one; the cultivating of right feelings and true sympathies. It presents, for the guidance of the reader, characters equal—and perhaps superior, in that they are real—to any creations of the poet or novelist. Such an influence history certainly exerts upon him who will give sufficient attention to it. But a satisfactory knowledge of history is only the result of long-continued reading; it cannot be acquired in a few months, except as a mere table of dates and events. In College, the amount of reading

must necessarily be limited; yet a taste may be created for studying historical scenes, which will make history the pastime and yet study of future leisure, that the wisdom may be derived from it which, according to Bacon, histories bestow.

We have lately heard of a project on foot which strikes us as quite a novelty. That is, to organize a company of Bowdoin Cadets, and drill in preparation for going to the Centennial. They would go at the government's or somebody's else expense, and would, of course, camp out, do guard duty, etc., while there. Although a great many would not feel transported with joy over the success of the plan, still there may be enough military enthusiasm in college to carry it through, and make it a popular affair. It will be a cheap way to see the Centennial, provided they do not have to buy a thirty-dollar uniform.

SENIOR ESSAY—DUE MARCH 8TH.

1. The Intellectual Influence of Atheism.
2. The Policy of "Thorough" in English History and its Author.
3. Have we Innate Knowledge?"
4. The Lake School of Poetry.
5. The Limit of State Rights under the Constitution.

JUNIOR THEME—DUE MARCH 1ST.

1. Does a Man's Creed Determine his Character?
2. Ptolemaic Theory of Astronomy.
3. Why is the Condition of Turkey so Important an Element in European Politics?
4. A Comparison of the Satires of Juvenal and Horace.

SOPHOMORE THEME—DUE MARCH 4TH.

1. What is a Successful Life?
2. A Comparison of Tiberius and Caius Graeculus.
3. The Manufacture of Paper.
4. The Influence of College Habits upon Subsequent Life.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

PUBLISHED EVERY ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, AT

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,
BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Independent Course of Lectures in aid of Memorial Hall, given by the Faculty, began Thursday evening last, with a very instructive and interesting "talk" by Prof. G. L. Vose. His subject was: "Our Iron Roads." He pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of grades; very elaborately and explicitly explained all the general features of bridge building, and the strength of material used; gave exceedingly interesting accounts of the trials and tribulations of famous engineers in their undertakings, and treated the subject in a generally satisfactory manner. The next lecture will be given Thursday, Feb. 10th, by Prof. J. B. Sewall. Subject:

"Legends of Ancient Greece and Modern America."

The selection of the Boating question as the subject of the last debate of the Senior Class, indicates the college feeling in regard to boating. That a majority of the speakers were opposed to sending a crew to Saratoga, does not signify, perhaps, since it might have been the accidental result of the arrangement of the disputants. It is sufficiently evident, however, that a large minority, at least, if not a decided majority of all the students, would vote against the sending of a crew.

With the poor prospect of a successful crew organization, the entire lack of enthusiasm, and the decided opposition in some quarters, it seems folly to entertain the idea of going to Saratoga. It is manifest folly to talk of having one hundred and fifty to select from, when the latest reports give four from which to select a crew of six. It has never been the policy of the present Board of Editors to oppose the action of the majority of the students; but the vote of the last boating meeting has much the appearance of a minority action, allowed to pass because the majority had given the matter no particular consideration. Let us, at least, look the chances fairly in the face, and if a crew is to be sent to the Regatta, let it be done by the considerate action of the mass of students.

"Be sure and keep your cash account correctly," the careful father says by way of blessing to the departing Freshman.

"Oh yes, sir!" replies his son, in his inmost heart hoping for the greatest possible amount of cash to the least possible account.

For the first week or two the lad strug-
gles manfully with the terrible blank-book where all his follies in the shape of peanuts, cigars, and soda-water, stare him in the face whenever he opens it. After that there is a manifest tendency to lump all deficiencies

into one grand total as "postage" or "stationery." But at the end of the term there must be a reckoning and a squaring. "Be sure and bring home your cash-book," writes the father; and the young Freshman feels the bitterness of life steal over him as he looks his door and proceeds with his task. A cash account is highly conducive to cynicism. The Freshman thinks of the Apples of Sodom as he engulfs his brains to remember how much he lost that night at "pool," and how much was required for that midnight revel at the depot. He sees with terrible distinctness his father's deliberative way of putting on his spectacles, and going over the account, item by item. The Christmas holidays become a season of bitterness, and the youth feels that his father's good will has been bought at a heavy price. He returns to college to learn again that the account is about as hard to keep as the cash.

During the past three years and a half we have become fully convinced of the advantages of rooming alone in college. There is an enjoyment in being the sole occupant of a room, subject only to one's own sweet will, and not compelled to keep in restraint either words or actions lest they should disturb a room-mate, which is a material part of college life, and which disappears in the presence of a room-mate, be he the most lamb-like Freshman, or grave and dignified Senior puzzling over some abstruse point of Metaphysics.

This has often been remarked upon in our hearing, and will be generally recognized as true. Let not anybody say that this is the result of pure selfishness, and of a dislike to control ourselves for another's comfort. It seems to be rather a natural feeling or reaction from the restraint which everybody is necessarily under in the daily intercourse of fellow students. We meet at meals, at lectures, and at chapel; and, were it not for the little courtesies, the regard for others, which every

body is obliged to cultivate, our life would be unbearable. It is the sense of freedom from all such care and watchfulness of ourselves, which constitutes the enjoyment of rooming alone. The moment one gets inside the door he has only himself to consult in his immediate action; the books may be deposited upon the table with any amount of noise; the overcoat may be spread upon as many chairs as the owner chooses, and he may whistle or hum a tune, regardless of everybody.

But solitude is an important condition of proper reading or study. Think what a slight thing will disturb and draw away your thoughts, for the moment, when easily ensconced in your easy chair before the fire, you are engaged with your favorite author. At such a time, before all others, would you enjoy the most profound silence; but just then in comes your chum and the door may be shut with a slam, or one of a hundred other slight occurrences may happen which will interrupt your reading. Such things are the necessary evils of having a room-mate, and you cannot, even to yourself, find any fault, since there is a consciousness of having occasioned him the same trouble many times before. But suppose somebody knocks at the door; one is obliged to say "come in," since he does not know whether it is a caller upon himself or chum, and thus he finds, when again at leisure, that he must re-read some lines in order to proceed intelligently, losing considerable time and experiencing less real enjoyment. It is much the same if one is engaged in study; perhaps slight occurrences do not so easily disturb study, but certainly when the attention is once drawn off it is less easily concentrated again on the subject; at least such has been our experience.

And, moreover, if any of our readers ever indulge in dreaming, they will bear witness how necessary, in that case, perfect solitude becomes. Perhaps some may turn away with a sneer, at this mere mention of dreams; and

we are aware of thus exposing ourselves, since the term, day-dreamer, carries with it the stigma of worthlessness. Persons of great activity and diligence, say they have no time for such idleness. However that may be, we do not think that it wholly condemns the indulgence, since we fancy that those of the greatest energy, who, perhaps, have attained considerable eminence, at some time allowed themselves to fall into such a reverie, picturing to themselves some lofty ideal; for what is the exercise of this truly noble power of the mind, if not a kind of dreaming? But, nevertheless, solitude is indispensable for its enjoyment. When there is the least commotion around, or even in the presence of another, one cannot let his mind stray from some striking delineation while the fanciful thoughts follow each other in ever increasing heights of imagination. In such flights of fancy some may first obtain a faint sense of their capacities, or be impelled to exertion.

He who delights in strolling in the fields or woods, will recognize how much freer he feels, how much wider his thoughts range, when he is alone. If in company with one who directs the conversation, the train of talk is not his own; it follows his companion's inclinations, and, though it may be new to him, it is not like following his own feelings. On the other hand, if he directs the conversation, it is less likely to be on some new subject, but rather on something which has previously occupied his attention. Indeed, we think that while seeking to gratify our feelings for companionship and cultivating sociality and cordiality with each other, care may well be had not to fall into extremes by too seldom allowing ourselves the advantages of solitude.

To be the confidante of an aspiring young author is not without its advantages, but is, nevertheless, a delicate task.

Our friend Swingle, who rooms in the

neighborhood of the editorial den, is given to verse-making. In an unhappy hour he read "Back-log Studies," and became convinced that he might be a Tennyson if he chose. He forthwith proceeded to the library and collected all the volumes of legendary lore he could lay hands upon, designing to write a series of tales after the style of "Idylls of the King." He selected the story of St. Margaret, and wrote a quantity of parallel lines as long as the width of his sheet would allow. Having filled half-a-dozen sheets of theme paper in this way, he suddenly was seized with a doubt whether this were poetry or prose. He quickly invaded the sanctum with the pathetic appeal,—"I wish you'd be kind enough to tell me whether this is blank verse or not." We were restrained from uttering the old pun about "*very* blank verse" by the perfectly blank expression of his countenance. It did seem to us, however, that —

"Sweet Margaret, whom the dragon eat up,
And then burst open so that she got out again,"

was lacking in some of the essential elements of poetry. .

We spare the reader the conversation with Swingle, which followed. Suffice it to say that he decided to make certain researches into the mysteries of rhyme and rhythm before proceeding with his "Legend of St. Margaret." We flattered ourselves that for this term, at least, Swingle was disposed of; but yesterday he again burst into our sanctum bearing an enormous roll of MS. With remarkable thoughtfulness he had decided that he might get valuable practice by writing a few parodies; and with a degree of ingenuity which does him great credit, he had twisted "The Lady of Shallot" and "Aladdin" into the following grotesque shapes:—

"On either side the campus lie
Long streets; and I defy
Any man to find deeper sloss, or spy
Fences or hedges more rickety and awry
Than these are.

And up and down the students go,
Gazing at school-girls walking slow.
Sometimes they wink, I'm sure it is so
 Too often by far!"

"When I was a beggarly Soph.,
And lived in the fourth floor of Appleton,
I had neither a mask or a horn,
But I had a dark lantern."

What more Swingle might have read is lost to the world forever. We fell into a swoon, and he was obliged to rouse the end to help him get his victim to bed.

In the silent watches of the night we awoke to find Swingle, penitent and sad, watching by the bedside. "Nobody ever taught me the difference between prose and poetry," he said pitifully.

"Swingle," we replied solemnly, "forgive the feelings that were too much for our control this afternoon. We admire you; we honor your perseverance. You may yet be class poet. You deserve to be. You *must* be. The demand is imperative, and the supply is small; many are called, but few come; most who attain to the proud eminence would willingly exchange for a position more lucrative and less onerous. All these things make it probable that you may secure the place. But for the love of heaven, when you write your class poem, use narrow paper!"

"I learned 'em all!" the unhappy suitor of the muses burst out, in a somewhat incoherent allusion to his researches in Greek and Latin Prosody, "I learned 'em all, from Dactylic Hexameter to Greater Aselepiadean, Pherecratean and Cretic Tetrameter Acatalectic and all; but it did not help me a particle. How was I to know whether it was poetry or not?" And he cast a rueful glance to the cinders in the grate which sufficiently disclosed the fate of his MS. And we could only say to ourselves in repetition, "How was he?"

Now, the im-moral seems to be, that if Swingle is going to write, it may be policy to keep him in profound ignorance of the prin-

ples of prosody. The moral is, that if he is to be turned out as a liberally educated man, it is much to be regretted that he should live in ignorance of the difference between prose and poetry. It is small use to tell Swingle that Coleridge has defined prose as "words in the best order, and poetry as the best words in the best order." He will know exactly as much as he did before, and no more. "Something is evidently wrong with our course of English Literature," we said to our watcher.

"Have we one?" he asked in great surprise.

What could be said in reply? Plainly nothing; so we turned over and went to sleep.

LOCAL.

Hard times for locals.

Medical session commences Feb. 17th.

Prof. White has returned from the West and is now in town.

A few course tickets for the Memorial Hall lecture course are still on hand.

The dance at Dirigo Hall last week was pronounced to be a very enjoyable affair.

When are singers like pirates? Why, when they engage in sharp practice on the high CC.

X. (pathetically)—"You shouldn't call me a Bacchanalian, hie, chummy, just 'cause I've had a glass too much!"

"The way to good resolutions is paved with ulsters," is the revised quotation. "I'll steer out of them," said a puny Junior.

Apropos of study hours we copy the following table from a card on a door in college:

STUDY HOURS FOR ROOM NO. 2 A. H.	
5 to 6, in bed.	12 to 1, at dinner.
9 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, in rec.	3 to 5, at rec. and gym.
11 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, in rec.	6 to 7, at supper.

Soph. translating "*Vous pourriez me prêter les deux cent livres dont j'ai besoin*: can you lend me those two-cent books that I need."

Scene.—Company assembled, just before a large sleigh-ride. Lady.—"Who is to be our *chaperon*?" Student.—"Well, *Mr. Fernald* is going to drive, I believe."

The "long-haired Achæan" has returned. Look to your watches, but don't delude yourselves with the idea that you will ever know exactly when the bell is going to ring.

Cold weather makes it severe on those who live at any distance from college, though after their ears get frozen and swell "they may be able to use them for wings, and fly like a dove."

Some of the boys returning from Portland on the midnight train, Saturday, were somewhat surprised to see one of our respected "peelers" selling beer at the depot. He ought to have arrested himself for breaking the Sabbath.

We have enjoyed our first, and probably only, adjourn this term. It was on the "day of prayer for colleges," Thursday, Jan. 27th, and was celebrated in the college about the same as in former years. There was much smoking and writing of themes.

Now that they have voted, in Portland, to continue the Pullman midnight train through to Bangor, there is no reason why *our* faculty should not take *us* to recitation in the Portland Museum. We are also nearer to Portland than New Haven is to New York.

On the first morning of this term, while it was scarcely light, and the janitor had just rung the seven o'clock bell, a freshman came rushing into the entry, and meeting him, exclaimed:—"Am I late; am I late?" "Late! late for what?" "Why, late for *prayers*!" He returned to his couch, "a sadder, but a wiser man," and slept over after all.

There is an old story about college to this effect: One day, a number of students were assembled in a room, when a knock was heard on the door, and one of them shouted:—"Enter, 'consumption's ghastly form!'" The door opened, and in walked Prof. P—.

The rage for chess seems to be dying out, and some measures ought to be taken to keep alive the interest in it. Bowdoin has more than held her own in the games which she has played with other colleges and clubs, and we must not allow her to lose "her ancient glory."

At a meeting of the Bowdoin Athletic Association, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. T. Cobb; Vice Presidents, Chapman and Baxter; Secretary and Treasurer, P. G. Brown; Directors, Hargraves, Potter, and Davis; Master of ceremonies, Beale.

It is not by any means a common thing to hear a fire bell in Brunswick; but of late we seem to be getting our share of small fires. And unfortunately for the youth of the place, they are generally of short duration, and a long ways off. "O! let me be a firemen and work on the brakes!"

One cannot help wishing that during these very cold mornings we could have the chapel properly warmed, or have the exercises in some other place, or be allowed to keep our hats on during the services. Our sufferings are not like those of the early Christians, "voluntarily undergone."

1st student.—"Has —— paid his *Bugle* advertisement yet?" 2d student.—"I reckon he has paid it in reality, if not in deed. I've not bought a cent's worth of him since I heard of it, and a good many others have taken it in the same way. He made a mistake in not settling it in the first place."

One of the Juniors lately sent on for a

"horse" to Taugenichts. There was nothing very strange in that, except that when the publisher sent it to him he put it in with a number of books intended for some of the Profs. We fear that he will not derive much pleasure or profit from his investment this time.

Bowdoin boys will be thick in Boston until the third of March, when their tickets, which Warren has furnished them, will cease to be good. The senior delegation of Psi Upsilon went up in a body last week, and report favorably of the treatment which they received at the hands of the photographer, and also a good time generally.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'32.—Through the kindness of Prof. Packard, we recently examined a very pleasing and unique memorial of this class. It consisted of fac-similes of messages from each of the surviving members to their classmates, reproduced on parchment paper. From it we obtain the following list of members:—

Mr. Charles E. Abbott, Woodburne, Hartford, Conn.

Rev. B. F. Barrett, Germantown, Pa.

Rev. C. A. Bartol, Boston, Mass.

Rev. A. P. Chute, Sharon, Mass.

Mr. John Copp, Wakefield, N. H.

Mr. A. G. Dole, Manchester, N. H.

Prof. D. R. Goodwin, Philadelphia, Pa.

Prof. John Johnston, Middletown, Conn.

Mr. Edw. Payson, Portland, Me.

C. C. Porter, M.D., Calais, Me.

Rev. Horatio Southgate, Fales Church, Va.

Rev. H. G. Storer, Oak Hill, Me.

Henry A. True, M.D., Marion, Marion Co., Ohio.

'35.—Rev. Stephen Allen, D. D., has accepted the position of Superintendent of

the Maine Industrial School for Girls, at Hallowell.

'53.—Rev. Wm. Carruthers, late of Calais, was recently installed pastor of the Congregationalist Church, at Pittsfield, Mass.

'56.—Rev. Edwin B. Palmer, late of Chieopee, is now settled at Ipswich, Mass.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We have not had the exchanges upon our table for a year without seeing some very poor translations. If the *Tablet*, however, claims that the rendering of Ségar's "*Les Adieux*," given in the last issue, is the worst one for the year, we certainly see no reason why the claim should be disputed.

We hardly know which to admire most, the good taste of the *Oberlin Review* in its selection of jokes, or the perfect coolness with which it publishes them unacknowledged.

It is the Williams student who is now to be envied, and the *Athenaeum* breaks out into the following jubilant rejoicings:—

"We are rejoiced to record another most commendable and worthy action on the part of the faculty. *Sunday-morning chapel is abolished for this term!* This is a welcome concession by faculty orthodoxy to student heterodoxy. To say that this announcement, made the first Saturday of the term, was received by the students as one of the most welcome boons that could be granted them, is to express it mildly. The pleasure it excited in their minds was only exceeded by the hope that this order of things would continue after the expiration of the present term. And it is with great confidence that we expect the faculty, after having experienced the beneficent results of this exhibition of their common sense and good judgment, will not desire to return to the old course, so happily abandoned; but, having put their hand to the plow, will not turn back, but press forward steadfastly to the end."

The *Targum* reaches us from Rutgers, neat in its outside looks and interesting within. We like its editorial and local department particularly, and from the latter have clipped what was perhaps of more real interest to us than anything else in the paper, as conveying us news of one of our former Professors:—

"Prof. Rockwood opened the course of Scientific Lectures, on Wednesday, January 12th, with a lecture on the Laws of Light. This course is to be delivered on Wednesday evening of each week; Prof. Van Dyk alternating with Prof. Rockwood. Every student should hear this course."

We have the *Amherst Student* open before us, and truly we are at a loss what to do with it. The length and heaviness of its articles prevent us from taking any reasonable enjoyment in reading it, and yet it is too good looking a paper to be ignored altogether. So we glance it through hastily, from the fact that we find nothing to arrest our attention, and very little of college tone, life, or snap, in the whole paper.

"Captain Ostrom of the mathematical turn of mind" occurs on every page of the *Yale Record*. It is a hard thing to say of anybody, and we trust that if Capt. Ostrom has been too demonstrative in his behavior heretofore he will endeavor to tone down his action to that standard of gentleness so ably presented in the editorial department of the *Record*.

FILCHINGS.

A Sophomore has discovered that Longfellow is not an admirer of art; for doesn't he say: "Dust, thou art?"—*Advocate*.

A young lady says the new sewing machine is like a kiss, "because," she blushingly adds, "because, you see, it *seems* so good."—*Dartmouth*.

Prof.—"What did the Egyptians do for a drink when Moses turned the waters of the Nile into blood?" Student (well-up in his matter)—"I suppose that they took it straight after that."—*Niagara Index*.

"Henry, why don't you keep a supply of cloves in your pocket?" said an Albany young lady to her escort at the Opera House, recently; "you wouldn't then have to run out after every act; and I don't see why you are so awful fond of cloves anyhow."—*Ex.*

"What can you say of the second law of thought?" Student—"It cannot both be and not be. For example, the door over there must be either shut or open; it can't be both shut and open." Tutor—"Give us another illustration." Student—"Well, take the case of another door."—*Ex.*

Scene 1st—Room in West. Senior to Soph.—"What do you think of 'Morte d' Arthur?'" Soph.—"I consider him the greatest author in English Literature." Scene 2d—Club. Senior to Club—"—said today that he thought 'Morte d' Arthur' the greatest author in English Literature." Club shouts. Soph. (scornfully)—"You blamed fool, do you suppose I didn't know that he was a Frenchman?"—*Vassar Lit.*

Two students being examined for entrance into a Theological Seminary, were asked the following questions: 1st, "Give an account of Jezebel's death." 2d, "Describe Elijah's translation. The first was answered: "The people gathered themselves together and took the woman Jezebel and threw her over the wall. They threw her over the wall once; they threw her over the wall twice; three times they threw her over the wall; yea, verily, and until seventy times seven times did they throw her over the wall. *And the woman died.* Then gathered they of the fragments that remained, seven baskets full." The second was rendered in this startling manner: "Elijah stood on the banks of Jordan, and lo, and behold—two bears came out of the woods, opened their mouths and spake unto him saying, 'Go up, bald-head, go up,' an' he went up."—*Ex.*

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HOW TO LEARN PHRENOLOGY.

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Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, FEBRUARY 23, 1876.

No. 15.

LOVE SONGS.

I.

Full many roses in her garden grow,
And bloom in red and white;
Sweet as first love the odors from them flow
To greet the stars of night.

Beneath the waning moon, lone and unseen,
As there I last night strayed.
The stars, peering their cloudy bars between,
Almost my steps betrayed.

I heard the happy twitter of a bird,
Half wakened, as I slept,—
As if her unfledged nestlings, frightened, stirred,
But felt her breast, and slept.

Yet not the roses, nor the stars, nor e'en
The birds, could fill my heart;
I dreamed but of the garden's peerless queen,—
Ah, Love! how fair thou art!

II.

Love's like the eglantine, which bears
The sweetest rose,
Whose witching perfume flows
On summer airs.

Ardent youth longs with eager hand
To pluck the flower,
And many a wistful hour
Will sighing stand.

Yet if his fortune bring him nigh,
To pluck the rose,
Only its thorn he knows,—
The bloom gone by!

III.

This ring I send thee, thrice a thousand years
Lay buried 'mid the dust of Lybian kings.
If it might speak, unto our eager ears
What strange tales would it tell, of bygone things,—

"Wild, shifting scenes" of mystery and pride,—
The pomp of monarchs long forgotten now;
But all its tales must seem as naught beside
The one it brings thee—Love's eternal vow!

IV.

I kiss the rose-bud which you wore,
Yet know not why I love it so;
'Twas but a simple flower before
It blushed against thy breast of snow.

But since, to such a worth 'tis grown,
It is a guerdon most divine;
Because the touch which it has known—
The breast which it has pressed—were thine.

THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY ON CHARACTER.

Poetry may be considered in, at least, two distinct lights. In the technical sense it is the expression, in metrical words, of feeling and imagination. But in a broader and more general view, poetry is the expression of imaginative truth in any form, provided only that it be indirect and symbolic. Hence, Byron calls the stars the poetry of heaven, and a greater than he has said that "The heavens speak, and there is no speech or language where their voice is not heard." And hence again there is poetry in painting, and sculpture, and music. Not in that music which is mimicry, as when the sounds of battle, the clangor of bells, or surf beating against a rocky shore, are reproduced; but in that in which we can fancy that the hidden history of the heart finds its expression, or in which a nation's life breathes out an unconscious utterance, as in those slave songs that express long years of oppression in their wild, low wail. This generic spirit of poetry has been a power in the refinement of the world, and is still an acting power.

Says Carlyle: "The poet is a heroic figure belonging to all ages, whom the newest ages as the oldest may produce." There is no truth in the idea that poetry belongs to the earlier ages, and declines with the advance of civilization. There was a time when the Trojan war — before Homer sang it — was as the conflict of ravenous beasts; when Olympus and Parnassus, and one more holy, which we will pass in reverent silence, were common hills: and there may be a time coming when they shall be as at first; and because of the dying out of past glory, people imagine that

poetry has perished, and cry the decline of glory to come. But are all courage and enthusiasm gone? and these are the foundation of all true poetry. It is an English army custom, when the old colors of a regiment are worn out, to burn them, and drink the ashes in wine in solemn silence, before the consecration of the new. This is a type of all we ask. When old forms and expressions are worn out, let them go and give us new symbols to express, not what our fathers felt, but what we feel. The basis of all poetry is stern necessity. True, we find many figures of rhetoric and brilliant gleams of imagination that seem to spring from nothing deeper than a simple love of beauty; but as the Alpine gentians, growing far up on icy clifts above the homes of men, find their life only through the ministrations of blank, bare, rock masses, that lift them nearer to the illimitable sky from which they seem to borrow their color, so these graces of imagination are dependent on the grand earnestness that raises them to a purer and clearer atmosphere.

I have written of the permanence of the influence of poetry. Another characteristic quite as marked is its universality. We are all susceptible to it. Many a man who thinks he has no taste for poetry because he does not chance to feel it in rhymed words, is no stranger to its power. Why is it that in battles there is always one spot where sabers glitter faster, and shots come thicker; where officers and men rally in denser masses? They fight for a flag. Take away its poetry and it is nothing but a bit of silk, torn with shot and blackened with powder; but imagination has made it that magic thing, colors. Now go with your economic measure of values and tell these soldiers they fight for a rag that is not worth the labor put forth, and the dangers they undergo. Think you, would these stern workers find it easier to understand your common sense or their poetry?

But not alone in battle is it that poetry is

a power. Our ancestors have taught us the high courage that lay beneath the smoke of battle-fields; it is for us to show the living meaning that may lie beneath the smoke of factories, in the heroism of perseverance, in the roar of busy streets, and in the quiet professional life of the present. It is for us to adopt as ours the peerless motto of that peerless knight, the Black Prince, "Fearing God, I serve," and to live a life of glorious service to the end. If we needed poets for nothing else, it would be for this, that they are grand levelers, vindicating our common humanity, and reminding us that "for a' that and a' that, a man's a man for a' that."

Poetry has silently done a work for the poorer classes of which they are not aware. Did Burns teach the aristocracy no sympathy with the cares, and loves, and trials, of a cotter's life? And Hood, when he wrote his "Bridge of Sighs," did he not find in that tragic suicidal death, in which the follower of some cold divinity might find only the text for a discourse on hell, something of a deeper mystery not so flippantly to be solved?

And finally, we consider the refining influence of poetry in making man more manly; war, chivalry; and passion, love. Love as a principle came into existence only with the Christianity of the middle ages. The influence of imagination on the earthier feeling can be clearly seen in the single instance of Ignatius Logola. There seemed nothing profane when the ardent soldier transferred his allegiance to one who was "neither a countess or a duchess, but much more;" but how would he have shrunk from the comparison as blasphemous, had he not been exalted by the poetry of Christianity to a higher range of thought. And war became chivalry guarded by refined courtesy from the abuse of superior strength. Some one has said that if soldiers were dressed in a butcher's garb, war would be seen in its true light as butchery. A truism. Take away honor and imagination from war and it becomes carnage,

doubtless! and take away invisible principles from resistance to a tax and our revolutionary ancestors are mere rebels. Things become noble by association. The iron cross of Prussia, and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, of France,—methinks these things do not place their wearers on a level with the hangman. The truth, poetry, has reached the mark, while common sense has missed it; through the physical honors of warfare it has discerned the redeeming nobleness. Peace arising from principle is blessed; but peace from selfishness is not blessed. In peace and war, among high and low, the universal God-given spirit of poetry is working out its results; not of transient excitement, but of a spirit of self-sacrifice caught from the Master's cross, lifting man toward his first estate—a little lower than the angels.

“Lying,” says Leigh Hunt, “is the commonest and most conventional of all the vices. It pervades, more or less, every class of the community.” Of course we must except the college community; it would not do to acknowledge it among ourselves, although tacitly recognized. Call it by some other name, if you please; but don’t throw upon us the odium of that little word of two syllables. Others may tell lies, but here it is simply making excuses. What a hindrance these weak bodies of ours are! It seldom happens that we wilfully “cut” a recitation; on the contrary, the intention is good enough, but we are taken *sick*; thus the boating man or base-ball player, having encroached upon his study time, already cut down to the smallest limit, finds that he is afflicted with some serious bodily ailment which precludes further mental labor. Coughs, colds, headaches, weak eyes, indisposition, and, including every thing else, sickness, are in turn brought into requisition. It would seem that the whole bodily constitution of the college seems in danger of breaking down at any moment. With this state of things, it is no wonder that our crew did not

win at Saratoga last summer. Here is, however, a good opportunity to obtain a knowledge of the various “ills that flesh is heir to.”

We have often heard students who pride themselves on never presenting a sham excuse, complain that they often suffer for it, while others escape. They do not hesitate to call these excuses by their proper names; they are lies and nothing less. “Suppose,” say they, “we have a leave of absence extending to Monday morning, but are so unfortunate as to miss the early train, and thus are absent from the morning recitations; if we state simply the facts, it is probable that the excuse will be rejected; but if business is put forth as the reason, it is often accepted. Does not this look like putting a premium on dishonesty?” These cases do sometimes happen, we know, and we fail to see how the trouble can be remedied. If anybody stays beyond their time, there is nothing unfair in their being obliged to take their marks; otherwise we are afraid that a great many trains would be missed. And it appears to be going altogether too far to say that accepting one of the other class is countenancing dishonesty. If a man squarely says that he was necessarily detained, there seems to be nothing more to be said; the officer of course does not wish to doubt his word. The same applies to all other sham excuses. It seems to us that some power to alter this is with those very ones who think themselves ill used. There is a tendency to throw the blame of every evil in one direction; to think that the student himself can do nothing. Now if in this very matter anybody who will not increase the evil himself, will also refuse to countenance it in others, perhaps it would do some good; that it would wholly obviate the evil cannot be expected, nor do we think that the strictest medical supervision would do it; but at least such persons would be acting consistently throughout, and the practice would cease to be regarded as a matter of course and be somewhat restrained.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is nearly time to select the new board of ORIENT editors. If any member of '77 has any advice to offer, let him now come forth and give it, or forever hold his peace. We shall select a board which is, according to our judgment, constituted of the best men for the place. If any one has aught to say against such a mode of proceeding, let him make himself heard. The help of all is requested; but temper your advice with common sense, and do not allow your prejudices to influence you.

We have received no bribes; no presents have been surreptitiously forced upon us. If any have presents to offer, we shall be glad to

receive them, but will not promise to reward the donator with an office.

The second lecture of the Memorial Hall Course was delivered Thursday evening, Feb. 10th, by Prof. J. B. Sewall. Of this lecture it is sufficient to say that it fully sustained Prof. Sewall's high reputation as a thinker and writer. His subject, "The Legacy of Ancient Greece to Modern America," was treated in a manner at once entertaining and instructive. He succeeded in showing conclusively that whatever is of value in our modern civilization finds its prototype in the ancient; that the art and scholarship of Greece are closely followed by the artists and scholars of America. He traced also the fragments of the Greek language that exist in our own, and showed them to be in no way the exclusive property of literary men, but to be used alike by the illiterate and the highly educated. In closing, he spoke of the debt owed by America to the warriors of Greece; of the different history of the world, had Marathon and Salamis resulted differently; and described briefly and eloquently the fight at Thermopylae, and the valor of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartan followers.

The Medical Term commenced Thursday, Feb. 17th, with the opening lecture by Dr. John D. Lincoln. A brief resumé of this lecture may not be uninteresting.

The speaker commenced with a pleasantly written account of the state of medical science in the then District of Maine, enlivened by amusing anecdotes of the physicians of the time, "who waged unceasing and unsuccessful war with the liver," and their pupils, who, "after three months' study, were ready to attack the most difficult cases with the greatest *sang froid*."

He then proceeded to speak of the foundation of the Maine Medical School, and to follow its history year by year to the present

time. His description of the Medical rooms in old Massachusetts Hall, and the professors who made them famous, was of great interest to those interested in the early history of the College in its various departments. In his remarks on Prof. Cleaveland, who stood so long at his post in this Eastern College, refusing more remunerative positions which his world-wide fame rendered accessible to him,—and whose name is so closely connected with the honor and reputation of Bowdoin in the past,—the lecturer was particularly happy. He had known him as an instructor, and paid a glowing tribute to his ability as a scholar and teacher, and the quiet Christian courtesy that was his characteristic.

A few remarks addressed particularly to the Medical Class, on the responsibilities and duties of the profession, closed a lecture well received by the whole audience.

The Athenæan Society was founded in 1808, its elder sister, the Peucinian, dating back to 1805. The constitution of the latter did not allow the admission of Freshmen into the society, and the constitution of the Athenæan took advantage of the fact by extending the privilege of membership to all the four classes. A temporary advantage was thus gained,—the number of members soon exceeding that of the Peucinian, and the foundation of a library being laid. The constitution of the Peucinian was now amended to allow the admission of Freshmen; this society also began to collect a library, established the custom of annual meetings at Commencement, and in various ways increased the aims and influence of the society.

The Athenæan felt the influence of its rival, and gradually languished. In 1811, the society was discontinued, the books being distributed among the members. In the following October, the Peucinian constitution was restored to its original reading, by which membership was restricted to the three upper classes.

In 1813, the Athenæan was revived. The old seal and book of records were obtained, the accumulation of a new library begun, and the society seemed more firmly established than ever before. The prestige of the Peucinian, however, and its unbroken prosperity, once more drove its rival from the field. In 1816, the Athenæan was a second time divided; its library, of about two hundred volumes, being divided as before. But if Athenæan had no great tenacity of life, it had a phoenix-like power of resurrection; and in December, 1817, it once more arose from its ashes. It had four members, who divided among themselves the offices of President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarian. The old constitution was adopted and revised, a formal protest being prefixed that the society was not organized for the purpose of interfering with any society in college.

In August, 1818, the first measures were taken towards the organization of the General Society, by a vote calling a meeting of honorary and acting members, on the day previous to Commencement, "for the purpose of adopting measures relative to the property of the society."

This meeting was held Sept. 2, when Levi Stowell, '15, was chosen President, and C. R. Porter, '16, Corresponding Secretary. A vote was passed, prohibiting the distribution of the library without the consent of three-fourths of the honorary members.

In the Historical Sketch published in the Athenæan Catalogue of 1853, from which we derive much of our information, the following paragraph occurs in this connection: "The society, in their strong and ardent desire to increase their numbers, determined that there would be no impropriety, after exacting a promise of secrecy, in reading to those whom they invited to join them, such provisions of the constitution as were most important, in order to induce them to become members. . . . Three individuals were thus intro-

duced, of whom one only chose to join; and he was initiated the same evening. The other two required *a few days* for consideration. One of them afterward became a member in 1821, 'after three years of deep consideration of the matter,' to quote the language of that date."

In 1820, the General Society began to act as a distinct body, having officers of its own separate from the Acting Society. "It assumed the election of Honorary Members, and the appointment of Orator and Poet for the annual meetings on Commencement Week."

At 3 p.m., on the 4th of March, 1822, Maine Hall, then called New College, was destroyed by fire. The library of the Society was much injured. "This event," says the sketch above quoted, "was most mournfully described by the Secretary of the College Society, who, in the sorrow of his heart, recorded that 'Bowdoin College' was consumed by fire."

In 1825, the General Society voted that the library be given in trust to the trustees of the college, the library to be used and regulated by the by-laws of the society.

In 1828, the society obtained an Act of Incorporation from the Legislature, and this trust was withdrawn. The society were empowered by this Act "to hold and possess any estate, real or personal, to an amount not exceeding five thousand dollars over and above the value of their books." In the same year the constitution was revised, and a diploma and seal adopted.

In 1820, a catalogue of the library was published; the number of volumes being two thousand two hundred and thirty-eight.

The rivalry between the Athenæan and Peucinian had been constantly upon the increase, and at the annual meeting in 1831, the Trustees and Overseers chose a committee to consider and report "whether any regulations are necessary to be adopted relative to

the two societies, now existing in college; and if so, to recommend such measures as in their judgment may be most conducive to the harmony of the students, and the best interests of the college."

The following year the committee reported "that in October last they visited this town, and had a personal interview with all four of the classes in a body; and the next day with committees of the Peucinian and Athenæan Societies." The committee "used all such arguments as they deemed proper, of a persuasive and conciliatory character, to induce them to lay aside all party feeling, and cultivate harmony and friendship. They urged them to *unite the societies*, or to *unite their libraries*, either as to *property or possession*, or to make no *farther* additions to either society by the election of new members, and thus permit them to become extinct in college, in September, 1835." They were, however, the report continues, "notified formally that none of these propositions were acceptable, and that the societies remain as before. . . . The boards will decide for themselves whether a spirit of accommodation has not been carried as far as is consistent with the relation between the government of the college and the students." In this report there is expression of an old but perfectly useless endeavor to limit and direct student reading and thought. "These libraries," the report proceeds, "are valuable and considerably extensive, and of course they tend to diminish the influence of the college library. The members of the societies . . . read principally their own books, . . . selected by the societies without consulting the college government; and thus the character of the books has not its sanction."

In consequence of this report the Trustees voted to petition the Legislature to repeal the Act of Incorporation of the Athenæan Society. The Peucinian, being unincorporated, was already under the jurisdiction of the Boards.

The Overseers objected to the proposed measure, and the matter was finally dropped.

"At 2 a.m., to-day," writes Prof. Cleaveland, in his journal for Feb. 17, 1836, "Maine Hall was burned. The thermometer stood at twelve degrees below zero."

Out of three thousand two hundred and twenty-one volumes, only two hundred and twenty were saved.

In the oldest existing record book of the Athenæan, the first entry, which is in the handwriting of Gov. J. A. Andrew ('37), bears the date of Feb. 17, 1836, and begins as follows:—

"The constitution and records of the Athenæan Society having been destroyed by the conflagration of this morning, said society was convened in Randall's [36] room, to take measures for a reorganization. . . . It was voted that a committee be raised to correspond with the Hon'y Members, and ask them to remember us in our losses."

Among the papers of the society is a letter from Hon. P. W. Chandler, as Secretary at a meeting of the Athenæans of Bangor and vicinity, expressing sympathy and promising aid. Like communications came from other quarters. At the reported suggestions of Hon. Jonathan Cilley, '25, it was voted to request aid from the Legislature; but the vote was reconsidered. At this time occurs the first instance recorded of the use of the Penicinian books, in a vote of thanks to that society for the favor.

Strenuous efforts were made to replace the library, and in 1838 the Acting Society published a catalogue showing the number of books to be over two thousand. In 1840 the Anniversary was transferred from November to February, and was afterwards celebrated in the Spring. In 1841 a reading-room was established, but only continued in operation for about a year.

In 1850 the Caluvian Society, then composed exclusively of Athenæan members,

presented its cabinet and other property to the Athenæan. In the same year the two rival societies entered into an agreement to unite in the celebration of their anniversaries, furnishing the Orator and Poet on alternate years. In 1847, and again in 1852, the constitution was revised. At the latter the date of the society's establishment was changed from 1817 to 1808—the date of the founding of the original society; the affirmation of secession was also abolished.

The most serious internal trouble of Athenæan arose in May, 1855. It is first shown in the records under the date of May 18, when a debate arose concerning the correctness of the record of an amendment to the constitution, acted upon May 11. We have not space here to enter into the details of this disagreement, which continued for about a year. The society was divided into two parties, each supported by prominent members of the General Society. Hon. Wm. P. Fessenden, and Judges Howard, Sheply, and Tenny were appealed to, and gave diverse opinions. In May, 1856, there is the following entry:—

"The committee chosen to examine . . . the records made during the chaotic state of the society . . . have the unpleasant duty to perform, of stating that the men who were the leaders of the opposing parties persisted in maintaining their own board of officers, . . . and held meetings separately. . . . Both parties became heartily tired of such proceedings, and . . . delegates from each party met and agreed upon a ticket. . . . At the next meeting of the two branches of the society, all the officers resigned, and adjourned to meet together. . . . The board of officers agreed upon was elected, and from that time things went on smoothly." The entry goes on to state that the committee deemed it best to destroy the records of both factions: and ends with the pious hope that the leaves pasted together in pursuance with this resolve, "may

be '*mounumentum æve perennius*'—a monument erected to folly and undue prosecution of partisan interests." In later years, the society has sunk into neglect and contempt, until nothing remains but a name and a library. Among its papers, there are a number of interesting autographs in the shape of acceptance of election to membership, letters, etc. As we rummaged among the old and disordered papers to-day, we brought to light autograph signatures of Jonathan Cilley, Horatio Bridges, Wm. Pitt Fessenden, Franklin Pierre, Cyrus A. Bartol, Parker Cleaveland, etc. Among the acceptances of '25, should have been Hawthorne's, but it had doubtless fallen into the hands of some remorseless collector. The society once possessed a valuable collection of autographs, among which were letters of Charles Lamb; but they have all disappeared.

At the last Commencement, the Peucinian Society—very sensibly, it seems to us—voted their library into the hands of the College authorities. It is much to be lamented that the Athenæan Society did not follow the example.

The societies being both practically dead, it is quite useless to expect the librarians to keep the libraries in order on their own responsibility. The present librarians are an efficient board, we believe, but they have neither power nor authority to reform abuses. Books of both libraries are indiscriminately carried to the Athenæan rooms, and gaps in the shelves of the Peucinian are to be accounted for by the confused heap of books on one of the Athenæan tables.

Many books are returned much injured, or are not returned at all. Many books may be described as "lost, strayed, or stolen"; and the evil is still going on. Going into the library the other day, we noticed that some one had wittily affixed to a half-emptied case a sign reading: "ONLY 25 LEFT; 75 CTS. EACH." Another case, in which stood one solitary and

ragged volume, was carefully protected by the usual placard: "DO NOT TOUCH THE BOOKS."

Something must be done, and done at once, if any part of the library is to be preserved in available shape. The only sensible thing seems to be the giving the library outright to the College. The books should then be sorted and catalogued; and although it would be an undertaking involving considerable labor, the present utility and future preservation of the books absolutely demand it.

LOCAL.

Nice weather, this.

How about that company?

Needless labor—to pare pears.

Chess still commands considerable attention.

The far-famed "Mac" of '76 has been in town.

W. H. Moulton, '74, has been in town a few days.

Written examinations are becoming more and more popular.

There is talk of Miss Cary for the Commencement Concert.

A Dancing School has been started and promises to be successful.

Any one having a book in the class will deserve an "aught mark."

A peddler round college, the other day, wanted to know if "the *physic 'uns* had come yet."

"The Party" in Topsham, the other evening, was a very pleasant affair, despite the raging of the elements.

We are pleased to see H. H. Smith, formerly of '77, back again. He is to pursue the course in the Medical School.

Advice to umbrella thieves: Do not always judge by appearances. Your sins are likely to *fall on your own heads*.

The Seniors are fortunate (?) enough to be required to attend Chemical Lectures with the "Modocs" for the remainder of the term.

The members of the Senior class who were in Boston at the time of the last meeting of the Boston Alumni, were honored with an invitation to the dinner.

"Meet me at the Parker House. I'm coming up to have my picture taken." Quotation from twelve postal cards, dropped one week into the mail box.

Students will remember that the present volume of *THE ORIENT* is nearly completed and will accordingly hand in their subscriptions *to-morrow*. Do not delay.

Thirty-nine copies of *THE ORIENT* are taken by the class of '76, 42 by the class of '77, 11 by the class of '78, and 16 by the class of '79. *Chance for improvement.*

The following are the appointments in the Senior class for the exhibition at the close of the term: Morrill, Salutatorian; Hawes, Hill, Marrett, Payson, Sabine, and Stevens.

Most of the pedagogues have returned to college. Making up back lessons is the punishment which awaits them, and we believe that it is about as hard a penalty as could be devised.

Scene, the Picture Gallery: Junior, showing the picture of Cleopatra to Orono Student. O. S.—"Tain't likely 't would kill her. The snakes round here aint pisen." Jun.—"Yes, it killed her." O. S.—"Show! What'd she do it for? Experiment?"

The Freshman class has already subscribed one hundred and twenty-five dollars towards a new class boat. They have a number of men practising in the gymnasium, under Capt.

Pennell, and if successful in raising money will enter the class regatta in the spring.

From a letter written Dec. 21, 1875, from Calcutta, to one of the College Professors, we learn that Major Sanger returns from Cashmere to Bombay, and sails about Feb. 20 for Bagdad. Going through Persia and Turkey, he reaches Constantinople about the middle of May.

During the late gale, some loose bricks from a chimney on the south end of Maine Hall were blown from their places, but fortunately no one was injured. The tops of the chimneys on all the buildings are quite loose, and are liable to fall and inflict serious injury some day, unless active measures are adopted to prevent.

There was a very enjoyable social at Tonine Hall last Friday evening, under the auspices of our friend from the capital. Much credit is due any one who will push through an undertaking of this character, inasmuch as the dancers of college are very "few and far between," and nearly the whole force is necessary to ensure financial success.

The medical class numbers thus far about seventy-five, among which are a number of College graduates, and many who have attended former courses both here and at other schools. Lowell, '74; Stanwood, Virgin, and A. S. Whitmore, '75; Dorr, formerly of '75; and Smith, formerly of '77,—are those of the class who have been in College.

The men who are practicing in the gymnasium under Prov.-Capt. Payson, are Pratt, Marrett, Crocker, Hargraves, and Burleigh. It is by no means certain that these are the men who will form the university crew, should one be sent on to the next regatta, but the greater part of the crew is likely to be taken from them. They have been practicing together for about two weeks.

The "reporters" were out in full force, during the meetings of the Agricultural Board, and the arduous duties so affected the *length* of the body that he has been unable to attend to his college duties since. We believe the trouble struck to his head, or stomach—don't know exactly which. Success to him, and may he soon return, to cause the campus to resound with his "harmonious discord."

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'10.—Rev. Robt. Page died at West Farmington, Ohio, Jan. 13, 1876, aged 86 years. He graduated with the first part in his class; studied theology at Andover, and graduated in 1815; preached the gospel in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Nebraska.

'56.—I. D. Balch, in the Custom House, New York.

Rev. R. B. Howard is in New York, Editor of the *Advance*.

Thomas Leavitt, Exeter, (?) N. H.

Prentiss Loring, Insurance business, firm of Rollins, Loring, and Adams, Portland, Me.

Enos T. Luce, Attorney at Law, Room 14, Old State House, Boston, Mass.

W. L. Melcher, Laconia, N. H.

G. C. Moses, Agent of Woroumbo Manufacturing Co., Lisbon, Me. Address, Bath, Me.

Rev. Edwin B. Palmer, clergyman, settled in Ipswich, Mass.

Rev. Edwin P. Parker, clergyman, settled in Hartford, Conn.

Moses M. Robinson, Attorney at Law, New York City.

Edwin B. Smith is First Assistant U. S. Attorney General, Washington, D. C.

J. Y. Stanton, Professor of Greek and Latin languages, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

Geo. R. Williamson, Boston, Mass.

Geo. C. Yeaton, Attorney at Law, South Berwick, Me.

The annual meeting of the Alumni of Boston and vicinity, was held at the Parker House on Wednesday evening, Feb. 9. About fifty graduates were present. Among the speakers of the occasion were Pres. Chamberlain, Profs. Peckard, Chapman, and Young, Mr. H. W. Fuller, '28, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, and Rev. Dr. E. B. Webb. The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, John C. Dodge; Vice President, Henry W. Fuller; Secretaries, D. C. Linscott and T. J. Emery; Executive Committee, John C. Dodge, Cyrus Woodman, Geo. Marrett, Geo. Gannett, Thos. S. Harlow, Jas. R. Osgood, and A. Eastman.

A studious Freshman wishing to keep his numerous friends out of his room one evening, wrote the following notice and pinned it on the outside of his door: "Not every one that sayeth 'Lord! Lord!' shall enter into the kingdom of Freshmen. Ask and ye shall not get in. Knock and it shall not be opened unto you."—*Cornell Era*.

"A deputation from Harvard College waited upon Mr. Samuel L. Powers, Secretary of the Boston Free Trade Club, recently, and expressed a desire to be allowed to compete for the prizes to be given by the club, for the best essays on 'The Simplicity of Free Trade, and the Intricacies of a Protective Tariff,' as well as upon the currency question—'How to resume specie payments, with the least possible disturbance to the business of the country.'"—*Post*.

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VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 8, 1876.

No. 16.

PENTAMETERS.

I.

The darkest night may bring the brightest day ;
The fairest flowers longest their bloom delay ;
The truest friend is he who answers "nay."

II.

In holiest cause the truest hearts are slain ;
The deepest lore is won by toilsome gain ;
The noblest thoughts are born in sorest pain.

III.

Toward wished-for nights, how slowly days decline !
The fondest love is last to give a sign,—
As tedious years must mellow richest wine.

IV.

The meed of patient lives full oft comes late ;
And thus for greatest good we longest wait.
They waste their lives, who pause to chide at fate.

DRINKING SONG.

I.

In maiden's eyes
What glory lies !
What luring looks divine !
Then a bumper fill,
And, with hearty will,
Pledge the maid in sparkling wine !

II.

From maiden's lip
We nectar sip,
Be the maiden thine or mine ;
Then we'll fill the glass,
And the toast shall pass,—
Pledge the maid in sparkling wine !

III.

The maiden's glance
Invites advance,
Which the maiden's words decline ;
Then in love be hold,
Ere the glance grows cold,
Drinking bliss like sparkling wine !

IV.

The maiden's "nay"—
We count it "yea,"
And do not hope resign ;
Then for each his own—
To him only known—
While we pledge in sparkling wine !

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

It would be difficult to find a better example of continued industry and indomitable perseverance under the most adverse circumstances, than was exhibited in the life of William H. Prescott. Suffering from early manhood with that severest of all afflictions to a man of literary pursuits—the loss of sight—he has yet made for himself a fame, and given his name a place among the proudest in the world of letters. In his youth, and even for several years after he had left college, he seems to have made only an average appearance, exhibiting no signs of that genius which afterwards made him so eminent. In his preparatory studies, and in his college course, he seems to have been no more fond of study than the average student, and was as ready to avail himself of any excuse to lighten his labors, as any of his associates. It is especially noticeable in his preparatory studies that he never undertook anything that was not absolutely essential for admission to college. He prepared his tasks well, but was careful not to go beyond the amount required, fearing that more would be demanded. In college it was the same. He had no ambition for a high rank as a scholar. He was not willing to be among the lowest in his class, it is true; for he considered a certain amount of rank essential to the character of a

cultivated gentleman, which character seems to have been the highest aim of his ambition at that period. It was in his Junior year that he met with the accident which entirely destroyed one of his eyes, and was the cause of depriving him of the use of the other for the most part during his whole after life. A few weeks after the injury, he had so far recovered as to return to his studies and complete his college course. He seems to have returned with new views of life. He now applied himself with more diligence than he had hitherto shown, and seems to have been ambitious for a higher stand in his class than he had before attained. To some extent he obtained the object of his ambition, and graduated with considerable honor. It had long been his intention to make the law his profession, and he now entered the office of his father as a law student. But he appears to have been more occupied with literature and the classics than with his law books. He desired to lay a broad and firm foundation in accordance with that trait of thoroughness in his character which was the chief element of his success. He remained in the office some four or five months, when the trouble with his only remaining eye began, which ended only with his life, and which determined what his career should be. The next few years of his life were spent in seeking relief from his infirmity. He visited Europe with that object, but without success. Traveling in general, and especially sea-traveling, he deemed to be injurious rather than beneficial. He therefore returned home, and reluctantly came to the conclusion that he must give up the study of the law, and devote himself to some pursuit which would allow of a life of retirement, and in which he could make use of other eyes than his own. He determined upon the career of an author. As before, his first efforts were to lay a ground-work. This he did in an astonishingly thorough manner, when we consider the difficulties under which

he labored, going through with a mass of reading that would have wearied the strongest eyes, including the mastery of the Spanish language. After many delays from the condition of his eyes, and much indecision as to what his subject should be, he finally fixed upon a "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," of Spain; and his choice was truly propitious, as it was afterwards proved. He now went to work in earnest, having ordered a large quantity of books and manuscripts from Spain, and employing a reader five or six hours every day. It was ten years before the work was ready for the press. Through all these years he labored as industriously as his infirmities would permit. A portion of the time he was unable to use his eyes at all; and much of the time when he was allowed to use them, he was obliged to divide the time into five-minute periods of use, with half-hour intervals of rest between. At this halting pace he continued perseveringly at his work, and at last his efforts were crowned with success, such as is granted to few authors. His next work was "The Conquest of Mexico." This was followed by "The Conquest of Peru," and afterwards by "The History of Philip the Second," all prepared in the same slow and laborious manner as the History of Ferdinand and Isabella. These were his principal works. They fill eleven royal octavo volumes. Besides these, he published a volume of *Miscellanies*, and edited Robertson's *Charles V.* From time to time, also, he contributed to the *North American Review*, besides doing considerable other miscellaneous writing. When we consider the character of his works, and the fact that his investigations had to be made in several foreign languages, the amount of work involved seems almost appalling, even to one in the full possession of all his faculties. But when we consider that all this was undertaken, and carried through so successfully, by one deprived of the use of his sight, it seems almost incredible. Few men, meet-

ing with such a calamity so early in life, and situated as Prescott was, without the necessity of doing anything for a livelihood, would have undertaken any serious employment; much less an undertaking of so much magnitude, and involving so many difficulties, as the compilation of a history from foreign languages. And, indeed, such an excuse might well appear a valid one, and would be deemed sufficient in the eyes of the world to excuse a man from such an undertaking. But Prescott did not look upon the matter in that light. He early found that the key to happiness was in a steady and engrossing employment. He could not be contented to sit with folded hands. He must work if he would be happy; and never was he so happy as when most deeply engaged in his work. He was actuated not only by that satisfaction which every one feels in doing his duty, but also by a true and noble ambition—the desire to benefit his fellow-men, and acquire a fame and a lasting name. Through all these years of suffering and delay in his work, even when confined for months at a time in a room so dark that objects could not be distinguished, and when there was very little hope that he would ever be able to see again, he maintained the same pleasantness of manner and evenness of disposition which characterized his most prosperous moments. In the darkest hours, when his friends had lost all hope for him, instead of being the comforted one, he acted as their comforter. He always had a pleasant greeting ready for them when they entered his room, however great the pain he might be in, or however dark the prospect before him. In this respect, he truly exhibited a remarkable character, and a self-control that was really wonderful. Indeed, his whole life was remarkable, and shows what may be accomplished by a determined will.

The Alpha Delta Phi eating club has left its boarding place.

In the year of our Lord 1826, three Bowdoin College students were out on a lark up the river road, to Durham, which town in those days was noted for venerable specimens of the William Penn persuasion. It so happened that the students saw coming along one of those gentlemen, and they said one to the other, We will have a little sport with Broad-brim. So when he came jogging along in his staid and sober way, one of the students hailed him with, "How does thee do, Father Abraham?" and another says, "How fares thee, Father Isaac?" and the third salutes him with, "How art thou, Father Jacob?" and the venerable old Quaker replies: "I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob; but I am Saul, the son of Kish, and am seeking for my father's asses,—and behold, here are three of them."

When we see the flag-man rush out from his comfortable quarters, and wave his flag frantically, after the train has safely passed the crossing, it gives us renewed confidence in the regard which railroad corporations manifest for the public safety. But we do not feel able to state whether this action is intended to denote the joy which exists in the heart of the flag-man, or only to show that the way is clear for future accidents.

The Delta Kappa Epsilon and Theta Delta Chi delegations from the Senior class, have both been to Boston in a body, for the purpose of having a delegation picture taken at the same time that they sit for single pictures.

Mr. C. D. Jameson was one of the gentlemen who were called upon for speeches, at the last dinner of the Bangor Alumni.

"Charcoal extensively manufactured by an original and startling process;" for further particulars call at 23 A. H.

A Sophomore, who ought to know, says that Freshman "cheek" is usually free from any b(e)a(r)d tendency.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The lecture by Prof. Bert. Wilder, which was the fourth in the Memorial Hall course, was delivered Thursday evening, Feb. 24th. His subject was "Spiders and Geometry." A description of several of the more common species was given, with elaborate sketches, on the blackboard, of their webs.

In spite of a tendency on the part of the speaker to drawl occasionally, the lecture was listened to with interest throughout.

The fifth evening of the Memorial Hall Course was occupied by Hon. W. W. Thomas

of Portland, who took his auditors with him on "A Ramble in Norway." Mr. Thomas was for several years U. S. Consul to Sweden, and his familiarity with the wild northern land of which he spoke, was evident; and that his effort was appreciated by the audience was signified throughout. The speaker's descriptions were, in the main, very good, although at times marred by a too evident straining for rhetorical effect. He has an agreeable voice and manner, and told his story with pleasant effect. On the whole, this lecture partook more of the character of a popular lyceum lecture than any that had preceded it, and as such commended itself to a large part of the audience.

The materials for a history of the Peucinian Society are, in some respects, meager and scattered. Only a few leaves remain of the first volume of its records, and many of its papers have been lost or destroyed. In 1817, however, Benjamin Randall, '09, chairman of the general committee, in his report at the annual meeting of the General Society, gave a brief sketch of the early history of the fraternity. He was followed, in 1832, by Cyrus Hamlin, '34, afterwards President of the American College at Constantinople. He, in an address delivered at the anniversary exercises of the College Society, in November of that year, brought the history down to his own time. From these sources, and from the later records and papers, we have collected a few facts, which we give as far as our limits will allow,—hoping they may be of service to the historian who we trust will rise up to preserve from oblivion the earlier history of our college societies.

In 1805, three years after the College went into active operation, a few students in the Junior and Sophomore classes formed themselves into a society, which they named the Philomathean. Its objects, as set forth in the preamble to the constitution, were "to favor

a more perfect union, to promote literature and friendship, and realize the benefits resulting from social intercourse." The exercises consisted in written essays, forensics, etc., and in debates. There are few details to be found of the workings of the young organization, but it is on record that at a meeting held Oct. 28th, 1806, it was

"*Resolved*, to celebrate the approaching anniversary by a festive agglomeration of social atoms over materials of bliss. On the report of a Committee of Arrangements, a dinner was ordered to [bc] provided for the 22d of Nov., 1806, to be preceded by an address from the President, and succeeded by an oration from one of the members."

Nothing is specified as to the nature or effects of "materials of bliss," and we learn little more of the society until 1807, when it was re-organized. The committee appointed to revise the constitution, recommended that the name be changed to Peucinian. Their suggestion was at first rejected, and a second report was prepared by C. S. Davies, '07, in its support. The report is worthy, from its wit, to be printed entire, did our space allow. After comparing this troublous re-naming to the christening of Tristram Shandy, and quoting Uncle Toby's remarks to Corporal Trim upon that occasion; and after likening the situation of the committee to that of Dante when he wished to introduce Trajan into heaven in spite of the prejudices of the time, the report proceeds:—

"Your committee did find in you a certain fastidious aversion and shuddering horror to the term 'Peucinian,' on account of the allusion it contained. This, with your committee, appeared the greatest beauty it had, not even excepting the Grecian softness and richness and sweet cadences of its syllables. The origin of all generic names, and names of places, were derived from some peculiar circumstance about them. . . . Besides this, all academies of note have had some particular

ornament of this kind for their exhibition poetry,—Cambridge, in England, has its willows, Oxford its osiers, and we have our pines. . . . Every literary society can be a Philomathean, . . . but every society cannot be a Peucinian society, nor has there been one."

The committee supported its ground with so much spirit that the name Peucinian was unanimously adopted. A form for the initiation of new members was drawn up, in which a pine branch was held by the members and the candidates while the latter took the affirmation of good conduct, co-operation, and secrecy.

In 1808, to use the language of the report of 1817, "one of the considerable members became dissatisfied. . . . Taking with him one or two others, [he] seceded, and uniting with those of the three higher classes from whom our number had been selected, and the entire Freshman class save one, from which no elections had yet been made, formed a society expressly in opposition to the Peucinian. . . . The Peucinian Society, however, was never so far subjected to the effects of these deleterious passions as to notice the rival society in any of their public transactions. It is believed that the name of the opposition nowhere appears on the records of the Peucinians." There was a wide and happy change from 1817, when the committee thus carefully abstain from the mention of the hated word 'Athenæan,' to 1836, when the Peucinians generously voted the use of their library to their burned-out rivals. The Peucinians at first extended invitations to Sophomores, without reference to their being members of *Athenæan*: and the report coolly says, "the members elected from the opposition society left it, and became members of ours."

In September, 1808, the first Peucinian anniversary was held, on the day preceding Commencement; and an oration pronounced

by C. S. Davies, which, at the request of the College Government, was printed in the *Boston Monthly Anthology*. It was introduced to the readers of the *Anthology* by a paragraph, saying in effect: "The following article comes from a region which we have been accustomed to regard as the Boeotia of New England; but in reading the effusion, one may conclude that the writer, at least, lives nearer Attica than we do ourselves."

"The motto, or theme, with which it opens, 'Ὥρας εἰτὲ Αὐγούστος,' had become almost a college watchword," says a member of the class of '16, speaking of his own college times.

In 1810 a seal was adopted, bearing the somewhat clumsy design of a pine branch crossed by a caduceus, against which leaned a bow. Below were a pair of clasped hands, and above, a garland inclosing the legend, "Pin. Loq. Sem. Hab." On the sides were the words "Pueinian Societas." The society continued with somewhat varying success until 1813, when the control of the constitution was given into the hands of the General Society, and by them revised. A new impulse was given by the interest and aid of the General Society. And in 1815 we find a certificate from one John Perry, Parish Clerk, that the Parish had "Voted, That the Peusinian Society of Bowdoin College, may have the meeting-house between the hours of three and five o'clock P.M., on the day preceding Commencement, for the purpose off delivering an oration there, *until the Parish shall otherwise determine.*" There is no evidence that this remarkable privilege was ever carried to its limit.

"Connected with these annual meetings," says the report of 1817, before quoted, "arose an unfortunate disagreement between the legislative government of college and the society. The society wished their public performances to be held either in the chapel or meeting-house. The chapel was occupied on the day assigned, by the college government; and they also alleged that performances by

graduates whose age and standing would give them higher pretensions than the performances at Commencement could claim, would so much diminish the novelty and interest of Commencement exercises, that they could not consent to our having the meeting-house on the day preceding these exercises."

From an address prepared by a well-known gentleman, who became a member in 1815, we obtain a most interesting view of the condition of the society at that date. "The Peusinian Society," the writer says, "had not then rooms, nor, if I remember rightly, for ten years after. We held our meetings, in alphabetical rotation, in our private rooms. . . . The exercises of the evening were opened by a forensic by two members, . . . and then a debate on the subject was opened, each member being called upon, in turn, to take his part. . . . A dull, lifeless discussion was certainly the exception. If there was not what was regarded as a good debate, enlisting a large proportion of the membership, it was always a subject of remark and regret. . . . The Society Library . . . was contained in a single case with folding doors. [It is reported to have consisted, in 1815, of five hundred volumes, valued at \$700. The authority we are quoting puts the number at about three hundred volumes.] . . . It had been collected wholly by individual donations of undergraduates, when the whole college consisted of but fifty members; the society numbered comparatively few, and fewer still could give. I remember the sensation caused by the rumor that Bowdoin of the class of 1814, . . . had presented Swift's works in an edition of fifteen volumes. It may excite a smile to be informed that the library of those days was a movable trust. On the accession of a new librarian the case was transported on the broadest shoulders, sometimes from one entry of Maine College to the other, even to the fourth story,—all helping in the removal of the books."

The next fifteen years were rather years of inner interest and spirited work, than of marked outward events. The rivalry with the Athenæan, however it may have seemed to be attended with bitterness and envy, was still a spur to action, and perhaps rather beneficial than hurtful.

In 1824 Longfellow delivered the anniversary poem, but unfortunately all trace of it has disappeared from the archives. In 1827 the constitution was amended so as to allow the admission of Freshmen. The committee who reported on the proposed amendment at the annual meeting in 1826, having noticed "with surprise and even regret" that the rival society had, by zeal and perseverance, attained nearly an equality to their own more ancient institution.

In 1830, the society petitioned for the use of "No. 1 N. C. [M. H.], opposite the room already occupied by the society;" and the request was granted. There is among the papers of the Athenæan a paper dated the same year, containing a refusal by the authorities of a similar request, for a room in the north end M. H. When the trouble arose, in 1831, between the Boards and the societies, the Peucinians appointed a committee to confer with the Atheneans, in relation to the terms proposed by the committee of the Boards. A report was offered containing a scheme for uniting the societies and libraries, but it was rejected, and no compromises were made by either society. In 1833, the Peucinian was incorporated on the same general terms provided in the Act of 1828, incorporating the Athenæan.

As noticed in the sketch of the Athenæan, when the library of that society was destroyed, in 1836, the Peucinian very generously gave the members of its rival the use of its own library, which was on that disastrous day moved to the "Mansion House." It was also proposed that a subscription be raised for the replacing of the destroyed library, but

the project was never carried into effect. In quite a different temper the two societies had, in 1838, the most violent quarrel of their history, concerning the use of the Senior Recitation Room. The Athenæans had been in the habit of meeting in that room on Friday evening, and the Peucinians, unconscious of the fact, as they claimed, appointed a meeting of their own at the same time and place. At first the former compromised by claiming the room only on alternate weeks, but soon withdrew this concession. The other society declared that it was not only their privilege, but their right to use the room, and unanimously "Resolved, that the Peucinian Society cannot and will never concede this claim." The affair, however, finally evaporated in words, both parties conceding something. In the records of 1844 allusion is made to a history of the society, prepared by Hon. W. D. Northend, '43, but we have been unable to find it.

The Peucinian seems to have taken the precedence of its sister, in a contested election. In 1846, upon the question of counting blank votes, a division occurred in the society, and appeal was made to the General Society. The rival candidates both finally resigned, and the trouble was not of long continuance.

In 1847, upon a proposition of the Phi Alpha "to merge that society into the Peucinian," and "to present the goods, the cabinet, and the money in the treasury" to the Peucinian, it was voted "to receive the goods, the cabinet, and *especially* the money of the Phi Alpha Society."

The later years of the society may be looked upon as its decline. The anniversary exercises, indeed, gave an additional interest to Commencement until a comparatively recent date; but it was evident that the old spirit was fast failing. In our day we only know of the old glories of Peucinian and Athenæan by the tenderness and interest with

which they are spoken of by the Alumni. But, although now

"In the dark places with the dead of old
They lie forever cold."

they have been a power for good in their day and generation which shall not cease to be felt while the college is remembered; and the Peucinian will, perhaps, be especially remembered, since "*Pinos loquentes semper habemus.*"

LOCAL.

"To Freeport we will go!"

"Can you dance the 'Boston'?"

The '77 Shakespeare Club is dead.

"How do you like your pictures?"

The gas in Winthrop burns brightly.

Eighty-seven medical students have registered.

Is it not time for the base-ball nine to begin to train?

Prof. White and his family moved to Taunton, Mass., last week.

Souther, formerly of '76, has made a short visit upon his college friends.

C. A. Perry, '77, is now at the Grand National Hotel, Jacksonville, Florida.

Spring has come. Let us congratulate one another that rubber boots are cheap.

Stranger to student, in the depot: "Can you tell me the way to the Tietont House?"

The name of Clark was omitted from the list of Senior-part men, published in the last ORIENT.

A Senior says that he dreamt the other night that he was drilling the Modocs. We wish he might.

The Faculty were petitioned for an adjourn, on Washington's birthday, but declined to grant it.

The following appointments have been made from the Junior class for the exhibition at the close of the term: Metcalf, C. A. Perry, W. Perry, and Sherman.

Sunday-evening meetings seem to offer new attractions to the Brunswick *Mädchen*, since the Medics, who are said to be more than usually good looking, have come.

A select debating society is being organized in '77. College debating societies have not of late years met with very marked success, but we hope to see this one live and flourish.

Teacher to Seniors—"When you wish anything to be done, such as opening the window or fixing the stove, don't whisper any more, please, but *raise your hands and ask permission.*"

Atwood, '76, and Pratt, '77, have plunged into the depths of Aroostook forests, where they propose to teach the youth of Presque Isle and Fort Fairfield something about matters in the outer world.

The number of regular student boarders at the Tontine has dwindled from fifteen to two. Cold weather and the recent rise which the landlord has made in the price of board have probably been the causes of it.

Prof. Carmichael is delivering lectures on electricity and magnetism before the Medical class and also the Senior class in College. Some of the experiments connected with the lectures have been very successful and interesting.

After much "trial and tribulation," a dancing school has at length been successfully started. Twenty-five couples will be in attendance, under the instruction of Mr. Gilbert of Lewiston. No particular night has been decided upon for giving the lessons, but it is understood that one lesson will be given each week. Six lessons make up the course to be followed by a grand ball at the end of the term.

"The man that hath no music in himself" must exist somewhere in the present Medical class. A few mornings since, the Seniors, having had the good fortune to be in the lecture room first, and having, as a natural consequence, taken all the front seats, struck up on the "Gambolier." Now, instead of adding sweet melody to the chorus, not a solitary Modoc unclosed his mouth, but every one sat glum and silent until the Janitor rang his bell for the instructor.

Besides those training for the University crew in the gymnasium, there are Achorn, Huston, Pennell, Tarbox, and Varney, training for a Freshman crew, of which Brown will be coxswain. There is also a light-weight crew working up to pull in '75's old boat, consisting of Melcher (captain), C. E. Cobb, Knight, and Seabury. Everything seems to anticipate success for the class races this Spring, and there is great interest manifested in the different crews.

It has always seemed very strange to us that the authorities of this town would not grant a license for another billiard hall. Under the present circumstances, if two friends wish to have a quiet game of billiards, they are obliged to go out of town altogether. For to expect any pleasure from going to the hall connected with the Bowdoin Hotel would certainly be entirely out of the question. The idea of having a neat and well kept billiard hall in town ought to be looked upon with more favor by the town authorities.

Military exercise, like the gymnasium, is optional this term. A class of seventeen, mostly from the lower classes, receive instruction from Capt. Caziare every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, in squad movements and manual of arms. The room devoted to that purpose is in the upper part of the Medical building, and was formerly used by the college as a recitation room. Capt. Caziare was absent, not long since, and the command of

the company was given to one of the Seniors, who is said to have "done himself ashes" on the occasion.

The hour formerly devoted to the "Outlines of Man" has, for the last week or two, been highly interesting and instructive. First, the member of the class to whom the review has been assigned recites it generally in a very able manner, owing, no doubt, to the kind assistance which he receives from others, who tug at his coat-tails and pinch his legs during the delivery. The remainder of the hour is then utilized by a volunteer discussion on the "Relation of Mind to Infinity," "Instinct and Reason," or some other equally entertaining topic.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'37.—Albert Morrill, born in Frankfort in March, 1812, fell dead in the street in Portland, February 13th, 1876. He taught, after graduation, in the Academy at Bath; practised law in Bath and Portland, taking an active part in politics; was editor of the *Northern Tribune* during Fillmore's administration.

The Bowdoin Alumni of Bangor and vicinity met at the Bangor House, Friday evening, 25th ult., to organize an Alumni Association. The company was called to order by Hon. S. H. Blake, and proceeded to elect officers, with the following results: President, Hon. S. H. Blake; Vice Presidents, Chief Justice Appleton, Gen. C. W. Roberts, and Rev. Dr. Tenney of Ellsworth; Secretary, Dr. A. C. Hamlin; Treasurer, J. L. Crosby, Esq.; Executive Committee, Prof. J. S. Sewall, F. H. Appleton, Esq., and Mr. W. J. Curtis. Among the speakers were President Allen of Orono, Prof. Carmichael,

Prof. J. S. Sewall, Gen. Roberts, Attorney-General Emery of Ellsworth, Judge S. F. Humphrey, Prof. C. M. Fernald of Orono, and Rev. G. T. Packard.

SIXTH ANNUAL DINNER OF THE BOWDOIN ALUMNI
ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

From the *Graphic*, received by the kindness of Mr. Cothren, we condense an account of the sixth annual dinner of the Bowdoin Alumni Association of New York, which took place at Delmonico's on the evening of February 24th:—

About fifty gentlemen were present, including a few invited guests.

Prior to the dinner a business meeting was held in the parlor. The meeting was called to order by Nathaniel Cothren, President, who said that as John E. Dow, the Secretary, was ill and unable to attend, Frederic G. Dow would officiate in his place.

A few alterations in the by-laws of the association were adopted.

The Treasurer, William A. Abbott, reported that there were no funds in hand, and no debts, the income of the association exactly balancing the expenditures.

An election of officers for the ensuing year was then held, with the following result: President, Nathaniel Cothren; Vice Presidents, Nehemiah Cleaveland, William H. Allen, Henry B. Smith, and William A. Abbott; Corresponding Secretary, Theodore W. Bradford; Recording Secretary, Frederic G. Dow; Treasurer, Samuel G. Gross; Executive Committee, Dexter A. Hawkins, G. P. Hawes, Chas. G. Soule, B. B. Foster, and James McKeen.

The Alumni then adjourned to the dining-room. The dinner was in every respect an admirable one, and was heartily enjoyed by the guests. As soon as the cloth was removed the President made an address of welcome to the Alumni, and expressed his gratification at meeting so large a number of fellow-students of his dear *Alma Mater*. He was delighted to inform them that Bowdoin College was in a very flourishing condition, and that the faculty looked forward to increasing prosperity. He referred with great feeling to the semi-centennial of the class of 1825, held last year, and which he had attended. It had been said that poetry was a useless thing—mere ornament; but when Longfellow stood up and recited his "Morituri Salutamus" it sent a thrill through their hearts which made

them feel as one man, and which could never be forgotten.

Professor Sewall spoke of the great pleasure which it gave him, as an admirer of Bowdoin, to meet so many delegates from the different classes. Bowdoin was not the mere material of the buildings, but wherever they met an alumnus of the college there was Bowdoin. He then gave an interesting *apercu* of the rise of modern education and the university system.

Professor Chapman made a witty speech, in which he adduced some of the old Knickerbocker legends, in order to typify the good cheer provided at Delmonico's on such occasions as the meetings of the Bowdoin Alumni.

Dr. Allen, of Girard College, expressed his gratification at meeting his fellow-students. After reviewing the whole theory of college life, he said the course of Bachelor and Master of Arts was the best method of education.

Dexter A. Hawkins delivered an excellent address. He said that Cornelia said her children were her jewels—the sons of Bowdoin were the jewels of their *Alma Mater*.

Professor Dunn read a poem composed for the occasion. He is a member of the famous class of 1825, and was the only graduate of that year present. Letters of regret were read from President Chamberlain, W. P. Frye, Professor Hitchcock, and the Rev. Dr. Prentiss.

Among the Alumni present were the following: President William H. Allen, class of '33, D. D., LL.D., of Girard College; Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, '34, President of the Roberts College in Constantinople; Dr. H. Q. Butterfield, Harvard, '48; Prof. H. B. Smith, '34, of Union Theological Seminary; Prof. Dunn, '25; Dexter A. Hawkins, '48; Gen. Thomas H. Hubbard, '37; Rev. John Cotton Smith, '47; David Fales, '48; Kimball F. Page, '53; Prof. Sewall, '48; W. J. Tharber, '61; Prof. Henry L. Chapman, '66, of Brunswick; Prof. C. F. Brackett, '59, of Princeton; United States Assistant District Attorney Foster, '55; Francis R. Upton, '75; Augustus F. Libby, '61; J. D. Bache, '56; M. M. Robinson, '56; and Stephen Foss, '53.

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Bowdoin Orient.

VOL. V.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, MARCH 29, 1876.

No. 17.

"AMICI, DIEM PERDIDI."

I.

Though bravest brave, when Fortune turns the tide,
No man may say her nay:
Rent with a ghastly spear-wound in his side,
They bore the hero from the fight away;
And strong men weep to hear him faintly say,
With death-choked voice: "Friends, I have lost the
day!"

II.

But when, the city reached, friends round him throng,
One puts them all aside,—
One he has loved with service vain as long:
Now love and woe break down at last her pride;
She drew him to her arms with kisses long denied.
"Friends, I have gained the day!" he thrilling, dying
cried.

CUPID'S BARGAIN.

I.

When Love was young, the willful boy
His own affairs conducted,
And strangest errors made, because
He would not be instructed.

II.

But age overtook the rogue at last,
And stopped this wild proceeding.
Full soon he found, throughout the world,
His power fast receding.

III.

And so, for quite a handsome sum,—
Though Cupid's name for gainmon
Was still retained—his business all
Love traded off to Mammon.

WHY I DON'T RHYME ANY MORE.

Lest I should get "selected out"
Before old Death came knocking,
I told my Muse to go about
Her business! It was shocking;

But I've no time to write my rhymes;
My locks will soon be hoary.
Good-bye, old Muse—I'll earn my dimes,
And "go it blind" for glory.

W. S. D.

AFTER BÉRANGER.

"*Malgré la voix de la sagesse,*" etc.

In spite of wisdom's warning voice,
I'll gladly get me stores of gold;
Nor ever, losing it, rejoice,—
Unless my jealous eyes behold
It flung before my mistress' feet.
Adele, whatever thy caprice,
Each day I'll make thy joys complete;
I ask not wealth from heaven above,
But I'd be rich—so rich in love.

W. S. D.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT ANCIENT BOOKS.

It is our intention to present here a few facts about ancient writings, the progress that is exhibited in the material used to write on, and the instrument used in writing; also, to mention some of the causes which have conducted to the preservation of these writings. Of course, in treating of such a subject, we can offer nothing original, but must content ourselves with collecting together facts as they already exist, hoping that we may set forth something that will be of interest. At the present time, when books are so abundant and so cheap, and when facilities of communication are so good that one need not stir from his home to collect a library, we can hardly conceive, much less appreciate, the difficulties the ancient book-gatherer had to encounter. Then, a single book, if obtainable at all, would frequently cost a fortune, and the collector who was not able to purchase it was obliged to transcribe it or have it transcribed for him, a process involving an immense deal of care and labor. Yet what immense libraries we read of the ancients possessing. We must bear in mind, however, when we compare the ancient libraries with the modern, that a large

number of their volumes would in many cases be comprised in a single modern volume. For instance, the twenty-four books of Homer's Iliad would constitute so many separate volumes. The oldest writings, of which we have any knowledge, are on stone, and brick, and wood. Some of the metals were also used, especially brass and lead. These, however, were found to be more perishable than the other substances mentioned, from the action of the elements, frequently being destroyed by lightning. Wooden tablets were very much employed, at first the bare wood written upon by cutting the letters in, and afterwards tablets covered with wax. These latter served very much the purpose of modern slates, as the writing was readily erased, leaving the tablet ready for use again. They were used as slates by the boys at school. They were often fastened together in the form of a book, and thus arranged resembled the trunk of a tree. Hence they were called codex, and from this we derive our English word, code. Of course, when it was desired to preserve the writing, some harder substance must be used, and for this reason the Roman rulers used ivory plates in issuing their edicts. But all these materials were expensive and inconvenient. Something was needed at the same time easily prepared and easy to handle. This was first found in the leaves of trees. Upon these the sibylline prophecies were written, and from their use we undoubtedly derive our term, the leaves of a book. The inner bark, called liber, was afterwards substituted on account of its greater durability. From this the Romans obtained their word for book, and we our word library.

The next change was one of great advancement—the substitution of papyrus. This was much superior to anything that had hitherto been used, and continued in use for many years. It was made from a species of large water rush. It grows in thin layers, the innermost being the most delicate and val-

uable. The outermost layers were rough, and of no value at all. After being separated, these layers were moistened and pressed, then rolled and polished. But this, too, was very perishable, and something more lasting was needed. This at length was found in parchment, prepared from the skins of sheep and goats, and vellum prepared from calf skins—a richer material than parchment. This was of various colors, and was frequently written on in letters of gold and silver, and richly illuminated with the same precious metals. Parchment and vellum finally yielded to cotton paper, which began to be manufactured in the eighth or ninth century. Linen paper was substituted for this some time in the fourteenth century. The instruments used in writing were various. Of course, when the harder substances were to be written on, a chisel must be used; afterwards, an instrument called a stylus. This was at first made of iron, pointed at one end for writing, and flattened at the other for erasing. From this instrument we get the word we use when we speak of the style of a book. When parchment and paper were discovered, reeds, and afterwards quills, came into use. These, of course, imply the use of inks.

The first method of writing was from right to left, then backwards and forwards, and then the present method. The Chinese method is from top to bottom. The changes in the method of writing, and especially in the form of the letters, are of very great use in determining the date of a manuscript. The manuscripts were made in long strips, which were rolled up on rods. From these rolls we obtain our English word, volume, the Latin for a roll being *volumen*. These rolls, if very valuable, were placed in cedar boxes. They were also sometimes rubbed with the oil of cedar for their better preservation. In the bookstores, they were usually covered with cases made out of polished skins.

The transcribing of books became a very

important business among the ancients—a large class made it their sole business. Among the Romans, slaves were educated for and employed in this occupation. In this manner the immense libraries of the ancients were collected. But soon the dark ages approached, and the decline of learning and the inroads of barbarians threatened the total destruction of all the previous accumulations. To the monks we owe the preservation of all the ancient literature we now possess. Long after the transcribing of books had ceased in the outer world, the work was carried on in the cloister; the monasteries also served as safe repositories for them when the barbarians invaded. But as the dark ages advanced, the monks became more and more depraved, and unable to appreciate the masterpieces of literature in their possession; and to save expense in the purchase of new parchment, they erased such writings as those of Livy and Tacitus, to make room for some trash of their own. Many rare works perished under their hands. So far did the destruction go that, says one writer, "had the revival of letters been delayed a century longer, the destruction of the old literature, for aught we can now discover, might have been nearly complete." Thanks to the laziness of the monks, however, many of the manuscripts were so imperfectly erased that by a chemical application they are made legible. By this means a number of ancient works have been recovered. In the beginning of the fourteenth century, letters began to revive, and ancient manuscripts were diligently sought after. The invention of the printing-press gave a great impetus to the work, and the masterpieces of literature which we now possess were soon placed beyond the possibility of being lost.

"You are all doubtless aware that there is a ranking system in American colleges."

A MISS - ADVENTURE ;
OR, CHEEK AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

Streaming hair;
Sparkling eyes;
Lashes long;
Each look a prize.

A glowing cheek,
That tells of bliss;
Luscious lips;
Now—just one kiss.

A hasty glance;
A speaking flush;
Drooping lids,
That fringe a blush.

A forward step—
The deed is done;
Tingling ears
Their due have won.

—*Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal.*

A reverend gentleman who does not live a thousand miles from this place, was recently on the train between Augusta and Portland, when he was approached by a runner, who asked him if he "had a pack of cards anywhere about him."

The venerable book-peddler who was about college not long ago, called at a student's room, and being asked if he had Abbott's History of Maine, replied, "No. There is a new edition coming out soon, with something about the continental in it."

Scene in chemistry recitation. Prof.—"What is an atom?" Student—"The ultimate constituent of matter, which exists in theory but not in fact." Prof.—"Hardly."

A Sophomore closed an exciting narrative to one of the fair sex, in this town, as follows: "I then entered the chicken coop and charged on the (h)enemy!"

Scene in constitutional-law recitation: Prof.—"Which State first ratified the present constitution?" Student—"Vermont."

A place of business—an American dinner table.

BOWDOIN ORIENT.

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BY THE CLASS OF 1876.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

As this is the last number of the present volume of the ORIENT, it is *imperative* that those still indebted should forward their subscriptions *immediately*. All communications relative to Vol. V. should be addressed to W. H. G. Rowe, Box 1037.

Persons wishing to fill old sets of the ORIENT, may obtain from the editors any of the following numbers at reasonable prices: Vol. I., Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 14, 15,

17; Vol. II., Nos. 2, 7, 12; and any number of Vol. III., IV., or V. The number of copies of these in Vol. I. and II. is limited, in some cases being only a single paper.

Thursday evening, March 16th, a lecture, supplementary to the Memorial Hall Course, was given by Professor Vose, at the request of a number of gentlemen who had the pleasure of hearing the first lecture, and wished to listen to a continuation of the subject,—“Our Iron Roads.” The Professor first treated, at some length, the subject of foundations, and then spoke of the locomotive, giving an exhaustive history of its progress from the first rude forms to the present perfect machine. The whole lecture was given in the easy conversational manner characteristic of Professor Vose, and was illustrated by a large number of drawings executed by different members of the engineering department, as well as by a device by Newcomb, '76, designed to show the working of the different parts of the engine.

On Friday, the 27th of June, 1862, the McKeen store, as it was called, which stood at the corner of Main and Cleaveland Streets, was destroyed by fire. The second floor was occupied as a dwelling by Joseph McKeen, Esq., Treasurer of the College. Quite a quantity of College property was in Mr. McKeen's possession, and a part of this was lost. Among the articles burned were two chairs which had been used Commencement days—one in the pulpit and one on the stage. One had been presented to the College by a Miss Russell of Yarmouth; it being an ancient chair long held in the family, and originally brought from England. The other was presented by Rev. Dr. Jenks of Boston. He brought it in his chaise from Bath to Brunswick, for use at the first Commencement, in 1806. It had been on the stage at every Commencement up to the time of the fire—

a period of fifty-six years. When Dr. Jenks was informed of the loss of the original chair, he claimed the right to present another, and accordingly forwarded the one now standing at Prof Packard's table in the library. This chair was used in 1862, but has since given place to the more stately chapel chairs.

The opinion of the Orient as to the advisability of sending a crew to the inter-collegiate regatta is too well known, and has been too often expressed, to make its reiteration necessary. But in the light of recent developments we have a word or two to say. Since the matter of representation at Saratoga has been under discussion, it has been rumored, and even asserted, that there was no unity of feeling among the men who were expected to constitute the crew, and that the election of a captain would result in a break. The truth of this assertion was proved at a recent meeting of the men in training. This meeting was called by the provisional captain, to use his own words, "to organize for Saratoga." The organization resulted in the election of Burleigh as captain, by a vote undeniably fair. The next morning two members of the crew resigned their positions. The fact that these gentlemen had been among the most enthusiastic advocates of the necessity of representation, rendered their position, to say the least, rather equivocal, and open to the charge of a predominance of personal over college interests. The secession of two of its best members renders the prospect of the crew's success even darker than before. Enthusiasm on the subject is entirely wanting in the college, as may be imagined. At present we understand five men are in "training,"—if going into the gymnasium when they feel like it can be called training. Now it seems to us that we express the feeling of a large majority of the students when we say that the sooner this farce is exploded the better. As we can not send a good crew—one that would do credit to old

Bowdoin—let us send no crew, but give our support to the class regatta, and our money for a new boat-house. By so doing we shall have skilled oarsmen for next year, and a much needed improvement in rowing facilities.

The *University Magazine* waxeth eloquent on the marking system. A previous issue contained an adverse criticism upon the system, and a new writer "feels not only in unison with the matter therein stated, but also, that much more remains still to be said." His grounds seem to us in the main very fair, and applicable here as well as elsewhere:—

"Marks and college standings are merely relative results of some man's opinions. A high mark only means that the recipient thereof could repeat a certain section of a certain book better than some other man could repeat a certain other section,—perhaps of another book; and a high standing merely shows the holder thereof to have acquired a few more of these high marks than certain other men, with whom, as chance classmates he may be associated.

"The everlasting craving to be first, the pushing ambition to excel one's fellows, the unscrupulous desire for praise, are the curse of college life; leading minds from their proper course into the selfish and insidious accompaniments of a race where egotism holds full sway, in the place that of all others should have good-will and fellowship. On the other hand, a striving to excel one's self, a using of each and every talent God has given, a doing of one's very best, form the only sure footing for man's rise.

"Marks are well in schools for boys not yet reached an age appreciative of a mental education's worth; for them some system for goading on to greater labor is an absolute necessity; but in a college reside (presumably) men, who have assembled for the one sole cause of love of letters or desire for a scientific schooling, and this love or this desire should be the sole incentive to all college zeal and labor.

"When marks and examination standings are the criterions of men's worth, Universities are reduced to the condition of primary schools, where boys strive for number one, returning to the parental roof to receive a mamma's kiss and blessing."

This is, it is true, but one side of the question; and perhaps it is the side more

frequently considered by the student mind. There is also much justice in the claim that as American colleges are constituted, the marking system is at least a necessary evil.

The subject came up at the last Senior debate, the question being: "Resolved, That the present ranking system should be abolished." After a spirited debate, in which personal reminiscences were rather too prominent, the question was decided in the affirmative.

What a list of pleasant recollections, associated with our first year's sojourn in Old Bowdoin, was brought before our mind by looking over the *picture list* from which we are to order. Among the principal of these was the memory of scenes and incidents connected with the stay of the universally esteemed professors who have since been called elsewhere. There was Prof. Brackett, a man who at once commanded the highest regard and profoundest respect from the *students*, as well as from all with whom he was in any way connected.

Profs. Goodale and Morse were also among the most popular and universally respected members of the faculty; and although we had not much to do in their branches of study, yet all were sensible of their pleasant and winning influence. Prof. Young may also be classed in a certain sense among these, for instead of being now our regular instructor, his arduous duties in other quarters call him from the recitation room to a great extent.

All these professors hold the highest respect of the students who chanced to be in any way connected with them, and it is greatly to be lamented that they could not have been retained. We have now, as members of the faculty, in the positions these men once so ably filled, Prof. Carmichael in the chair occupied by Prof. Brackett, Prof. Moore in that so acceptably filled by Prof. Young, and Tutor Chandler as instructor in those branches once

so forcibly presented by Profs. Morse and Goodale.

Want of space forbids mention of what we should be glad to say for the present incumbents. However, they are too well known by our readers to receive less respect and esteem than they deserve.

The quickness with which matters of history fall into oblivion is surprising. Especially are local matters speedily forgotten, and the historian has generally to select the most probable from a number of conflicting records and opinions. We have had this brought home to us with some force, in attempting to fix the dates and donors of the chapel panel pictures.

The chapel was dedicated June 7, 1855; and it is not without a smile that we hear that even at so recent a date, there were not wanting good souls who were shocked at its polychrome decorations, stained glass, and especially the frescoed panels, as the gaudy insignia of the Scarlet Woman. It was, however, not from regard to these objectors, but from pecuniary reasons that the panels were so slowly filled,—but five out of twelve having yet been painted. The intention was that the south wall should illustrate scenes from the Old Testament, while the north side was devoted to the New.

The first picture painted was that of "Paul Preaching at Athens," which was put in in October, 1855. It was followed in June of 1856, by "Peter and John at the Beautiful Gate." Both of these pictures are from Raphael's cartoons, which are preserved at Hampton Court. These cartoons were designed by Raphael for Leo X., as the subjects for a set of Flemish tapestries which were to adorn the chapel of the Vatican. They are said by Vasari to have been executed by Raphael "*tutti di sua mano*," and are considered as among the finest works of the artist.

The first, and probably the second, of

these panels in the chapel were filled by the liberality of Hon. Jared Sparks, LL.D., and his wife. We copy without permission from a private letter of the latter, the following:—

“Dr. Woods brought to us his beautiful collection of drawings for your pretty chapel, in which we became most pleasantly interested. Laughing, he said, ‘They accuse me of turning Catholic on account of this fancy of mine.’ We spoke precisely at the same moment in reply: ‘Let us fill one of the panels.’ The amusement of the occasion, and the natural pleasure of President Woods at such a result among those who had *not* been thought Catholic in their tendencies, gave us a very pleasant conclusion to our interview. I am not quite sure whether we sent two or one panel. I only remember, myself, selecting from engravings the centre of Raphael’s cartoon of the ‘Beautiful Gate,’ and hastily sketching a list of subjects for the attendant vacancies around the chapel, for a copy of which he sent again. He had probably lost the first, and I having made none this did not occur to me; and I only remember saying, as I think, ‘It began with (using on opposite sides the Old and New Gospels) “The Lion of Judah,” “The Lamb of Christ,” &c., &c.’”

The *Brunswick Telegraph* of July 5, 1856, attributes the gift of the second panel to Hon. Bellamy Storer; but it is probable that this is a mistake which may have arisen from the fact that that gentleman had already provided for the filling of the third panel. This is rendered still more plausible by the fact that the *Telegraph* (Aug. 20, 1858) attributes the third picture to “a graduate of Bowdoin, resident in a distant State.” Thus much is certain: a third picture, “The Adoration of the Magi,” was painted in May and June, 1858. It is a copy from Cornelius, a German artist of the Dusseldorf school.

It seems something of a pity that the entire set of pictures should not be by Raphael; and for the New Testament scenes, at least, this

was evidently the original intention. The first three of the pictures were painted by Mueller, a German artist of New York. The fourth seems to be the work of another hand, and is of much better execution than any of the others.

The fourth panel filled was that containing the “Annunciation,” the original being by the French artist, Jalabert. This has been said to be the gift of Hon. Nathan Cummings of Portland, who, however, disclaims that honor in a letter from which the following is an extract: “In 1859 President Woods wrote informing me that two of the panel pictures had been completed, and that the artists were then employed on a third, who had been engaged by him in the expectation of realizing the means of payment from the sale of a copy of Titian’s ‘Danaë’ [No. 4 in the Bowdoin catalogue of paintings] or ‘Shower of Gold,’ which the government had authorized him to sell. With that view he sent it to Boston. In the mean time the panel picture was progressing, and being nearly finished, with no prospect of the sale of the ‘Danaë’ in season to pay the artists. The President requested me to loan him \$250 to be paid on the contemplated sale of the pledged picture. Some months after this arrangement the President informed me that the sale was hopeless, and proposed to cancel the debt by giving me an absolute bill of sale.” Mr. Cummings afterward disposed of the “Danaë” to George Hall, a New York artist. There is evidently a confusion here, as the third picture, “The Adoration,” was put in in 1858. The picture referred to is evidently the “Annunciation”; but by President Chamberlain, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the letter of Mr. Cummings, it is thought that it was painted, or at least completed, in 1860.

The last picture was the gift of the class of 1866, and was painted by Charles Otto, a New York artist, in June, 1866. It is a copy

of Raphael's "St. Michael and the Dragon." Tradition preserves the legend that Otto had nearly completed his work Saturday night, and wishing to leave town early Monday morning, was tempted to complete his work upon the Sabbath. Upon expressing this to Dr. Woods, he was met by the ready response, "Would not that look a little too much as if the Dragon was getting the upper hand?"

It is very much to be hoped that '76 will follow in the footsteps of '66, and that by succeeding classes the whole set may be completed.

LOCAL.

"Wipe your chin!"

O! for a penny post!

"Have you a partner for the ball?"

The Medics never make any noise,—O, no!

It was sad to hear him go on so. But he had just made a hole in his rubber boot, and who could blame him?

Some beautiful students from Wellesley College passed through the depot about a week since, and created quite a sensation.

A Professor speaking of mythological characters, lately, informed his astonished class that Medusa was the grandfather of Cerberus.

The boating enthusiasts have proposed to have a tub race on the pond within the campus, after the next rain storm. It will be open to "yaggers."

We hear that there are a pair of chums in college who only get three square meals every two days, as they have only one pair of rubber boots between them.

The first lot of pictures from Warren did not give very good satisfaction; but since he has been informed of the fact he has bestowed

much more care upon his work, as the pictures which have been received lately show.

The widow of Prof. Wm. Sweetzer, formerly Professor of Theory and Practice in our Medical School, has given the College, from the library of her husband, 230 volumes and 290 pamphlets, chiefly medical.

The Seniors now conduct their weekly debates with a chairman chosen from their own number. Sanford occupies the chair for the present. The practice seems likely to increase the interest in the debates very much.

Going to dancing-school twice a week was getting tiresome, and the dancers are rather glad it is over with. Of course it will rain on the night of the ball; so it would be a good idea to engage a hack a week in advance.

The editors of the ORIENT for the ensuing year have been chosen from the Junior class, as follows: Chapman, W. T. Cobb, Cousins, W. C. Greene, Little, C. A. Perry, and Seabury. They will enter upon their duties with the next issue.

The '77 debating club has had a mock trial, at which the eloquence of some of its future lawyers was displayed to a remarkable extent. The plaintiff, we understand, was convicted of perjury, and was fined nine stews,—which debt he has lately liquidated.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, has presented to the College Library a copy, by the Heliotype process, of the diploma conferring the degree of LL.D. on Gov. James Bowdoin, of Mass., bearing the date of 1755, and the signatures of Principal Robertson (the Historian), Professors Dugald Stewart, Dalzell, Ferguson, Hunter, and others.

Student (translating *das Herz im Leibe lachte*)—"His heart laughed in his belly." Prof. (after some laughter from the class)—"Did you translate that wrong purposely?" Student—"No, sir; I found it so in the lexicon." Prof.—"Well, if you consult an ana-

tomial work you will find that is not the location of the heart."

Prof. Wilder of the Maine Medical School, has made, within a short time, very important discoveries in regard to the brain of the fish, establishing its complete homology with the true vertebrate type. Strange to say, the same conclusions have been reached by other men, at about the same time, by entirely different processes.

The Swiss warble still rages in college, and shows no signs of abating. The true effect of this epidemic can only be appreciated by one who is writing a theme or getting a lesson in mathematics. The wild laugh of the hyena is melody compared with its fiendish intricacies. Have mercy, ye night-wanderers, upon those who have heard it and try in vain to drive it from their thoughts!

It is about time to inform the yaggers that a vigilance committee has been chosen from among the Medics, whose business it will be to hunt and ferret out the young men of this town who hang around street corners and snow-ball the unwary disciples of Galen. They will be seized and carried off to receive the punishment they deserve. We present this as a friendly warning, hoping it will be heeded.

During the severe rain storm which prevailed here last week, Appleton Hall lost three of its chimneys. They were all blown over at about noon, at which time the gale was at its height. The shattered chimneys stood on the north-east, south-east, and south-west corners. The one on the west side fell clear of the building: but the other two were blown over on to the roof, crushing it in and rendering the rooms immediately below uninhabitable on account of the water, which flowed in streams through the openings. The force of the gale must have been very great, as one would feel at times that the buildings themselves were swayed.

ALUMNI NOTES.

[We earnestly request contributions for this department from the Alumni and friends of the College.]

'07.—Seth Storer, Esq., died at his home, at Oak Hill, Searboro, Me., on the 22d inst., aged 90. He was for many years a prominent member of the York County bar, and, at the time of his death, the oldest living graduate of the College.

'14.—Dr. John Bush died at Vassalboro', Maine, February 28th, at the age of 83.

'36.—Rev. Howard B. Abbott died at Waterville, Me., February 2d, aged 65. He studied law, and began the practice of his profession in Columbus, Miss., but was compelled to leave the South on account of the climate. He then entered into partnership with his brother, Hon. N. Abbott, of Belfast. A conviction of duty led him to renounce the profession, and to enter the ministry in the Methodist Church, to which he devoted his life with all his energies. For several years he suffered from feeble health.

'39.—Edward P. Weston is to open a Female Seminary at Highland Hall, Highland Park, Ill., next fall.

'58.—Among the members of the class of 1858, Bowdoin College, holding public positions in this State, are:—

J. P. Cilley, Adjutant General of Maine.

Hon. Nathan Cleaves, Judge of Probate, Cumberland County.

Gen. Francis Fessenden, Mayor, Portland.

J. W. Phillips, Esq., member of Legislature from Orrington.

Edwin B. Nealley, Esq., Representative in Legislature from Bangor.

Hon. Edwin Reed, Mayor of Bath.

Colonel Franklin M. Drew, late Secretary of State, now United States Pension Agent at Augusta.—*Portland Advertiser*.

'61.—Rev. W. R. Cross, of Orono, has been invited by the First Congregationalist

Church and Society of Camden, to become their pastor, at a salary of \$1200.

70.—D. S. Alexander has been elected Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee, of Indiana. The headquarters of the Committee are at Indianapolis.

70.—Edward B. Weston, M.D., of Lewiston, has accepted a position in Highland Hall Seminary, Highland Park, Ill.

70.—J. H. Gooch is in Minneapolis, Minn.

71.—Wm. P. Melcher received the degree of M.D. from the University of Pennsylvania, at Academy of Music, Philadelphia, March 10th. He was one of ten, in a class of 125, who received honorable mention.

72.—Rev. O. W. Rogers has received a call from the Congregational Church and Society, of Farmington, Maine. He has been lately occupying their pulpit.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Scene—the Sanctum. Enter Exchange Editor and Successor Elect.

E. E.—“There are papers and papers, and it will take you some time to get accustomed to them. You will find yourself tempted to believe that papers like the *Williams Athenaeum* and the *Brunonian* here, which look so fair outwardly, must be full of something better than dead men's bones within. You will learn better in time, however.”

S. E.—“But what are your chief exchanges like?”

E. E.—“Like? Why various things. The *Dartmouth*, for instance, always reminds us strongly of one of those unwashen 'yaggers' who puts his head into the door with the cry, 'Got-a-sp'toon-yer-want-clean-oot?' The *Round Table* is like that bald-headed Medic who applauds so vociferously when others do, and hisses if the tide turns towards disfavor—equally ignorant of the meaning of the praise or the blame.”

S. E.—“You are not flattering, to say the least; how do you characterise the Harvard and Yale papers?”

E. E.—“Well, the *Crimson* is a gentleman. Somewhat pompons, it is true, and inclined to an over-consciousness of birth and condition, but a gentleman. The *Advocate* wants to be one, and may in time succeed, although there are traces of the *parenu* about it still. It is a fellow of 'good parts,' as the old writers say, and a deal of literary taste. As for the Yale papers, the case is quite different. The *Record* is a 'broth of a bloyh,' of Milesian parentage. He carries his hands in the pockets of his

flashy pantaloons; wears his cap on the side of his head, to look hard; smokes a vile T. D., and indulges in the use of slang to an extent positively alarming. His brother *Courant* is far more pompous, and of hardly better manners. At first sight he seems to have little more wit than the *Record*, but is, after all, a fellow of some ability, if of little breeding. The two brothers quarrel savagely, and hurl epithets at each other which are better indicated by dashes than by letters.”

S. E.—“But Amherst and 'the great Cornell'?”

E. E.—“*Amherst Student* is a *nom de plume* behind which is concealed a very pious old spinster of the Methodist persuasion. She sews pinafors for the neglected infants of Borrioboola-Gha, attends staid tea-parties where total depravity, as exhibited by the average college student, is the topic of discussion; administers catnip to her favorite Grimalkin, and snuff to herself, in a highly decorous and praiseworthy manner. The *Cornell Era* is 'fearfully and wonderfully made,' and has such a remarkable appearance of inflation that the spectator constantly fears an explosion and a collapse.”

S. E.—“You charm me with the prospect of such society!”

E. E.—“Oh, the whole *coterie* of college representatives have their moods of being agreeable, and are not usually all dull at once. But now that we take leave of them all, let us whisper to you a secret. You may as well know now what you will find out in time,—college journalism is a delusion and a snare. It is an enterprise in which the benefit is not at all commensurate with the labor. You will have exchanges like the *Niagara Index* which is sometimes witty, and always—may the mention of it be forgiven!—has a dirty face. Exchanges earnest and school-girlish like the *Vassar Miscellany*; dull and well-meaning like *Packer Quarterly*; lively and shallow like the *Mercury*; exchanges little and big; dull and clever. None of them will be without traces of earnest endeavor and patient thought. But the endeavor has no self-reliance, and the thought is erude; both had better be confined to the themes, or to the essays of the local literary society or lyceum. Our own attempts have made us inwardly forgive the faults of others, however harsh our speech seems; yet it cannot make us blind. And so, though with the half-regret which always mingles with the most joyful parting, we with a feeling of relief, take leave of the whole college press. Enter, oh, Successor, into your kingdom.”

—Exit.

S. E. (solus)—“He was always a misanthropical youth. Now we are rid of him we shall turn over a new leaf.”—Exit.

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